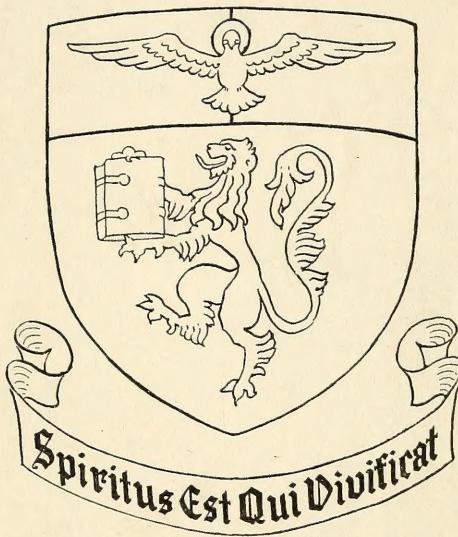




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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

Vols. V.--VI., 1898-'00.

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., OCTOBER, 1898. No. 1

## TO YOUTH.

—  
A SONNET.  
—

On foreign isles, by pleasant seas caressed,  
The home of bards, and sweetest melody,  
Of sunny skies, of spotless flowers that sway  
With fairy sweetness on the breeze's breast,  
'Tis said, when night on distant climes doth rest,  
A halo, bright as e'n the dawn of day,  
Bedews the land : and flitting splendors play  
Upon the silvery ocean's heaving breast.  
'Tis even thus, when hallowed smiling youth  
Is o'er and buried 'neath Time's darksome haze,  
Its countenance, now fairer than in truth,  
Once more, e'er death, appears before our gaze,  
With, oh! what sadness for a spell:—in sooth,  
The last and saddest tableaux of life's days.

J. L. B.

99.

## LIBERAL vs. PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

“Where shall we go to school?” “What kind of an education shall we pursue?” are questions that recur every year to the mind of the earnest young man, who feels the necessity of fitting himself out for the struggles of his future life. Parents are even still more sensible to the anxieties which prompt these questions, and many are the inquiries made, many are the premises laid down, and many are the dilemmas instituted, before the ultimate conclusion has been arrived at, in regard to this all-important matter of their children’s education.

To many it must seem a rather lengthy period of time that is consumed in our regular College Course. Is not this a somewhat useless expenditure? Why is it necessary to spend so many years in reading Cornelius Nepos, and Cæsar and Virgil, and Cicero and Horace, not to speak of the corresponding Greek authors whose works are put into pupils’ hands year after year?—Would not one of these be sufficient? and after all, would not the grammar alone be enough to produce the results desired? It is true that a future priest needs to be familiar with those things; but, for the doctor or the lawyer, could not all this be boiled down to the *minimum* that is needed for his distinct profession? And, surely, for ordinary persons a good drill of a year or two in some *practical* points is the best thing that can be suggested to the ambitious youth of this hustling age!

All this is but a conservative and incomplete expression of the thoughts and reasonings of a vast multitude—even of parents who are, otherwise, able and willing to give their children a *good* education. But most of them cannot, at all, and some can, only with considerable difficulty, be brought to understand that the prolonged sojourn of a student in a good college is not merely designed to provide a safe and temporary harbor from the dangers of that tempestuous season of life—but it is a period of hard and unceasing labor, scarcely sufficient, in its most extensive course, to insure a good, thorough education in the true and broad sense of the word.

It is true that many persons misapply the term practical—and, indeed, it is one that has been twisted and distorted, until it can scarcely be recognized as

having the same identical features, in the hands of any two speakers. In some cases it is but a truly liberal education in another sense, or with some definite purpose which is more explicitly kept before the student's view, as when parents, desirous of seeing their son become a good merchant or a lawyer or a doctor, will easily recognize that a certain amount of knowledge is needed, in addition to the technical instruction directly involved in the specific profession to which he is destined.

On the other hand, there are people utterly opposed to the higher branches of education taught in our Colleges and Universities; though not simply because of inability to provide for an extensive course of instruction, if such were necessary. Mere motives of economy are not the premises of their argumentation. But they will not see such a necessity for anything above the few practical points admitted by all, even by the uneducated themselves, as the basis of all teaching. Outside of the short time devoted to the acquisition of reading, writing and arithmetic, as well as of a safe and correct spelling, to which most persons, now-a-days, will be so generous as to add familiarity with geography and history; and a certain facility in the art of correspondence—the chief preoccupation should be the special training for one's particular calling or profession.

A father takes his son to some neighboring College, and gives the teacher to understand that he is very desirous of having his son, John, become a surveyor, an architect, an engineer, a lawyer or a doctor. We must admit, of course, the right of any young man to qualify himself for any occupation he may choose. But it would be unreasonable for John or his parents to expect that he should devote himself solely to the narrow and exclusive instruction that would make him qualified to survey a piece of land, or to buy and sell cloth with profit and success. A young man has, evidently, the perfect right to demand that he be fitted to become a good lawyer or a good doctor. But to be all of these, or any of these, he needs a broader training than the exclusive and technical instruction demanded distinctively by the legal or medical profession.

Law may be considered under its two-fold aspect, legislation, or the creation of appropriate rules of conduct; and judgment, or the application of those laws.

Here life, liberty, private security, and a great many of the chief occupations of man in his earthly career, are deeply and constantly implicated. Furthermore, that habitual restraint which arises from a good system of discipline, and a regular exercise of the intellectual faculties, a quick perception and an exact knowledge of the earliest legal enactments,—all these qualifications will be very desirable. Now to converse with the ancient legislators we must employ their language, and for this a study of the ancient classics will, to a certain extent, be requisite.

Let us now take up, briefly, some of the qualifications demanded for a useful member of the medical faculty, or for an accomplished surgeon. The man of medicine, to find out the cause of a disease and the proper remedy, must, while gifted with the power of quick perception, have his mind so trained as to avoid the hasty conclusions to which a man who places too much confidence in himself would rush. It is not merely from the repetition of the vocabulary of a dispensary that correct, useful medical skill is acquired, but by the laborious investigation of a clear mind. A good doctor, as well as a good surgeon, must possess excellent perceptive abilities, and to these it is necessary that he add reflective and constant observation. All these faculties should be improved, and the qualities that I have mentioned, should be acquired, by previous education. The youth goes into the lecture room. Prof. Smith gives an interesting lecture on some important branch of medicine. He constantly employs classical language, makes use of latin phrases, and often refers the student to such and such a Latin work. The result is, that the half educated boy loses the substance of Prof. Smith's speech, merely because his untrained mind is unable to appreciate the doctor's views, or to keep pace with his hasty steps. Thus we see that an accurate and extensive study of the classics is necessary to preserve and perfect our knowledge of medicine or of law. So, too, it is with all the other professions, with the sciences and arts.

But while we would extol the necessity of a thorough liberal education, we must not be considered as willing to minimize, much less to despise, the claims and advantages of the practical education. We must, however, be allowed to interpret the word *practical* in its

true and complete sense. We desire to speak of a practical education which makes *men* and not mere *machines* of us, which enlightens our faculties, and which enables us to make good use of all our faculties on every occasion, on which they may be called into play. That education is really practical which enables a man to form his own opinions and judgments, and which enables him to put them forth, before the public, with eloquence and force. That is practical education which gives him the ability to see clearly what he is about, to see things as they should be, and to judge between truth and falsehood, between honesty and its contrary, between virtue and vice. That is really practical education which enables him to form good, forcible arguments; and lastly, that is practical education which, while convincing a man of his own native weakness, will assist him by the aid of moral and religious training, to control his animal passions, and, as a consequence, to enlarge and refine his mind and character.

A man who possesses such knowledge is full of resources and prepared for any emergency that may arise. He is the man on whom the laurels of victory will be sure to fall. In prosperity, he will not be self-confident to the point of arrogance; in adversity he will not yield to the weakness of despondency.

W. O. WALKER.



## AROUND A GREAT CITY.

---

### THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF PITTSBURG IN RECENT YEARS.

One of the topics receiving considerable space and attention in the newspapers and magazines of the present day is the wonderful progress we are making in the United States. If you glance over any of the leading papers you can scarcely find one in which there is not an article relating to the progressive attitude of America and the American people.

The late war with Spain has been an excellent occasion and a most opportune means of bringing to the notice of foreign countries the real spirit of our people.

They had, seemingly, forgotten to place the United States amongst the foremost of the great modern Powers. They are never willing to give us a strong position in the very front rank.

The place that a country thus occupies among the nations of the world depends a great deal upon the progress made by its great centers of population, in such a way, however, that while all the important cities contribute to the general advancement, each one retains its own individual character and may claim its own special share in this contribution.

It is needless to say that of all the cities in the United States that may lay claim to a thoroughly American spirit of progress and industry, there is none that has such peculiar and characteristic traits as our own great city of Pittsburg. It has helped faithfully to place America in the front rank as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, manufacturing countries of the world. Pittsburg, in American history, is regarded as having been somewhat famous ; but what has made Pittsburg really famous, and has elevated it to the position it now holds among the cities of this country, and among the cities of the world, is its importance as an industrial centre.

Any one who is at all familiar with the location of Pittsburg may easily divine the source of its importance as a manufacturing centre. Situated at the mouths of the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers, and at the starting point of the Ohio, it has an abundance of water, which is of the utmost convenience for its mills and factories. The great hills lying within Pittsburg, and in its vicinity, are mostly all imbedded with coal, which is evidently an important factor in the development of any kind of manufactures to a manufacturing centre. These vast coal fields supply not only Pittsburg and vicinity, but also the largest cities in the United States, where bituminous coal is used. Another important factor in making Pittsburg the home of the manufactoryes is to be found in the excellent facilities afforded by its geographical position. Along the banks of its rivers are seated those great mills and factories, which have made Pittsburg famous. The blast furnaces that produce the metal ; the steel works that convert it into steel ; the rolling mills that turn it into steel rails and all the multitudinous forms

in which finished steel appears: all these lend to Pittsburg a character which betokens life, happiness, prosperity, indispensable to the average Pittsburger. What delight when he looks at those grim clouds of smoke that roll and issue from the huge smoke stacks, and when he thinks of the vast army of toilers who find thereby the means to support themselves and families! These vast manufactoryes, affording ample opportunity to the fertile brain of the investigator for a device by which smoke may be consumed, causing so much annoyance to those inclined to be genteel: these are, in reality, the sources of Pittsburg's pride and fame: they have given her, it is true, the name of Smoky City, but they have also made her known as the Iron and Steel City of the world!

It is no wonder that, while the stranger visiting Pittsburg for the first time and beholding the vast clouds of smoke that form, sometimes, a murky dome above our heads in this narrow, industrial valley, carries away with him an unfavorable impression of our city, this very smoke is for the average Pittsburg citizen the emblem of prosperity and the earnest indication of happy times for the workingmen's homes that are scattered along the banks of our rivers. Even when he goes to other climes he is occasionally reminded of this significant character of our city's smoky atmosphere—as we may judge by the following extract from a letter written lately from a Southern camp, by Major Samuel W. Hay, of post 259, and at present on the staff of Brigadier General Simon Snyder, of the Second Division of the Fourth Army Corps under Major General John J. Coppinger:

*Huntsville, Ala.,*

MY DEAR COMRADE:—

I am here in the State of Alabama, one of the most enterprising States in the Union. \* \* \* \* This is a beautiful place, and when we remember the horrors of Tampa, this is a heaven upon earth. Passing through Birmingham, Ala., on our way here, it seemed as though we were coming into Pittsburg: the coal, smoke, mills, blast furnaces, and ore cars were a welcome sight to some of us. Do you wonder that we reached out to smear our hands with the dirt and beautiful grim of black diamonds?

Yours with respect,

SAMUEL W. HAY.

In Pittsburg are centered the plants and works of the great iron and steel kings. Here are scattered manufactoryes of almost every description : which explains why Pittsburg is always visited by gentlemen representing foreign capitalists who are bent upon competing with our American manufacturers.

Another feature that adds importance to Pittsburg is its network of railroads. Pittsburg is known as being one of the greatest freight producing centres in the world; and this has caused the railway corporations controlling the roads entering Pittsburg to improve their roads; until, now, it has a railway system comparable to any in the United States. These railway corporations recognize the fact that Pittsburg is a great city, and to facilitate the handling of her enormous freight traffic, they have placed Pittsburg on an equal footing with the other model railway centres of the United States. With all these great facilities for handling the products of her industries, it can easily be imagined why Pittsburg is such a great manufacturing city. To give, in concrete form, an illustration and proof of this eminence of our great city as an industrial centre, we may be allowed to quote from the statistics of the American *Iron Trade* for the current year some interesting figures regarding the part Allegheny County has played in the country's output. Allegheny County produced in 1897 over 27 per cent. of the production of pig iron in the United States; over 37 per cent. of the total production of Bessemer steel ingots and castings; over 45 per cent. of the total production of open hearth steel ingots and castings; over 60 per cent. of the total production of crucible steel; over 32 per cent. of the total production of Bessemer steel rails; almost 63 per cent. of the total production of structural shapes; almost 33 per cent. of the production of miscellaneous rolled products, including cut nails, not enumerated above.

Another feature that is gratifying to all Pittsburgers is, that their city, besides being a great industrial centre, has become a city of marked and even international refinement, receiving attention from places noted for their culture.

The fame of one generous foundation alone,—that of Mr. Andrew Carnegie—has spread far and wide, and the fact is becoming more known every day that

the Carnegie gallery in Pittsburg is empowered to spend as much money each year for works of art, as the whole British Government has to spend on the National gallery. As an instance of this high regard which the Pittsburg collection may expect to receive, we may quote the London *Art Journal* of September, which says of a certain artist's picture, now on exhibition in London: "This bright portrait of the artist's daughter has been crowned with a medal at the important exhibition in Pittsburg of the Carnegie Art Gallery, and in the permanent collection there it has been placed as one of those forming a nucleus of what is bound in the future to be one of the finest collections of modern pictures in the world." To an old Pittsburger, old enough to remember the Allegheny park as a cow pasture, and Pittsburg without a foot of park of any kind; when there never was a respectable exhibition of pictures, when the only free libraries were those attached to the Sunday schools, and when there was nothing more encouraging to literature and the arts than a debating society or an occasional State fair with patchwork quilts and common vases; to such a one it is like a dream to find the world beginning to regard Pittsburg as an art centre, Pittsburg as one of the homes of high class music in America. But Pittsburg, today, has splendid schools, and numberless free libraries. Pittsburg, today, has fine residences and buildings, beautiful parks and extensive driveways. In a word, Pittsburg has wealth, and her future rests wholly in the manner in which this wealth will be used. This thriving city is now awaking, as it were, from a dream, rising from her humble position, and surmounting the difficulties which every progressive city must meet with, only to find herself, at her awakening, on the eve of a bright and glorious future.

VINCENT P. FROST.



## “THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.”

The passing away of Winnie Davis has brought to our minds the vista of a useful and well-spent life.

The Daughter of the Confederacy was born at the Executive mansion of the Confederate Government, about the close of the war, in 1864. Her early days were spent amid circumstances at once trying and difficult, but she never murmured. She seemed to realize all that was expected of her and accordingly met the situation bravely. Winnie was remarkable as a child in many respects; from her infancy she was passionately fond of books. At an early age Miss Davis was taken to England, where she spent five years learning how to speak and write correct English. We next find her pursuing a course of studies in Germany, where she obtained a good knowledge of the German tongue. She was not, however, deficient in the softer accomplishments, for her progress in music and drawing was very rapid. But, when her parents perceived that she had a positive literary bent, they spared neither time nor money to procure for her the best opportunities and masters in letters and the Arts.

Miss Davis' title, “Daughter of the Confederacy,” was bestowed upon her by General John B. Gordon, at a reception given to her father, Mr. Jefferson Davis, at Atlanta, a number of years ago. The phrase is full of meaning for every man who fought for the “lost cause.” Miss Davis was the idol of the southern people, the varied collection of badges presented to her by old confederates attesting the esteem in which she was held by them.

Her one ambition was to become a writer, and in this desire she received much encouragement from her father. She contributed some good articles to the prominent periodicals, and published one extensive work, “The Veiled Doctor,” which was above the average production.

The character of Miss Davis was open and gentle. She had a keen sense of justice, and could see no wrong done that did not hurt her gentle nature, so keenly and intensely alive to the instinct of justice. Her kindness knew no bounds; she was courteous and affable, and beloved by one and all. Miss Davis was attached with

a devoted tenderness to her bereaved mother, in whose heart she will always be cherished as a model of filial affection and duty.

It is not, however, her mere personality, remarkable and admirable though it has been, that will be the object of posterity's admiration and remembrance. She will long be enshrined in the memories and hearts of the American people, chiefly because as "Daughter of the Confederacy," she was the personification, or rather the central point of that chivalrous spirit which has characterized the southern people in their heroic, though misplaced devotedness to her father, and in his person, to the Confederate Cause.

JAMES A. GARRIGAN.



## OBITUARY.

We sincerely regret to note the death of one of our brightest and most promising young students, Wm. Halleran, whose death resulted from a most painful accident on July 24, at Cresson, Pa., where he was spending the vacation months. His sufferings from the moment he had been injured until his death, were severe in the extreme, but were endured with a calmness and fortitude that bespeak a pure and noble soul. He was buried from St. Andrew's Church, Allegheny, on August 2. To his relatives we extend our sincere condolence. *R. I. P.*

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## Editorials.

### A Change for the Better.

Our BULLETIN will henceforth be conducted as a Monthly Publication. Up to this for the past four years of its existence, the BULLETIN was issued as a Quarterly, and, as such, received the most satisfactory commendations from all sides, for the excellent and original articles which it contained, as well as for the lively and interesting tone in which it was edited.

We hope that under its new form it will continue to live faithfully up to its past traditions, with a view to exhibit the work of the students, and at the same time to present to its patrons and readers a series of carefully-written articles on topics of interest, whether of a general or of a local character. We trust, that it will also continue to receive the same kind patronage and com-

mendation which it met with in the past. At least the present staff of editors and contributors will endeavor to walk in the footsteps of their successful predecessors and make the BULLETIN of '98-'99 a worthy heir to the honors and traditions of past editions.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Cross and The Templars.

Long before the Convention or Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar, which is just now taking place in our midst, the entire city has been covered with numerous and costly decorations. But, strange to say, these decorations have, almost exclusively, consisted of the Cross, under a multiplicity of shapes and forms, with mottoes borrowed either from the Holy Scripture, such as *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomi*ni *tuo da gloriam*; "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give praise;" or from Catholic antiquity, as, *In hoc signo vinces*, "In this sign thou shalt conquer," as was said in a vision to Constantine the Great.

Think of Pittsburg, the old Puritanical, Presbyterian stronghold of the United States, covered "from head to foot" from the Court House and City Hall and the Palace of the Public Safety Department, down to the smallest barber shop and livery stable, with Crosses and Latin mottoes, taken from the old Catholic Liturgy!

Surely a great many of the old inhabitants, imbued with the strict *reformist* principles of the older puritans, and opposed to all things smacking of ritualism, not to say of Catholicism, must have wondered at this universal use of the Cross as an emblem—spread over everything—over every stone—every building—emblazoned in every shape and form, and with every ingenious device which the most advanced electricity could imagine!

Is this the borrowing of the light by the Angel of darkness? or is it a forced homage which the intrinsic and hidden, but mysterious virtue of the Cross has extracted from otherwise unwilling witnesses? We have not been able to find a consensus of opinion upon the inspiring motives underlying this adaptation of the Cross as a Templar or Masonic emblem. Do the Masons or Knights Templar of modern times, looking upon the

Cross as the symbol of Christianity, claim to be champions of Christianity in the literal and logical sense, in which alone the Cross can have significance? If so, why do so many of them refuse to allow it a place in their churches or within their cemeteries? Surely if it is the emblem of faith upon their breasts during life, why should it not be the symbol of hope over their graves after death?

Perhaps, with many of them or most of them, the answer to these questions could not be clear nor satisfactory, no more than was the answer of a certain knight of very high degree who said, in answer to the question: "Do you, as a mason, believe in Christ?" "Of course I do, I *must* believe in Him,—it is part of our ritual." But what do you mean by believing in Him?" "I mean to say that he existed; that he lived and died; that he was a great and virtuous man, a great teacher of mankind; in fact, the greatest man that ever lived, greater than Caesar or Napoleon or Mahomet." "But was he God?" Well, no, not exactly! that would be claiming too much; it is not necessary to go that far!"

W. J. MCCELLIGOTT.

\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*

### New Lights.

The people at large are now beginning to realize that there is, after all, something connected with the character of the Spaniard that cannot fail to be admired. Before the declaration of war, common sentiment was aroused to such an extent that people could only see the defects of their enemies. During the progress of the war, their entire attention was occupied by the military movements. But now, after the suspension of hostilities, their minds have wandered to the scenes of battle and there discovered, that the Spaniard is not quite an ignorant bigot, but that he possesses, at least, some noble traits of character.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that wherever a Spanish leader comes in close contact with an American, that inimical feeling with which they were mutually filled, vanishes, and a sincere friendship arises between them.

There have been various instances to establish this principle. The most notorious, however, took place

after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, which practically terminated hostilities.

We were led to believe, before this event, that there could scarcely be conceived a man filled with more hatred toward us than Admiral Cervera. He had centered all hopes for the welfare of his country, as well as for his own safety, in this desperate fight, when suddenly he fell into our hands. Undoubtedly, he expected to be put in chains, to suffer harsh treatment and then death. But to his surprise, he was received as a friend.

Cervera was not slow to respond to this treatment and the result was a sincere attachment between himself and his captors. Consequently, when the period of his captivity terminated, and he was allowed to return to his native land, he sailed for home with a sincere love and a deep respect for our country and people.

No doubt, he will impress this conviction upon his country-men, when he is called before the Cortes, and this result will be a greater glory for Our Country than the victory achieved by her arms.

LEO L. MEYER.



## EXCHANGES.

It would, evidently, be premature, at this early period of the school year, to express any lengthened opinion or criticism upon the various exchanges that we have, thus far, received. We must not, however, fail to signify a sentiment of deep satisfaction at the abundant evidences which are visible, on all sides, of an increased interest in these journals representative of our teaching institutions.

We notice with pleasure a healthy growth not only in quantity but in the quality.

This is a sure indication that the college or school journal is realizing the chief purposes that have prompted its institution, namely the cultivation of literary taste and of a facility in the art of composition amongst the students themselves while giving, at the same time, to their respective patrons, sufficient reading matter of an instructive as well as of an interesting character.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following Exchanges for the month of October:

“St. Mary’s Church Calendar;” “The Kalamazoo Augustinian;” “St. Xavier’s Monthly;” “St. Vincent’s Journal;” “The Mount;” “The Transylvanian;” “The Weekly Bouquet;” “The Advocate of Peace;” “The Ave Maria;” “The Dial;” “The Cherry and White;” “The Aloysian;” “The Spectator;” “The Fordham Monthly.” Other exchanges have made their appearance just as we go to print.

Needless to say that we wish prosperity and success during the coming year to all our exchanges—to their devoted editors and faithful contributors.

We are always glad when the lively little “Dial” appears on the horizon of our sanctum. Its poetic machine for the coming year, to judge by present indications, will turn out plenty of worthy and interesting contributions.

Our K. U. representative, “The Transylvanian,” would seem to be still redolent of Commencement Day, as some of its principal essays read very much like Commencement orations.

“The High School Reporter,” of Eureka, Kal., has a timely article on sport. Its leading article on “The Purpose of the High School” does not very clearly set forth what a logician would call the specific *ratio* of the High School. The article in question, however, contains strong arguments in favor of the various courses of study as arranged for our High Schools.

“St. Xavier’s Monthly,” as well as the “Aloysian,” give us respectively some bright pictures of the ideal woman. Wonder if it is possible to find a woman without some little prejudice or other?

The “Holy Cross Purple” is certainly the peer of College Journals entering our Sanctum.

We heartily re-echo the sentiments contained in the stanza which opens the present number of “St. Vincent’s Journal;”

Not all the studied art of speech,  
Nor words of facile pen,  
Can tell how precious dear to me,  
My beads have always been.

## SOCIETIES.

As in previous years, there are, at present in the College, two Literary Societies, and four Religious Societies or Sodalities. The exigencies of space restrict us, for the moment, to a mere mention of these Societies, of which we shall, later on, give the purposes, officers and membership, more *in extenso*.

The "Literary Union," and the "Lyceum," are the Literary or Debating Societies, whose object is to develop a taste for literature and oratory as well as historical research, among the members of the four higher classes.

The Religious Societies are the "Sodality of the Child Jesus," the "Sodality of the Holy Angels," the "Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary," and the "Sodality of the Holy Ghost."

\* \* \*

## ALUMNI.

At a recent meeting of the Alumni Association, it was decided that the Athletic department, attached to the College, should be encouraged and assisted by this association, with the view of creating, among the old students, a deeper interest in the athletic successes of their *Alma Mater*. As a result of this assistance, a good representative team of football has been placed on the gridiron.

\* \* \*

## WHAT THE OLD COMRADES ARE DOING.

Rev. Father Tomazewski, '92, has been added to the Faculty, and is engaged in teaching the Classical and Modern languages, in all of which he has ever been considered an adept.

We congratulate Mr. Louis Walsh, of Crafton, upon his marriage with Miss Sadie O'Bryan, one of Mt. de Chantal's recent graduates.

Mr. Chas. Weiss, '79, who is well known as the leading violinist at the Alvin Theatre and Alto Soloist in Guenther's Greater Pittsburg Band is in charge of the College Military Band. It is needless to say that under his experienced direction, the Band will now

make a display that will command public commendation.

Very glowing accounts have been received of the zealous work of Rev. A. Wigley, assistant at Holy Cross Church, S. S., of Rev. L. O'Connell, of St. Paul's Cathedral, of Rev. W. Drum, of St. Mary's Church, Homestead, and of Rev. H. Altmeyer, of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Wheeling, W. Va.

We were greatly pleased to hear that Mr. Richard Hamilton, lately organist of St. George's Church, has resumed his Theological studies.

Mr. Patrick Henry, '97, has, in a very short time, gained for himself an enviable position as Book-keeper for P. Hermes Ohio and Pittsburg Milk and Ice Co.

We were more than pleased to receive visits from our old friends who are pursuing their higher studies at different Seminaries. Messrs. M. McGarey and J. O'Neill, '98, augmented the number this year. They are, both, in the Theology Class, at St. Mary's, Balto.

\* \* \*

## ATHLETICS.

The athletic spirit of the students is, perhaps, more prevalent this year than it has been for the past few seasons. The old boys, overjoyed at the success their various athletic teams acquired on the diamond, the gridiron, and the track, are determined to see the cheerful red and blue colors float higher than ever. And as the Faculty, also, is taking such an exceedingly great interest in the different sports that will, this term, be the enjoyment of the boys on the Bluff, we can certainly expect to see some gratifying results before the year is out.

But, at present, all our attention is centered upon the football teams. The field is in excellent condition, and, to the members of the different teams, it has become a pleasure to roll on the lawn, rather than a task imposed on them by the coaches and instructors. The weather, too, has been unusually pleasant, and consequently, the campus has not, even for a single day, been left unvisited.

As coach of this year's team the College has secured Mr. Van Cleve, a graduate of Lehigh University,

and the star End of P. A. C. Together with being an excellent teacher of the art of football, he is a man whose frank and sincere ways have won for him the respect of all his acquaintances. He has already made many friends among the players and students, and, before the the football season is at a close, he will certainly meet with occasions on which the love and esteem, in which he is held by those under his charge, will be demonstrated.

At present he has the boys in good working order, and the 'Varsity team is ready to compete with the best in the State.

\* \* \*

### AMONG THE BOARDERS.

The Seniors' Hall is well patronized this year. Mr. Sonnenfeld holds sway in the big Study.

The seniors are well represented in the "Reserves" this year.

The boarders are to be represented in the graduating class of '99 by John McVean, who is the Librarian of the Literary Union and a leader among his fellow-students.

At present the Juniors are in excellent spirits and in the pink of condition.

The O'Connor brothers are again acting the part of the good Samaritan towards the new comers. They bid fair to perform this service to many a generation that has'nt yet entered the College Hall.



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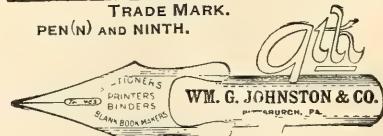
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 2

## “CONFIDE, FILI!”

Dost see yon infant laugh and play  
And try his mother's name to say,  
While she looks on serene, with heart too  
full to speak?  
Should sudden danger check his joy,  
Should too free mastiff spoil his toy,  
Should wasting hunger pale but once his  
ruddy cheek?  
He cries in mother's bosom, takes a doze,  
And 'wakening, smiles, afresh, oblivious  
of his woes!

The lilies grow in mead and vale,  
The morning dews their breath inhale,—  
Breath sweeter far than all the spice of Araby;  
And though they neither spin nor sow,  
They shine with more resplendent glow  
Than Solomon in all his robes of majesty;  
If such the love that God to these  
hath shown,  
What must it be for us whose soul is like  
His own!

Dost see yon floweret on the crested wave?  
Fearless, it trusts to One above, and brave  
It circles—knowing not at what haven it  
may rest;  
So be thou on life's rolling stream,  
Nor tempest fear, nor utter scream,  
So long as thou art borne on God's loving breast;  
Thou'l hear nor thunder roll, nor  
lightning hiss,  
'Til lights “from land of hope beam o'er  
the dark abyss.”

## MODERN PERIODICALS.

Amongst the recent debates held in the College Hall, on Sunday Evenings, was one upon the subject of "Modern Periodicals." The proposition was: "Resolve that our modern periodicals have failed to attain the purposes of their original institution."

The subject matter is, indeed, one which cannot fail to interest every observant reader. Everyone must recognize the wonderful hold that this species of literature has secured upon all classes of people in our times. Few can afford to ignore our numberless and varied periodicals—many consider them as an indispensable means of self-education—while a great many others, even of those who patronize them for various reasons, look upon them as positively injurious to a true and solid education.

One thing is certain, that, now-a-days, the literary world is flooded with periodicals of every kind, just as the theatrical world is flooded with every species of drama, from the tragedy to the lowest comedy.

The question now is, whether the periodicals which, in such numbers, owe their existence to the demands of the present generation, can be said to have adequately attained the purposes of their original institutions, and to have responded to the instinctive needs which gave rise, in the beginning, to this important class of literature.

Mr. V. Frost opened the debate by describing the origin and chief purpose of this species of literature.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, periodicals came into existence. At that time books were not very abundant, nor numerous, nor easy of access to the common people, who were nevertheless more alive to events, as well as to truths and principles. No longer were they like the serfs of the Middle Ages, or the swains of old, whose horizon was narrowed down to their own small village or to their immediate family affairs. Even the people began to be interested in politics, and they looked beyond the narrow confines of their own locality, and took an interest in their country's welfare, on a larger scale; they even looked upon the events of foreign lands as having an interest for themselves. The question was how to reach the knowledge of these various things in a way propor-

tioned to their means. This it was which prompted intelligent and far-seeing men of that period to place within the reach of the people, the exact knowledge of important current events.

But it was not alone for knowledge of this kind that the brightening and progressive intellect of men was clamoring: they felt the need of instruction on higher moral points, and no man how ill-disposed he may be will object to instruction in this direction, if such instruction be given without making it appear to him as a burden. If you can please even the criminal in our jails he will allow his mind to be open to the influence of moral instruction; but you must do so in such a way as to please. You may not, perhaps, be able to put a book into his hands; he will not, perhaps, listen to a formal sermon; but if you can tell him the same truth under the guise of a story, and in a brief way that will not fatigue the mind, you will succeed in bringing instruction even to that hardened criminal.

Beyond that need of instruction, which men were beginning to feel, there arose a keener interest in the manners and customs of their neighbors. The poor felt interested in knowing how the rich man lived; townspeople loved to hear occasionally how the country folks lived; the people in the country were satisfied to hear of the foibles and vices of those in town. The gay life of the Capital was always a subject of interest to the people of provincial towns; and even the life of the court afforded much matter of interest among people of all classes, both rich and poor.

How to answer all these demands? how to satisfy these needs in a way to reach both rich and poor? That was the purpose of the periodical editor and writer, as was aimed at by the periodicals of early times, such as the *Spectator* or the *Guardian*, which accomplished well this purpose. Sir Richard Steele found means of communicating the most recent news in the form of pamphlets sent around for a penny.

People sat down by their firesides, and devoured the news about the present war or the late battle; the rich man, sipping his coffee, was anxious to learn of the latest change in the government, or the latest incidents of the court; and yet both rich man and poor man were not averse to reading the bright little story or the lively essay that accompanied this news and

conveyed the most excellent moral lesson, which unconsciously, they drank in when given in that form.

To-day, alas! things have changed, and people have no longer time or desire for moral instruction. All they crave is the pleasure of the moment, at any point of view, even a literary one; and it has come to pass that people now take up the periodical merely to satisfy that craze of curiosity which is pandered to by the picture of the latest actress or of the present popular hero. Very few, now-a-days, read a Review, no matter what its title is, for the purpose of its instruction, but only to satisfy a momentary curiosity. And, therefore, the Reviews of to-day, in catering to this vitiated taste, do not satisfy the purposes for which they were originated, and do not please in the good sense, nor instruct in the proper and effective manner.

Mr. N. P. Dougherty responded in part as follows, in favor of the Negative:

It is not possible for everything human to be at once perfect. It is sufficient that it aim at the perfection which is indicated by its proposed end. This is all we ask of all human undertakings. Why, therefore, should we ask for more, when there is question of what depends a good deal upon a host of outward circumstances?

In spite of all the good will of the cleverest and most conscientious editor, various circumstances and causes will thwart his excellent purposes. He will aim at moral instruction—but the audience and subscribers to whom he addresses himself will not be in a mood to accept the proffered arguments. And yet he must have an audience; he must have the requisite subscription list—otherwise, his publication will have a briefer existence than even the *Guardian of Steele*, or the *Spectator* of Addison. The great thing is to be able, at first, to create an audience—to build up a patronage; and, then, to carry out, in full, the purposes of the periodical.

Now, this is what I claim to be accomplished by the periodicals of the present day. These splendid works, so brilliant, so artistic, give every evidence and every demonstration that they are living up to their original purposes. If it were not so, is it possible to think that they would be so popular, so wide-spread? Is it possible to think that the same great works could

be as acceptable to the humble as to the great? Yet, what do we find in the periodicals of to-day? We find the very same ones forming the delight of the humble peasant in his hut, as well as of the learned philosopher in his cabinet, or of the trained artist in his studio.

Is it possible that they could attain this universal diffusion amongst all classes, were it not because of a something, which appeals equally to all—namely, the good and the useful, as well as the beautiful and pleasing?

If my honorable opponents could assert and prove that periodicals were spread only amongst those of corrupted tastes, or amongst a certain exclusive class, I might be prepared to admit that they cater to the vicious taste of that peculiar class; but such is not the case. I venture to affirm that there is not a periodical published at the present day, worthy of the name, which does not find, among its readers and subscribers, men and women of the noblest characters, and most cultivated and refined taste.

It is true that many of them are filled with public matter treated lightly and under an attractive form. But, who will say that this is not one of their most efficient means of doing good and of reaching a more needy class of readers? How many men in our days can find time to go to college? How many now-a-days—with all the rush and worry of business—can find the leisure, or even the desire, to apply themselves to the proper study of even the elementary sciences? How many will have the patience to read one lengthened book from cover to cover? Where, then, could they find the means of self-instruction, were it not for the commodious periodicals, which a few pennies can put into their hands, and which will give, effectually and agreeably, the necessary knowledge which they instinctively long to acquire? Here, at once, they find the tree of knowledge in the very midst of this Garden of Eden!

I, therefore, assert that if, to-day, the common people are instructed to a degree of knowledge, and even, I may say, of science, that would have been thought miraculous in other days, this happy result is due, in a great measure, to the generous spreading of periodical literature, combining as it does, not only every possible

feature destined to please the wearied mind, but also every possible and effective means to make better men, more noble characters and more enlightened minds.

Mr. P. A. Gillespie, in sustaining the affirmative, said, in part:

My honorable opponent has spent considerable energy in telling you what periodicals should be, and why periodicals cannot have the entire success that was anticipated. Now, it seems to me, he should have told you more about what actually takes place than about what should take place. We are not disputing about ideals! We are not discussing a Utopian state of periodicals. But we are asking something about an actual state of affairs. We are asking whether the present, Nineteenth Century models of periodical literature are what they are expected to be—and such, I claim, is not the case. \* \* \* \* On the contrary, I maintain that not only do our modern periodicals not instruct, but they do not give even the legitimate pleasure which our rational nature demands and which they were, at first, destined and supposed to give! How can they instruct when they are so numerous, so frequent,—thrust, as it were, into our hands,—under our eyes, in every state and in every form, to such an extent that the man of greatest leisure is scarcely able to read one tenth of them in the most superficial way! How can they instruct when they are not digested? How can that food nourish when it is not given time to assimilate? Such a food may engross, but it cannot nourish; such a food may be abundant, but it is not a healthy one, and, therefore, I say that the so-called instruction of our periodicals is not a healthy food for the intellect, much less, alas! for the soul, for the character—for the *man*!

My opponent will say to me they satisfy that other purpose of periodicals; they give pleasure, and under this guise, they give some instruction! But, No! they are the poisonous pills which are coated with honey or the sweetest sugar. Does that prove that they are less destructive, and less mortal in their effects?

My opponent has, it is true, asserted that the periodicals of to-day are glittering successes—financially and numerically! Yes, indeed, I confess that they are; but I must say the same of our modern plays and dramas:—they are successes in a financial sense,—

but, alas! if so, at what a loss in a moral sense and at an educational point of view! Our theatres are full just as of yore, and more so! Is this a proof that they are realizing the noble purposes for which the drama was instituted? Is this a proof that the so-called dramas, and plays, and tragedies, and comedies of to-day, give instruction while they please? that they make better men and women while they make them for the moment happier? But what do we see? The drama and the legitimate comedy have given place to Vaudeville and the Variety show, and the "Continuous performance!" The best of "Opera Houses," the most respectable theatres, can hardly afford, now-a-days, to put an ordinary instructive drama on their list more than two or three times in a year; and even when they do, they may be relied upon, usually, to add, as a side attraction, some boxing match between two heroes of the ring, or some vaudeville performance of some *quondam* dramatic star who has been forced by *circumstances* to descend to this undignified role!

These are the *circumstances* of which my honorable opponent spoke—financial circumstances which he pleads as an excuse for pandering to the vicious tastes of his audience! Who will excuse the theatrical manager for offering to even crowded houses the low vaudeville and wretched comedies of the present hour by saying it was necessary for him to get an audience,—necessary for him to draw a crowd,—necessary for him to make money,—necessary for him to build a grand theatre?

Thus it is that our editors of to-day send out periodicals by the thousands and make *money* by the millions! Does this prove that they are better than our millionaire theatrical managers, who can count by greater thousands, the victims of their wretched spectacles, and the contributors to their ill-gotten wealth? Both of them are preying upon corrupted and misguided humanity. Both of them have, indeed, created their audience,—because they have made it what it is by their worthless and corrupt instruments,—the "theatre" of to-day, and the gilt-edged, but poisonous periodicals of the nineteenth century!

Mr. A. S. Brent answered the previous speakers, in favor of the Negative:

My honorable opponent has descended to vitupera-

tion—not to facts—he has heaped up calumnies and insinuations—not the candid statements of truth—and he has met with the same pitfall into which he had endeavored to thrust my honorable colleague of the negative side. He has not pictured to you what periodicals of the present day are doing,—he has merely given to you the nightmares and creatures of his imagination.

For the periodicals of the nineteenth century are not the breeders of intellectual disease, nor the distributors of deadly poison, as my opponent would have them be, but they are doing a noble work.

They have, it is true, their imperfections—what works of man have not? They have their defects, but I venture to assure you that these very defects, instead of being the result of an unworthy purpose, are due rather to the exaggeration of one or other of the main ends for which periodicals exist—namely, to please and to instruct.

It is true, and I will candidly confess, that the periodicals of today have taken a form and character,—I might say a *dress*, that smacks of gaudiness and of glitter; but, beneath this *outward form*, there is the substantial food that nourishes the intellect.

My honorable opponent has compared them to the sweetened pill! But pills and medicine are necessary for an enfeebled nature and a sickly body.

And, to-day, man is weakened and enfeebled and sickly! and, therefore, it is necessary to give to him the medicine of instruction beneath the sweetened form of literature,—whether in poetry or in prose,—whether under the guise of essay, or of verse! To children who are sick, we have to hold out a bait, an inducement, to take the needed nourishment,—and thus it is, that our periodical editors—strengthened by the wisdom of experience and the knowledge of human nature,—give us the pictured story—the illustrated news. But, along side of this, and wisely scattered through those artistically decorated pages that pleases the eye, we may be sure to find a more serious essay—the article that will make us think, or, perhaps, the poem that will make us cry.

Instruction is not all made up of *dry philosophical* matter. There is instruction in the pictorial page, as well as in the deeply thought-out paragraph—there is instruction in the verse that portrays the feelings of

the heart, as well as in the demonstrations that call forth the reasoning energies of the soul—in the incident described, in the anecdote related—as well as in the dry solutions of mathematical problems.

But why should I dwell upon the enumeration of those periodicals that in their desire to please, so as to instruct, have exaggerated the former purpose at the expense of the latter.

Have we not literary reviews that have articles as long and essays as deep, as the manuals and works of our classic authors?

Have we not magazines and periodicals, without number, that appeal entirely to the intellect and nowise to the sense? Have we not papers that are serious enough for the philosopher and scientist in their researches, without a single bait to captivate the taste for show, or for outward dress? Is not this enough, alone, to prove the falsity of my opponent's statements, and to assure any unbiased audience that, whether they have a brilliant and attractive cover, with illustrated pages, or, whether they have nothing but the dry pages of the standard review, the periodicals of to-day can be said to have nobly accomplished their double purpose, namely, to instruct man while pleasing him!



## SONG OF THE MURMURING RIVER.

Ever brawls the rolling river,  
O'er its purple bed of sand,  
And my thoughts flow onward with it,  
Through the fern-coated land;  
Near, the oak tree waves its branches,  
Wrestling 'gainst the half-spent wind,  
And its wavings fleet the river  
As the swift thoughts shade my mind.

Aye, the music of the waters,  
Wakes the echoes of that strain  
Which I heard in early childhood  
Echo through my native plain;  
And the likeness strikes within me  
Deepest chords my feelings own,  
And the soul, its grief outpouring,  
Takes that melancholy tone.

It were better for the mourner  
See no relic of the dead:  
Better, when from dear friends parted,  
    Think no more on fond words said;  
I were calmer if this river  
    Song of old no more would sing,  
For the mem'ry of past sweetness  
    Is a flower-bee's painful sting.

Yet it rolls on ever, ever,  
    And it sings its wonted song,  
Though there are no ears to listen,  
    And though mine are absent long;  
Yet, its song I'm oft repeating  
    When by other streams I rove,  
And the more their song is like it,  
    Then the more their song I love.

Here, I often draw my fingers  
    O'er the dead strings of my harp,  
But, I scarcely know the numbers—  
    Those my touch brings, are so sharp!  
As the music of the planets  
    Jars with that of fixed spheres,  
So my lyre has no sound in it  
    Fit to charm strangers' ears.

Come the fields which knew my childhood  
    Come the upland and the moor;  
Come again the scented maadows,  
    Come the hills with air so pure!  
Give me hearts like lambkins bounding,  
    With the merry, childlike glee,  
Give the old familiar faces,  
    That my eyes so loved to see!

But, alas, the years glide onward  
    Ere my heart such pleasure meet,  
All the time the river's babbling  
    Guides the music of my feet:  
Earstwhile sadd'ning like the Requiem  
    Of my youth's flow'rs blown and dead;  
Now 'tis sweeter and may please me  
    When the past from mem'ry's fled!

Roll, then, dark and murmuring river,  
 O'er thy purple, sandy bed,  
 Now through rocks and now thro' meadows,  
 Bearing on the leaflets dead;  
 And my chequered life thus image,  
 Now in sadness, now in glee  
 Toiling onward, through its exile—  
 On towards home—Eternity!

Now and then, when rise my feelings  
 'Bove the level of control,  
 And when thoughts demand expression  
 To relieve the burthened soul,  
 My harp hanging on these willows  
 I will seize with faltering hand,  
 And beguile the time in singing  
 Deep-felt strains of childhood's land!

M.



## SOCIETIES.

The Literary Societies in the College have been very active during the last two months. The "Literary Union," which is composed of the students of the Junior and Senior Classes, recently elected the following officers for the academical year 1898-'99: Moderator, Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp.; President, Mr. Leo L. Meyer; Vice President, Mr. John F. Enright; Secretary, Mr. James L. Brady; Treasurer, Mr. Thomas A. Wrenn; Librarian, Mr. John A. McVean.

The "Lyceum Society," which is composed of the members of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes, recently gave several very interesting debates. On another page of this issue we reproduce extracts from some of the speeches delivered by members of this society.

Considerable interest is also manifested in the four religious societies, which were enumerated in our last number. It is a matter of great satisfaction to know that the students, in the midst of their studies, do not forget their religious duties.

The "Sodality of the Holy Ghost" which is composed of the members of the two higher classes, elected the following officers: Director, Rev. John T. Murphy; Prefect, Mr. Leo L. Meyer; First Assistant, Mr. John F. Enright; Second Assistant, Mr. James A. Garrigan; Treasurer, Mr. William O. Walker; Secretary, Mr. James L. Brady; Librarian, Mr. John A. McVean; Standard Bearer, Mr. Charles D. Finney.

# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

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## Editorials.

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## The Y. M. I.

The Young Men's Institute was organized March 4, 1883, in San Francisco, California, "as a Catholic fraternal association, for the moral, social and intellectual improvement of its members; for their mutual protection and relief; to build up in each community a center of Catholic sentiment; to establish halls, libraries and reading-rooms where Catholic young men may meet in social intercourse, become better acquainted with each other and be preserved from the temptations that have drawn so many of our young men from the love and protection of their religion."

This is the excellent and comprehensive outline of the purposes for which this Institute for Young Men

was instituted. It has grown steadily and rapidly on every side, but especially in the midst of this populous neighborhood, and Pittsburg is now recognized as being the center of a very large number of councils and districts of this important Society. In fact, it is not too much to say that there are from five to six thousand active members of the Y. M. I. in Pittsburg and its immediate vicinity. All this, too, in the space of a few years! Surely this wonderful growth must have some more efficient and intrinsical cause than the mere activity—no matter how energetic and praiseworthy of its excellent officers. It must, no doubt, be attributed to the deep-felt and instinctive sentiment which our young Catholic men of this locality have so long experienced of the necessities, in response to which this Institute has been organized.

Let it, therefore, be encouraged and fostered, particularly by our College graduates, whose education should enable them to be leaders in this "moral, social and intellectual improvement." But let all its members as well as its officers remember that they must faithfully live up to its purposes and its Constitution, if they wish to see its existence as lasting, and its organization as strong, as its growth has been rapid.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Art Exhibit.

It is pleasing to note the rapid strides of the art movement in our great manufacturing city. Scarcely three years have elapsed since the Carnegie Art Gallery was opened at Schenley Park, and already it seems to be developing into one of the leading art centers of the world.

The third annual exhibition, now open to the public, has surpassed all expectations. Pittsburg has recently evinced many indications of her love for the fine arts, but the Art Gallery surpasses everything. It represents an epitome of all that is being accomplished in the art centres throughout the world, and as such it has commanded the attention of all intelligent lovers of Art.

It should be a matter of general congratulation, especially in educational circles, that we have at our very doors a collection of the finest paintings in the world. No student should fail to make a close study

of these works, since they will repay him most generously. It will not only enlighten him and broaden his knowledge but it will stimulate discernment, and above all will foster and encourage a zeal for all that is good and beautiful.

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### Troubles of Our Separated Brethren.

The recent convention of Episcopalian ministers, which aroused an unusual attention throughout the country, again demonstrated the unstable condition under which our separated brethren must labor.

The greater part of their time was occupied with the question of divorce. The ministers, while realizing the innumerable evils resulting from the desecration of the sacred marriage ties, could not agree on the expediency of dealing with this vital question. In spite of the law of God which explicitly says that "he who puts away his wife and marries another, commits adultery," they deemed it more prudent to defer their sentence against it.

The Catholic Church has always strictly adhered to the law of the Gospel. From earliest times it has taught that the ties of marriage were sacred and could only be put asunder by God. Our brethren will not be content until they return to the original precept of God, which is the only one with which reason and judgment can agree.

Another vital topic with which the ministers had to deal was the absence of a sacrifice. They have, at length, opened their eyes and discovered that they had no sacrifice in their religion. A sacrifice, as everybody knows, is that first and highest act of religion in which a duly authorized person offers to God some sensible thing, which is visibly immolated, either physically or mystically, in token and acknowledgement of God's supreme dominion over all things. There can be no religion without a sacrifice. This was practically admitted from the beginning of the world. Even the Pagans sacrificed to their idols. Under the Old Law God Himself strictly commands the Jews to offer sacrifices. But the Catholic Church sacrifices the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who by His death on the cross offered

Himself for us. Protestantism with its offspring is without a sacrifice, and hence without religion.

It is about time that our Episcopalian friends are beginning to realize the predicament into which they have fallen. What they still need is light to guide them and strength to lead them on to truth.

L. L. M



## THE FACULTY.

Very few changes have been made in the Faculty. Our President, Rev. Father Murphy, retains the Senior and Junior classes of Oratory, Classics and Literature.

Rev. Father Hehir is in charge of the Classics in the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

Rev. P. McDermott is again Professor of Philosophy, History and Scripture in the two higher classes. He is also Professor of English in the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

The Academic classes are in charge of Fathers Hehir and Stadelman, Messrs. Sonnefeld, Retka and Callahan.

Rev. Father Tomaszewski, who for some time taught the Academic classes, has become Pastor of the Polish Church, this city.

Rev. Father Griffin is still in charge of the musical department. He is confident of soon having a fine orchestra.

Rev. F. Danner who, in the opinion of the students, is a born scientist, is in charge of the Laboratory and Chemistry classes.

Rev. Father Stadelman has assumed the onerous office of Disciplinarian. He, however, has the esteem and confidence of all the students.

Mr. Frank Retka is in charge of the Junior Study Hall and Mr. Sonnefeld, of the Senior.



## WHAT OUR OLD COMRADES ARE DOING.

Our old friends J. Kearney, E. Phalen, J. O'Neill and J. Sackville, visited us during the past month. All are successful in their respective occupations.

We were pleased to hear that Mr. Fred. Neuroth obtained a position as Professor of Languages at the Madison Academy, Uniontown, Pa. We had lost all traces of our old friend, but we were confident of his success.

Mr. John J. Quinn, '96, has entered St. Vincent's Seminary.

Mr. Joseph J. Meyer, '96, is now completing his Theological studies at St. Vincent's. We wish him all success.

We are happy to congratulate Mr. Josephy Daly, of Youngstown; who has joined the ranks of the Benedictines. Mr. Daly has a very pleasant tenor voice, and is the leading soloist both in St. Anne's Church Choir and in the Hayden Glee Club.

Messrs. Resmer and Glynn have entered the Medical department of the W. U. P.

Mr. James O'Neill, '98, is studying Theology at St. Vincent's.

Mr. Michael McGarey, '98, is taking a course of Theology at Baltimore.

Messrs. McCarthy, '98, and Ross, '98, are in the Novitiate at Philadelphia.



## ATHLETICS.

As anticipated in our last issue, the football team of '98 has been a perfect and gratifying success.

Games have been played with all the crack teams of the neighborhood, and the results have shown that the College team is one of the fastest in the State.

The games that have been played off, up to this, have resulted as follows: Geneva College 5, Pittsburg College 23; P. A. C. 0, Pittsburg College 0; Swissvale 0, Pittsburg College 17; D. C. & A. C. 16, Pittsburg College 0; Latrobe 17, Pittsburg College 0; Steubenville 0, Pittsburg College 16; Greensburg 11, Pittsburg College 0; Latrobe 22, Pittsburg College 6; Homestead 5, Pittsburg College 28.

As the weather has been unusually favorable for football, the boys have not missed a single practice. The Sophomore team, which, by the way, has won considerable fame on the gridiron, lines up against the Varsity, almost every afternoon, thus affording the "big boys" excellent opportunities for strengthening their defensive, in which, at the beginning of the season, they were found to be weak. Their interference and team work have been notable features of the last few years. All in all, it may be said that the team is in better physical condition, at the present time, than it ever was before, and they not only expect to win the remainder of the scheduled games, but large scores are to be on the credit side of their record.

A more detailed account of the big games, as well as of the brilliant work of the individual members of the team, will be given in our next number.

The second and third teams will be entitled to more than passing mention for their excellent work against outside athletic teams, frequently much superior to them in weight.

# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., DECEMBER, 1898. No. 3

## THE FIRST QUARTER.

The first quarter examinations were given during the early part of November, and the work done by the various classes gave excellent satisfaction to the Faculty. The number of honor certificates, though not so large as it has previously been, still speaks very highly for those who were fortunate enough to gain them. A few who died bravely in these examinations will doubtless be spurred on to greater efforts. After the distribution of certificates, the Reverend President congratulated the students on the high percentage obtained, and expressed great hopes for the present year.

The annual retreat was held during the first week of October. It was evident from the earnestness and devotion which marked the conduct of the students, that the instructions of Rev. Father McDermott, who conducted the retreat, created a lively sentiment of fervor. At this writing Father McDermott is journeying to Ireland to visit his mother who is very sick. We hope, however, that the case will not prove serious.

Among the Church dignitaries that have visited us lately was the Most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli. His Excellency, after officiating at the Golden Jubilee of St. Michael's Church on the South Side, honored us with a short visit. In the company of a number of clergy His Excellency was entertained at dinner; a splendid programme had also been prepared by the students, but time interfered with the execution of it. The disappointment occasioned by this was, however, fully compensated for by the granting of a free day by the Apostolic Delegate.

The work of the football team during the past season prospects for athletic sports been more favorable at the

was indeed gratifying; and at no other time have the College. Our boys have been called the "surprise of the season," and the phrase is very applicable when we consider their splendid work against the star aggregations of Western Pennsylvania, and that they carried the spheroid nearer to D. C. & A. C's goal than any other team. All this has convinced the authorities that by additional effort, a team second to none in this vicinity can be placed on the field. Preparations are already being made for next season's work, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the athletic committee will be crowned with success corresponding to their expectations.

The recent cold weather has put an end to the delightful evening walks outside, and has led the Boarders to seek out their snug winter quarters. The Seniors have the privilege of the large music hall where they spend the recreations very pleasantly, while the billiard room is the constant resort of the Juniors, some of whom show extraordinary exactness in banking.

The Faculty ever awake to the importance of elocution, especially in relation to oratory, has secured the services of one of Pittsburg's noted elocutionists, Mr. Wissmann, of the King School of Oratory. Mr. Wissmann, from the very beginning won the admiration of his pupils, and his worth is at once evidenced by the improvement in the recitations given at the weekly entertainments. A change has been made in the musical department. Mr. Weis, whose musical qualities are well known in Pittsburg, has taken charge of the band and orchestra. Now we may expect great things from our band.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed with the usual ceremonies. Solemn High Mass was celebrated, and all received Holy Communion. In the evening there was Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Campus has undergone a great change during the past week. A coat of *fimis* has totally lost to sight the beautiful greensward, on which the "kicker" was wont to gambol. It is a matter of regret that we can-

not convert the whole Campus into a skating pond, as was done last year.

The Sunday Evening Concerts are claiming more and more the attention of the students, as is manifest from the increase in the attendance. Some excellent programmes have been exhibited already this year, and a very pleasing feature of them was the good variety of music rendered. A change in the system of deciding questions of debate, which is spoken of elsewhere, has added renewed efforts on the part of the speakers.

J. M'V. '99.



### A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Gently fall the virgin snowflakes,  
 O'er a land in splendor dressed;  
 Brightly gleam the fairy crystals,  
 Lit by moonlight from the West.  
 Decked the sky with flitting meteors  
 Casting round enchanting light,  
 Dead the soul that is not spell-bound,  
 By the charms of such a night.

Down the street come laughing children,  
 Health and vigor in each face,  
 For they know not pain, or sorrow,  
 Nor the world or passions base.  
 On they frolic in the moonlight,  
 Gayest thoughts possess each mind ;  
 Pictures of the happy morrow  
 Float before them on the wind.

Love's caresses ever greet them  
 On the thresholds of their homes,  
 Mother's prayers are e'er ascending  
 When each loved one distant roams.  
 Lo ! as midnight darkness hovers,  
 Sacred quiet reigns o'er all,  
 And in shadows look the steeples,  
 Like grim spectres 'neath the pall.

Hark ! the midnight hour hath stricken ;  
 From the shadows comes a form,

Of a man once loved and honored,  
Yea, once blessed with beauty's charm.  
Age's hand lies heavily on him,  
Silvery locks adorn his brow ;  
Now that form, once tall and noble,  
Stoops, as pride to nature's vow.

Though the fairness of those features,  
Have through age and vice grown dire,  
Yet the reflex of lost childhood  
Fills those eyes with force and fire.  
O'er the icy, snow-clad pavement  
Drags his wan and haggard form,  
Weak and fainting, cold and hungry,  
Ill prepared for cold and storm.

Long he wanders in the bleakness,  
And the coldness, of the night ;  
Through the streets he goes unnoticed,  
Till a vision moves his sight.  
In the distance lights are gleaming,  
Fairy strains float on the air,  
Sweetest voices there are singing  
Grand and noble hymns most rare.

Here the pilgrim ends his progress,  
On the doorstep low he kneels,  
Bends his aged form in token  
Of the sorrow that he feels.  
O'er his mind a flood of thoughts rush,  
Now his heart is tempest tossed,  
By sharp pangs of pain and sorrow  
For the loved ones he has lost.

Years ago from home he wandered,  
Scorned a parents words, and love,  
Left his mother broken hearted,  
(Now she rests with God above.)  
Faster, faster led to evil  
Soon the days of vice he drank,  
Till by demons claimed a victim,  
Till from horror now he shrunk.

Oh, how oft in thought he'd promised  
Once again to be a youth,

Leave for e'er the game and winecup,  
Live to love and follow truth.  
But temptations ever strengthening,  
Always strewed his path toward light,  
Till on Christmas morn we find him  
Kneeling in the shades of night.

As he bows with eyes uplifted  
To the sight that meets his gaze,  
Sorrow chokes his muttered utterings  
Forth he breathes his soul in praise.  
Christmas morn with golden sunshine  
Kissed the hoary, frozen form  
Of the wayward one repentant,  
Through the power of Christmas charm.

JAS. L. BRADY.



## SOME RECENT LESSONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

---

[COMMUNICATED.]

It may not be easy to determine the net gain or loss which may accrue to us from the recent war. It may not be easy to fix the degree of responsibility which devolves upon the administration or upon individual officials, with regard to the sufferings entailed upon the soldiers that took part, even only indirectly or at a distance, in the conduct of the war, and entailed proportionately upon their respective families. But it is certain that here, as in every other similar circumstance, we may say with the Philosopher:

“There is no evil without a compensating good.”

For, it must be confessed, we have certainly learned a great many lessons from these recent circumstances of war, and camps, and deaths, and fevers, and consequent complaints. It is not, evidently, our province just now to allude to, or dwell upon the many lessons which, no doubt, the various departments of our Administration and Executive, have drawn from those sudden emergencies that have

tested its powers of action, and its capacity for the immediate display of resources. But beyond all this, there are lessons of importance to be gathered by all of us as individuals, from numberless incidents that have arisen in the course of events. In the first place a very striking object lesson has been taught us of the great importance of disciplinary training. The late war has shown us the difference between raw and trained material, between those who received an athletic training and those who did not. From the former there were comparatively few complaints, and on the whole they suffered very little from sickness. The physical training which they received enabled them to withstand all the privations and the hardships of campaigning. It enabled them to bear up against all the distempers natural to the warm countries so lately conquered by their arms, and even to bear up against the great change of climate they were compelled to undergo on leaving their own country for the seat of war. On the contrary, their less exercised and untrained brethren in arms were in no physical condition to hold out against the hard knocks of soldier-life in Cuba and elsewhere. A short experience of the hardships of camp life was sufficient to place them on the hospital list and incapacitate them for undertaking any of the difficult and laborious duties of the campaign.

It was not to them but to the former class of recruits that our arms were so speedily victorious over the Spaniards and the war brought to such a successful issue. Were it left to the untrained and undisciplined recruits who joined our standards, Cuba and the other Spanish possessions of the Western Hemisphere, would not, perhaps, be released from European domination. It would not even have required a Spanish army to undo them; the fevers and pestilences of the climate would have been sufficient for their destruction.

Here, as in other walks, the beneficial effects of College athletic training was visible. College athletes were among the foremost of those who fought under our banners on Cuban soil and in the Phillipines. The heroes of the gridiron and of the diamond showed themselves to be the heroes of the battle-field; and this was owing greatly to the physical training which is the accompaniment of College athletics.

Another great lesson taught us by experience in the

late war is that habits of moderation and temperance are all important for the youthful aspirant on the path of ambition or even in more ordinary walks of life. We find this exemplified by the experiences of our soldiers. Those who were trained to habits of moderation and abstemiousness were little affected by all the difficulties of soldier life, whether difficulties of accommodation or dangers from pestilent fevers. They became quickly inured to hardships, and soon bore them with little difficulty. Those, however, who had been intemperate and dissipated before taking up a military career soon found themselves overwhelmed by the hardships of soldiering, and were the more numerous candidates for our military hospitals. It was chiefly to these two causes—to the want of physical training and to the intemperate habits of the recruits—that the great prevalence of sickness and fevers was owing. Much sickness might, perhaps, have been avoided by proper foresight and precaution among the military authorities; but surely the insufficiency of accommodation alone could not explain the great prevalence of sickness among the volunteers, and it is to be hoped that the experience gained in this war will be of great profit in any future contingency, and that the mistakes made therein will help to put matters on a better footing, before a like enterprise is undertaken in the future.

J. C. '97.



## A HERO.

In Ancient times, a hero was a man who performed some great and praiseworthy action for his country. He was regarded as a remarkable and almost supernatural being; in fact, in Greece and the early pagan states, he was worshipped, after death, as a demi-god.

To be a hero, was the height of ambition of the youth of those days, which we may attribute to the parents themselves, since they taught their children from infancy to hold their country as the first object of their love and veneration. For it, they were to sacrifice everything, even life itself should an occasion demand it; hence, this patriotism, fed and nourished

from childhood, was the inspiration of heroes and the mother of demi-gods.

But the days of their glory have passed away, and the hero of the nineteenth century is a man,—a man, who, in every act does his duty to God and his fellow-men. For instance, in the last year, how many of our soldiers have become true heroes by giving up their lives for "God and the Right" in the name of "Our Country."

The heart is the great source of all heroism. Discipline and training may form a sort of heroic character in a multitude, as it does in armies. A splendid proof of this was in the famous charge of the English Light Brigade at Balaklava. But after all, a man is a hero on account of his greatness of soul, not from influence or training.

Among the most prominent heroes of Ancient times, who receive the admiration of the world to-day, is Leonidas, who, with his three hundred Spartans, in obedience to their law, and in the face of certain death, himself before a host of their Persian invaders in the Pass of Thermopylae. Theirs was a desperate valor, and not a heroism, springing from the heart, as in the case of William Tell in his defiance of Gessler, the Austrian monster of injustice and cruelty.

As there are heroes in battle, so there are in the political, domestic, and religious worlds. Reputations make no difference. If a man is true to his calling, be it lowly or great, in following the voice of his conscience, and thus doing his duty, in spite of all obstacles in his way, he is truly a hero, although he wears no laurel wreath nor carries in his hand an olive branch to tell the world of his glory.

W. M'LANE, *Academic.*



## AROUND A GREAT CITY.

### PITTSBURG AS A COAL CENTRE.

In a recent number of the BULLETIN Pittsburg was treated of as an iron centre, and on account of her immense output of manufactured iron she was called the

"Iron City." But this name is rather an adoption since Pittsburg can lay claim only to the manufacture and not to the primary production of iron itself. She claims only the manufactured and finished product, while the natural mineral which is the basis of the finished material, is brought here from a distance of seven or eight hundred miles. One unacquainted with the city's greatest natural gift would be forced to ask, "Why is iron ore carried from such a distance for working?" "Why is it not worked where it is mined?" The answer is simple. In order to work the iron ore and produce a finished material a large supply of fuel is absolutely necessary. Pittsburg fully supplies this need.

In the production of coal Pittsburg is supreme. From the amount of coal consumed within the boundaries of our city and in the immediate vicinity, Pittsburg has derived her better known and more appropriate name, that of "Smoky City."

The richest deposits of coal in the United States are found along Mt. Washington, which seems to be a solid and inexhaustible mass of most valuable fuel. Owing to this fact Mt. Washington enjoys the glory of the appellation of "Coal Hill."

From these vast mines are shipped, yearly, millions of bushels of coal to supply the manufacturing and domestic demand throughout the entire southern portion of the United States. The position of Pittsburg, situated as she is, at the head of the Ohio river, and with the Monongahela flowing within her very boundaries, indicates that she was intended by nature to supply not only her own territory but all the marts throughout the South. Down the Ohio and down the Mississippi Pittsburg's coal is carried as far as New Orleans, a distance of over two thousand miles, supplying on the way such large cities as Cincinnati, Louisville, Cairo, Memphis, and Vicksburg. But Pittsburg does not make use of the rivers alone for coal shipment. Her excellent railroad facilities afford ample opportunity for supplying the inland cities.

Even for transportation alone an immense amount of coal is consumed in firing the boilers of steamboats and locomotives.

Using these two means of transportation, much coal is shipped without our borders; but the amount is small in comparison with that which is used at home.

Pittsburg, with its immediate vicinity, has almost a hundred iron and steel factories besides numerous other manufacturing plants whose boilers and furnaces have an insatiable appetite for coal. Besides these mills and factories there are millions of homes to be supplied with fuel. From their chimneys we may see pouring forth continuously large volumes of thick black smoke, each chimney doing its utmost, as it were, to render the city worthy of its name.

Another and very important phase of Pittsburg's coal industry is coke. A short distance up the Monongahela Valley are situated immense lines of coke ovens, in regions of perpetual fires and pervading blackness. Here is manufactured the far-famed Connellsville coke sought for as far west as San Francisco. Coke has been called the "Refined first cousin of Pittsburg coal," but I think it should be styled rather the direct offspring. A visit to these coke regions, especially at night, will be well worthy the visitor's time, and may be described in a future number of the BULLETIN.

J. J. M'NAMARA. '02.



## THE OPPORTUNITIES OF EDUCATED CATHOLIC MEN.

Man is defined as a "rational animal." But although in the ordinary state of affairs man begins, in early childhood, to use that reason, with which he is endowed and which is one of God's noblest gifts, it is only after a thorough, liberal education, that he can use it to full advantage.

True education aims, not only at giving to man a complete and practical knowledge of the things necessary for this life, but it elevates him above these to the consideration of his Maker and Preserver and to a knowledge of his duties towards God. It teaches him to estimate lightly the things of this earth, and to turn his thoughts to that after life towards which all men are advancing, and to prepare himself to meet his Judge and take up the position allotted to him for eternity. True education has for object the development of a man's character, and the enabling him to use rightly that gift which renders him superior to all

other created beings. In short, true education has regard for both body and soul. Any system of education which disregards either of these, violates the fundamental principles of education and cannot, therefore, be said truly to educate.

If we examine closely into the matter, we find that the only institutions which have regard for both soul and body, are our Catholic schools and colleges. It is on this account that the results obtained in our Catholic institutions are so much more solid and more lasting than are those in public or the so-called non-sectarian institutions.

From very earliest childhood our boys in the parochial schools enjoy great advantages over boys of the same age in public institutions. In the parochial school the young boy is under the care and guidance of holy women, who have sacrificed all earthly ties and have, in response to the voice of God calling within them, devoted themselves to Him, to labor for His greater glory in enlightening those of whom it was said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." Here the young boy is surrounded by every inducement to a pure, honest and upright life. Here he is taught, and by those best suited to supply the place of mother, in his earliest, tenderest and most impressionable years to fear and love God and to endeavor always to do His holy will. Nor are the boy's secular wants forgotten in the eagerness to furnish that which is more essential. Examining the course of studies pursued in the lower grade schools, we find that they are everything that could be desired, including, besides the fundamental three "Rs," History, Geography, Grammar, and in most of the schools higher Arithmetic and Algebra. Briefly, parochial school education supplies a boy with not only a practical but a thorough knowledge of everything useful, and further, it equips him for the higher studies pursued in academies and colleges.

It is in these latter that the greatest advantages are placed at the disposal of Catholic young men. Our Catholic colleges are one and all under the direction of men who have no interest in this world beyond the advancement of the welfare of those committed to their charge. They are not hired at a certain salary per month to the acquisition of which they are to look forward as the highest expression of thanks from those

whom they have benefitted. Quite the contrary, they receive no mercenary recompense and feel themselves amply rewarded by the knowledge of the success of their pupils. These professors or professor-priests have had to pass long years of study and probation before they could attain that holy state, and they give, without reserve the results of these years of labor and toil, to the young men entrusted to their fatherly care.

In view of these facts, is it any wonder that a man who has gone through a course of studies at one of our Catholic colleges and has endeavored to profit of all the advantages and opportunities there presented to him, is it any wonder that such a man is honored and respected by his fellow-men? Such a man is bound to succeed in whatever profession he undertakes, because he has instilled into him the full and true meaning of honesty and he follows its precepts.

But our people ask why, after going through such a course of studies, so many of our young men fail in after life. It is because they have not gone through the course properly, that is, they have not paid proper attention to the instructions given them, or they have not made serious efforts to profit of the advantages presented to them during their course. Or, perhaps, it may be that the young man has mistaken his calling, and in the latter case the results are always very sad.

And, in speaking of the professions, what one of the learned professions is, not only open to, but calling our Catholic men to join its ranks? The great barrier of prejudice no longer blocks the way to success in the professions. The time is come when a young man is no longer asked, on entering a profession, what his religious opinions and practices are, nor is he debarred therefrom simply because he is a Catholic.

Those outside the faith are bound to respect the honesty and integrity of Catholic men in the professions. They are bound to recognize their sterling worth, and being so bound, the voice of prejudice is hushed, its influence is broken.

Catholic men are, to-day, acquitted themselves with the highest credit in every one of the professions and their ranks are increasing. Each and everyone of the professions presents a broad field for our Catholic men in which, in a thousand different ways, they can benefit mankind.

# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

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## Editorials.

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### Peace With Spain.

The war is over. The terms of peace have been signed, and we are again the friends of Spain.

The results of the war are as memorable as the war itself. Sad, indeed, are the consequences for Spain, once the greatest empire of Europe. The future, however, must decide whether the results have been advantageous for the United States. Before the outbreak of hostilities our nation was regarded as the only real peace-loving country of the world. This, however, has suddenly changed. The fortunes of war brought about a new policy, which will mark the opening of a new epoch in the history of our country. But what has been the beginning of our imperialistic policy has been the end and downfall of Spain. What we have gained, Spain has lost.

The change of policies has rightly been the subject of considerable opposition. Some of our most eminent public men oppose the policy of expansion, but we have been the victims of circumstances. The system of colonization is one that has been the cause of the downfall of many nations. Of all modern nations England alone has been successful with her colonies.

Let us hope that the new policy will be conducive to our welfare, as a nation, as well as to the peace and happiness of the inhabitants of our newly acquired possessions.

LEO L. MEYER.

\* \* \*

### **Esprit de Corps Among Catholics.**

We need not be told that the Catholics of this country are, to a very great extent, deficient in "Esprit de Corps." Few, indeed, are those amongst us who can with justice claim the two-fold title of being kind and liberal towards one another in the social and business world alike. This may seem strange, but nevertheless it is true. In the hurry and din of the busy world, Catholics seem to forget their all important duties in many respects ; they think they have no duties to perform. In many instances they refuse to render any assistance to that which is destined to elevate and ennoble others as well as themselves. Thus they display a certain meanness and weakness of character, by not endeavoring to help along what will be productive of great and lasting good. In the business world they act in the same way, and thus limit the possibility of effecting much that is desired.

The trite old proverb says, "In union there is strength." We can never accomplish anything by being continually disunited. It is, therefore, our duty to work in harmony with one another, and to give generously of our means, so that our ideals which are the very best can be carried out. And it were well then to cultivate "Esprit de Corps," for without this we can make but little progress on the road to what is best.

JAMES A. GARRIGAN.

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### "Debates."

There is nothing perhaps which is more beneficial to a student, in connection with his regular college course, than to take part in Debates.

Debates are the best tutors of a student because they are the means of sharpening the mind, which has been developed by his other branches of study, and of developing his oratorical powers.

They are also the means through which he acquires a knowledge of literature; and his future influence in society depends much on how he can debate.

If a man is a good speaker, he has both influence and notoriety far and near.

Our College recognizes these facts, and she has established two Debating Societies in the four higher classes, and she has set apart alternate evenings for each society to have debates.

We can see from the attendance at these debates that great interest is taken in them, and each Society is trying to shine above the other in the questions they treat.

Even the younger students show a great interest in them. Some of them are even known to yearn with the hope that one day they will be able to rise and express their sentiments on various subjects.

In addition to the advantages and interest which our debates have shown, they will make the dreaded monotonous life at College during the wintry months both pleasant and agreeable.

P. E. MAHER.

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### Pittsburg's Growth in Refinement.

Pittsburg, the home of industry and wealth, is becoming, year after year, the seat of culture and refinement. The people are ever ready to show their Eastern and far Western friends, who come to visit the "Smoky City," how they are making rapid progress towards the goal of refinement.

Many people, who are living far away from the chief iron and steel city of America, have a very quaint idea of the place and its inhabitants.

The name "Pittsburg" is known throughout the country by the name "Smoky City," and on account

of this appellation many ridiculous stories are circulated about the city and its people.

The words "Smoky City" fill their minds with thoughts which would make a "Pittsburger" laugh with rage to think that any man would allow himself to be deceived by the above name.

Certain people imagine the city always enveloped in a thick fog of smoke, where the sun is seen once in a great while, and all is labor. But such is not the case, as one may see, who visits this great steel mart. The people of this country had a splendid opportunity to witness the rapid achievements of Pittsburg's people in refinement at the recent Knight Templars Conclave which was held here during the second week of October.

After that conclave many people went to their homes convinced that Pittsburg, although a "Smoky City," was fast becoming a "Refined and artistic one."

Music and art form chief factors in the history of Pittsburg. At the present time one of the best art exhibits in the country is centered here. The people, filled with that same desire which was characteristic of the ancients, the love for music, are ever ready to encourage its love among others, who may come within their reach.

Visitors to this city notice the refinement which the people have attained, and they return to their homes with a different opinion of the "Smoky City" and its people.

There is nothing like "experience," and he who thinks Pittsburg "behind the times" in art and refinement, would do his unhappy conscience a deal of good by visiting the "Smoky City."

D. O'HARE.



## ATHLETICS.

The football season of 1898 has been, in most respects, a successful one for the College. In former years the 'Varsity team was compelled to be satisfied with a place among the second-class clubs. But this year it has battled with the very best teams in the county, and has ended the season with the name of being one of the top notchers in this part of the State. The very best games that the college team played were with the strongest clubs in this vicinity, and, though the Red and Blue met defeat at the hands of D. C. & A. C., Greensburg and Latrobe, still these strong teams had to struggle and sweat for all their points, which were not so numerous.

All the athletic clubs around Pittsburg had been greatly strengthened since last season, and this must be remembered when studying the record of the 'Varsity team.

The success of the team lies chiefly in the fact that all the players kept themselves in perfect physical condition throughout the season. As a result of their good training none of the boys suffered any injuries, despite the fact that they took part in some of the hardest games ever contested by a team representing the College.

The only thing to be regretted in the whole season is the failure of the College to meet W. & J. In previous years the latter were always victorious over the College boys, and this year, when everybody knew that the College had a team fit to battle with their rivals, the failure of the attempt to bring about an arrangement between the teams could not but cause a great deal of chagrin to the College supporters.

In looking over the individual work of each member of the team we can not help but notice how well each man endeavored to fulfill his part to make the season a success. This year Coach Vancleve and Captain Burns formed a first-class team out of the material at their disposal in the beginning of the season, and this thought makes our prospects for next fall brighter than ever, for the very same players will once more don the College uniforms. Then may the efforts of the management to have a winning team be crowned with success.

### THE 'VARSITY TEAM OF '98.

J. Vancleve coached and played Left End on the 'Varsity team. He displayed excellent judgment in selecting the players at the beginning of the season. As a player he was especially good on long end runs, breaking interference, and getting down the field on kicks.

Captain Burns played at Full Back during the entire season. As captain he was a favorite with all the players. He possesses extraordinary energy and courage; is a good tackler, and a fierce plunger through the line.

Comerford, who played at Left Guard, had very few equals in this vicinity. He always used his strength to advantage in the famous 'guard's back' play, and he was especially strong in stopping the same when worked by opponents.

Owing to M. Sonnefeld's tackling abilities and quickness he was placed at Right Tackle, where he played a magnificent game. When called upon to plunge through the opposite side of the line, he never failed to advance the ball.

J. Farrar, the clever Left Tackle, was a weighty man, yet he always interfered well for the runner. He possesses wonderful perceptive powers, and always keeps his eye on the oval; is a sure tackler, and hard to bring to the ground when running with the ball.

This was Staudt's first year at football, yet he always played an excellent game at Right Guard. In the big games he showed that he has remarkable football talent. He will undoubtedly be seen as a regular player on the 'Varsity next year.

P. Cannon possesses the build and qualities of an ideal end. He was a fast runner, always down the field on kicks, and ready to dive for his man; a low tackler, and always sure to advance the ball.

P. Nalen had the qualifications for a good Center—great muscular strength and quickness, and he was especially strong in passing the ball well to the Quarter Back.

In J. Gerrity the College had a crackajack Half-Back. Jack's great strong points were his ability to pick an opening, and to make a fast, straight buck through the line. His tackling was superb.

W. Giel, the Right Half-Back, was a well built young man, and had the knack of using everything to advantage. His long end runs won many touch-downs for the College.

During the first part of the season W. McDonald put up a grand game at Left Half-Back. He is a fast runner and a sure and low tackler.

The difficult position of Quarter-Back was nobly taken care of by Mullen, who was a fierce tackler and very accurate in his passing.

In J. Rudolph and D. O'Hara the College had two excellent substitutes. Both were able men, and always played a magnificent game when called upon.

#### PRINCIPAL GAMES OF THE SEASON.

GENEVA, 5; PITTSBURG COLLEGE, 23.

The first game of the season was played with our old rivals, Geneva College. The 'Varsity went into the game determined to wipe out the defeat of last year. The score will show how well their efforts were crowned with success. Though one-sided, the game was interesting and well contested. Geneva scored on a fumble made by the College on the five-yard line.

P. A. C., 0; PITTSBURG COLLEGE, 0.

With the weather anything but favorable for a football game, the 'Varsity team left their Alma Mater, and journeyed to the

East End where they were scheduled to line up against Sam Boyle's aggregation of stars. Many enthusiastic rooters accompanied the team, and greatly helped to dispel the gloom that overshadowed P. A. C. Park.

The game was well contested on the part of both teams. They were pretty evenly matched in weight, and very little was gained by bucking the line. P. A. C. often used "guard's back" successfully, while the College gained mostly on the ends. After rolling in the mud for forty minutes both teams left the field, P. A. C. apparently happy, while the 'Varsity seemed disgusted to think their efforts to score were checked by such short halves.

LATROBE, 17 ; PITTSBURG COLLEGE, 0.

The contest between Latrobe and the College was one of the cleanest and most aggressive games ever played on the home ground. Twelve hundred football enthusiasts saw the game.

Gass made the first touch-down within five minutes after play was called. After this the College boys played desperately, and kept the ball in the middle of the field for the remainder of the half. The second half was a repetition of the first, with this exception, that in the beginning two touch-downs were made instead one. Bull secured the ball on the kick off, and, by clever individual work, returned it fifty yards. Here Gass received it on a fumble, and crossed the goal line. Burns kicked off and the ball was returned to the middle of the field. Fumbles on the part of the College, and a few end plays by Latrobe, placed the ball on the five-yard line. McKenzie was pushed over for the last touch-down, making the score 17-0.

D. C. & A. C., 16 ; PITTSBURG COLLEGE, 0.

About one thousand spectators saw D. C. & A. C. and the 'Varsity fight a battle royal, in a sea of mud, at Exposition Park. The grounds were in awful condition, and line bucking was the feature of the game. D. C. & A. C. enthusiasts were rather surprised when their team failed to pile up a big score, but any one who saw the game will readily admit that, were it not for good luck, D. C. & A. C. would not have even the small sum of 16 points to their credit. As it was, the score is a very creditable one for the College. The stars made one touch-down in the first half and two in the second, making the score 16-0.

GREENSBURG, 11 ; PITTSBURG COLLEGE, 0.

The game with the champions of Westmoreland County was certainly the finest article of football ever seen on the College campus. For fully nineteen minutes the Greensburg star aggregation dashed in vain against the line of the College boys. At last a terrible hole was made in the line through which Bird flew to the wished-for goal. In the second half, by means of Barclay's long end runs, and Rhinehart's and Bird's line bucking, Greensburg succeeded in scoring six more points. The final score was Greensburg, 11 ; P. C., 0.

On Thanksgiving Day the 'Varsity team played Wheeling A. C. at Wheeling, before a small but enthusiastic crowd, defeating them by a score of 11-0.

## THE RESERVES.

It is to be regretted that the Reserve team was formed so late in the season. The results of the few games in which they participated showed them to be a strong aggregation of players. In Captain McVean the team had an ideal Half-Back and a man under whose generalship it was a pleasure to work. To him is due, in a great measure, the team's success. Mullen, the Quarter-Back, was an expert at that difficult position, and would certainly held the same post on the 'Varsity had he possessed a little more weight. In Staudt and Flannigan the team had very able and reliable men, and occasionally both these players were taken to fill some vacant position on the first team. Staudt especially was a skillful and vigorous young player. Wrenn, at Full-Back, was a tower of strength behind the line, while Callahan, his side partner, was an exceptionally strong line bucker and a sure tackler. Gaynor, J. Murphy and Sheehan also deserve great praise for the excellent manner in which they held their own.

The Reserves played but three or four games during the entire season, yet they were never idle. Every afternoon, as regular as clock work, they were on the field to line-up against the 'Varsity, and in the practice games they showed wonderful pluck and endurance.

The following is their record :

Pittsburg Academy, 11 ; Pittsburg College, 0.  
Homestead L. A. C., 0 ; Pittsburg College, 20.  
Birmingham A. C., 5 ; Pittsburg College, 0.

The regular line-up was as follows : Left End, Sheehan ; Left Tackle, Flannigan ; Left Guard, Fox ; Center, Murphy ; Right Guard, Donovan and Engle ; Right Tackle, Staudt ; Right End, Gaynor ; Quarter-Rack, Mullen ; Left Half-Back, Callahan ; Right Half-Back, McVean ; Full-Back, Wrenn.

## THE JUNIOR BOARDERS' ELEVEN.

The young boys of this team put up a splendid article of football. Though the average weight of the club is not more than 80 pounds, still these plucky little players tackled teams that were composed of young men not a single one of whom was under the hundred pound mark. It was against Sewickley, a team far superior in weight, that the young warriors played the most scientific game ever witnessed on the College grounds. It resulted in a grand victory for the Juniors, and demonstrated that weight could easily be overcome by agility. In Couzins, W. McLane, Ryan and Brown the team had an excellent quartet of backs. The line positions were well taken care of by such players as Condron, Lamar, O'Connor, Cullinan and O'Hara.

Their record is as follows :

Iroquois, 0 ; Junior Eleven, 16.  
Forbes Street A. C., 0 ; Junior Eleven, 6.  
Sewickley ; 0 ; Junior Eleven, 24.  
Sewickley, 5 ; Junior Eleven, 0.

The line-up : Left End, Cullinan ; Left Tackle, Landrigan ; Left Guard, Turriek ; Center, Lamar ; Right Guard, Condron ; Right Tackle, Moody ; Right End, O'Hara and O'Connor ; Quarter-Back, Couzins ; Left Half-Back, Brown ; Right Half-Back, McLane ; Full-Back, Ryan.

W. O. WALKER, '00.

## SENIOR BOARDERS.

The Seniors' study hall has been increased lately by four additional members.

The boarders are making preparations for their Christmas vacation, which is fast coming. A few will remain at the College.

The hall under the Chapel is well patronized by the Senior boarders during the cold "spell."

John McVean, of the class of '99, is filled with the bright ideas of Aristotle and Cicero. John will be a grand "philosopher."

The "Parkersburg trio" of the study hall are working hard for the coming "exams."

Wm. Walker and D. O'Hare, of the study, are deeply interested in the classical works of Tacitus and Thucydides.

P. A. Gillespie is a great basket ball player, but he succeeds in keeping out of the "scrimmages." He thinks Cicero's "De Senectute" a great work. He knows.

Mr. William Kelley, of Youngstown, Ohio, paid a short but pleasant visit to the College on the 14th.

Our friend from Monroe County, Ohio, mourns the close of the football season. "Cheer up, old boy, there are other seasons coming."

John Chambers is with the "big boys" this year. "John" is a studious boy.

Henry Brown is quite a musician. Henry is in the Business Department, and he is learning all the "ins" and "outs" of commercial tactics.

Mr. John Murphy, of Parkersburg, paid a visit to his son recently. Also, John Chambers received a recent visit from his sister.

"Highland Park" has been well patronized of late by the boys who are interested in skating.

DAVID O'HARE.



## ALUMNI.

We extend our congratulations to Rev. M. O'Donnell, '93, who was ordained by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on the 17th inst., at Baltimore, and also to Mr. T. Barry, '93, who was raised to the sub-Deaconship. Rev. O'Donnell's career at St. Mary's Seminary has been a brilliant one, and, on every occasion, he upheld the honor of his Alma Mater. His first mass will be celebrated on Christmas morning, in St. Mary's Church, in Lawrenceville. Our Rev. President will preach on the occasion. It is needless to say that many of his old comrades will be present. All wish him *ad multos annos*.

Mr. A. Loeffler, '97, who won such laurels at his Alma Mater, continues to sustain this same honor at the Catholic University. From recent reports it was learned that he is leading his class. Albert, your classmates' best wishes for a prosperous year are with you.

Messrs. L. Galette, Professor of the Senior French Class of '96, A. D. Gavin, '92, H. J. Goebel, '93, M. Retka, '94, J. Laux, '94, L. E. Farrell, '96, J. Wietzenski, '97, and T. Maniecki, '97, are pursuing their theological studies at the Holy Ghost Senior Scholasticate, at Cornwells, near Philadelphia.

The members of the Holy Ghost Novitiate consist of Messrs. J. Danner, '94, J. Kelly, '96, J. Schroeffel, '96, R. Ross, '98, and E. J. McCarthy, '98.

Word was recently received that Mr. F. Fromberz, '93, who is taking his theological course in Rome, is now sub-Deacon.

Rev. Father Drum, who was assistant at St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Homestead, has been removed to St. Mary's, New Castle.

Rev. Fr. Rydlewski, formerly assistant at St. Stanislaus' Polish Church, city, is now residing at the Holy Ghost Senior Scholasticate, where he is Professor of Canon Law, Holy Scripture, Liturgy, and Gregorian Chant.

Mr. C. Turnblacer, '96, has charge of the books of the Murphy-Diebold Lumber Co., West End.

Mr. P. Dougherty, '94, is now engaged in keeping the accounts of the O'Dougherty firm on Water street.

Mr. John Ryan, of Youngstown, O., has accepted a responsible position in the P. & L. E. depot.



## JUNIOR BOARDERS.

Nearly all the boys who represented this category last year are again occupying seats in the Junior study hall. In addition many new faces are to be seen.

The Juniors are very proud of their record for the past football season. They claim the 110-pound championship of Pittsburg.

"Dick" Couzins played very well at quarter-back. He has done good work, not only on the gridiron, but also in his classes, having been recently promoted to the Senior Business Department.

Victor Vislet, although the youngest and smallest of the Boarders, is the pluckiest.

The Bluff seems to agree with John McCaffrey. John is becoming very stout.

Michael Relihan got second place in his class in the recent examinations. The good results of the advantages for study that the Boarders have come out in relief in the examinations.

"Jan" O'Hare is proud of himself as a Bostonian. The "Havard" football team and the Boston baseball club come up to his most sanguine expectations.

William and Joseph O'Connor have been promoted to the Juuior Business Department. "Skip" says, "I guess that will hold us for a while."

Cullinan, Couzins, Landrigan, and O'Connor hold the champion-sh'p in the pool-room.

The members of the third team return thanks to their coach, James Burns, the full-back of the first team. To his excellent

coaching is due, to a great extent, the success of the team.

THE BULLETIN extends a hearty wish for a happy Christmas to all the Juniors.

C. CULLINAN.



## EXCHANGES.

An apology is due our exchanges, for our seeming neglect in failing to acknowledge receipt of November numbers. This time, however, the blame must be attributed to the printer, who, in some unaccountable way, lost track of the manuscript. We will endeavor this month to remedy the mistake as far as our space will permit.

We have before us for the month of December the following : "Dial," "Kalamazoo Augustinian," "Cherry and White," "Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian," "The Cloverleaf," "American Economist," "Weekly Bouquet," "Carmelite Review," "Tamarack," "Central College Magazine," "Ærolith." Besides these we have received for November, not mentioned before, the "Holy Cross Purple," "Catholic High School Journal," "Beech Grove Oracle," "The Mount," "Guard and Tackle," "Normal Record," "Moshier's Magazine," "Viatorian," "Advocate of Peace," "Spectator," "Abbey Student," "Mountaineer," "Fordham Monthly," and "Our Boy's and Girl's Own," to all of which we beg to extend our heartfelt wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The "Dial" presents to its readers two very interesting and well told stories, "A Gridiron Romance" and "The Winter King."

An account of the term "Wandering Jew," in "Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian," is admirably given, as are the other articles in the December number.

A short and interesting story, such as "Pat's Christmas," in the "Tamarack," contributes much towards making a journal readable. However, the "Tamarack" has very little need of such aids, as all the articles therein are readable in themselves.

An exhaustive criticism of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" appears in the "Abbey Student." The biography of St. Columba," also, is exceedingly well written. The other articles of this number are up to the usual high standard of the "Student."

The "Ave Maria" is a regular weekly guest at our table, and of all our exchanges it is, perhaps, the one most sought after. Its continued stories are read by every one, and the students can hardly content themselves waiting, from week to week, for them. Its "Notes and Remarks" column is always exceedingly interesting.

Just as we are about to go to press the "Catholic University Bulletin" has arrived, and a cursory glance over such a classical magazine will not suffice to express our opinion of it. The eagerness with which the students await this quarterly, however, evidences the value in which it is held.

J. F. ENRIGPT, '99.

**List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,**  
**AT THE**  
**FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS,**  
**HELD IN**  
**NOVEMBER, 1898.**

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent. An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have got 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass, *i.e.*, obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

**GRAMMAR CLASS.**

\*BERNINGER, CHAS. P.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History, Arithmetic.

CALLAHAN HUGH A.—P, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Bible History, English, Drawing.

CLOHESSY JOHN F.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History, English.

CROFTON PERRY—P, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.

\*DULLARD WALTER J.—P, History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Religion, Bible History, English.

\*KENNY THOMAS—P, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Religion, Arithmetic.

LARKIN JAMES—P, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.

MOCK JOHN J.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History.

\*MOULD HARRY H.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Bible History, Drawing.

\*NIEDERST FLORENCE—P, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Religion, Bible History, English.

OESTERLE ALBERT—P, History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic.

VISLET VICTOR—P, Bible History, English, Penmanship, Drawing.

WILLIS JOHN—P, English, Penmanship.

**THIRD ACADEMIC.**

\*BEGEN A.—P, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, English, French, German, Arithmetic, Zoology.

BOWES JOHN—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Zoology.

\*BRUGGEMAN EDW.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Book-keeping.

CAMPBELL JOHN—P, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Book-keeping.

CLARY JOHN A.—P, Religion, History, Geography.  
 D, Latin.

\*GAST GEORGE—P, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Zoology, Book-keeping.

GRIFFIN NEWELL—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*HAYES M.—P, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*JANDA C.—P, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*KAUTZ FRANK—P, Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, German, Zoology, Book-keeping.

KING FRANK—P, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Book-keeping.

\*LAGORIO JOHN—P, Religion, English, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra.

\*LANDRIGAN THOMAS—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
 D, Zoology, Book-keeping.

\*MALLOY JOHN—P, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, French, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*MANSMANN FLORENCE J.—P, Religion, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, Arithmetic.

MOODY FR.—P, Religion, Latin, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, French, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*MUNSCH FRANK—P, Religion, English, Zoology, Penmanship, Latin.  
 D, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.

McCAFFREY JOHN—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, German.

NAGELEY WILLIAM—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.

NOLAN EDW.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin.

ORLOW FRANK—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D, German.

O'CONNOR WILLIAM—P, Religion, Penmanship.

O'CONNOR JOSEPH—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology.  
 D, Book-keeping.

O'HARE JOHN—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D, Book-keeping.

\*O'NEILL CHARLES—P, Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship, Book-keeping.  
 D, History, Geography, English.

\*O'NEILL JAMES—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, English, Latin, French, German, Algebra, Zoology.

QUINN M.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Latin.

\*RYAN WILLIAM—P, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Latin.

\*SCHWAB FRANK—P, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, English, Zoology.

\*SZUMIER FRANK—P, History, Geography, German, Penmanship, Arithmetic.  
 D, Religion, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.

\*WIESEL ANDREW—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D, French, Latin, Algebra.

\*WHELAN JOHN—P, Religion, Latin, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, French, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

## SECOND ACADEMIC.

BYRNES WILLIAM—P, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Algebra, German, Book-keeping.

DURA S.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, English, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, German, French.

COUZINS RICHARD—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, German, Book-keeping.

HENNEY MICHAEL—P, Religion, Latin, Greek.

LAMAR HERMAN—P, Religion, English, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, German.

LAMOTHE D. N.—P, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, Religion, French, German.

LASKOWSKI JOSEPH—P, Religion, English, Algebra, Penmanship, Latin, Greek, German.  
 D, French.

\*MILLER FRED. C.—P, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, Botany, Algebra.

\*MCCLANE GEORGE—P, Arithmetic, English, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, Botany, Algebra, French.

MCCLANE WILLIAM—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French.  
 D, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, Geometry.

PIETRYSKI FR.—P, Religion, English, Botany, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, French, German.

\*RELIHAN MICHAEL—P, Religion, History, Geography, Botany, Penmanship.  
 D, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Latin, Greek.

RONDEAU GEORGE—P, English, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, French, German.

\*RYAN JOHN—P, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping, History, Geography, English, Botany, German.

SMITH HARRY—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Latin, Greek,

TRUDELLE THOMAS—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, German.

\*WECHTER HENRY—Penmanship,  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Latin.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

BRENNAN JAMES P.—D, Religion, History, English, Algebra, Arithmetic, Latin, Greek, Geography.

CONDRON M. F.—P, Penmanship, French, German.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek.

CULLINAN C. J.—P, Religion, Algebra, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, German, French.

\*DUNN T. A.—P, Geometry, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Arithmetic, Latin, Greek, French, German.

ESCHMAN A. A.—P, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.  
 D, Religion, English, Penmanship, French, German.

FANDRAIJ W. J.—P, Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, History, Geography, English, French, German.

\*GEARY CHARLES J.—P, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic.

HAGAN JOSEPH—P, Algebra, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, French.

HAYES JOHN J.—P, Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Latin, Greek, German.  
 D, History, Geography, English, French.

\*HILLERAN C. V.—P, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, German.

\*HEHIR M. A.—P, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, German.

LAGAMAN HARRY J.—P, Religion, History, Greek, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.

MAJESKI, A. J.—P, History, Geography, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, English, Latin, Greek, French, German.

SHANAHAN THOMAS—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

STALKOWSKI A. A.—P, Penmanship, Latin, Greek.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, French, German.

TUREK L.—P, Algebra, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French.

STAUDT, C. L.—P, Religion, History, English, Penmanship.

### SENIOR BUSINESS COURSE.

BERNARDI WILLIAM J.—English, Penmanship.

D, Religion.

BROWN H.—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English.

\*FAHEY T. H.—P, Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

D, Religion, English.

\*FLANIGAN M.—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Correspondence.

\*GAYNOR H.—P, Commercial Law, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Correspondence.

GRiffin JOHN—P, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.

D, Religion.

HUCKENSTEIN J.—P, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D, Religion.

KLEIN N.—P, Religion, English, Penmanship.

KILEY W.—P, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D, Religion, Book-keeping, Correspondence.

KUBLER H.—P, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D, Religion.

\*LACKNER A.—P, Arithmetic, Correspondence.

D, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

MULLEN THOMAS—P, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

MCALLISTER R.—P, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English.

MCCABE J.—Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English.

MC GUIRE J.—P, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English, Arithmetic.

MC LAUGHLIN JAMES—P, Penmanship, English.

ROEHRIG GEORGE—P, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English.

RYAN WILLIAM—P, English.

D, Religion, Correspondence.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

DOUGHERTY N. P.—P, History, Latin, French, German, Algebra, Natural Philosophy.

D, English.

HUETTEL JOHN J.—Church History, English, History, Latin, Greek.

D, Algebra, German.

\*MURPHY JOHN P.—P, Church History, History, English, Greek, German, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, Latin, French, Algebra.

McMULLEN LEO A.—P, History, English, Latin, Geometry.

D, Church History, Algebra.

McNAMARA JOHN P.—P, Church History, English, Latin, Greek.

D, History, German, French.

\*O'CONNOR PAT'K J.—P, Church History, Algebra, German, Natural Philosophy.

D, History, English, Geometry, Latin, Grsek, French.

\*RILEY JAMES A.—P, History, English, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, German.

D, Church History, Latin, Greek, French, Geometry.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

\*BAUMGARTNER JOSEPH—P, English, Latin, Greek, Geometry.

D, Church History, History, French, German, Algebra, Natural Philosophy.

\*BRENT ALBERT S.—P, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D, Church History, History, English, French, Latin, German, Greek, Natural Philosophy.

FROST VINCENT A.—P, Latin, Greek, Natural Philosophy.  
 D, Church History, History, English, French, German.

\*GILLESPIE PATRICK A.—P, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Natural Philosophy,  
 D, Church History, History, English, French Algebra.

\*KILLMEYER H. J.—P, D, Church History, English, Latin, Greek, German, Algebra, Geometry,  
 Natural Philosophy, History.

\*MCELLIGOT WILLIAM J.—P, Church History, History, English.  
 D, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

SCHALZ GEORGE J.—P, English, Greek.  
 D, Church History, History, Latin, French, German.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

\*COLLINS THOMAS J.—P, D, History, English, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

KOSSLER AUGUST M.—P, English, Latin.  
 D, History, Trigonometry.

\*MAHER P. E.—P, English, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
 D, History.

O'HARE DAVID—P, English, Latin, Chemistry.  
 D, History, Greek.

WALKER W. O.—P, English. D, Latin.

### SENIOR CLASS.

\*BRADY JAMES L.—P, Trigonometry.  
 D, History, English, Latin, Chemistry.

\*ENRIGHT JOHN F.—P, History, Greek, Chemistry.  
 D, English, Latin, Trigonometry.

\*FINNEY CHARLES E.—P, Trigonometry.  
 D, History, English, Latin, Greek, Chemistry.

GARRIGAN JAMES J.—English, Chemistry.  
 D, History, Latin, Greek.

\*HALABURDA J. F.—P, History, English, Latin, Chemistry.

\*KRUPINSKI M. A.—P, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry.  
 D, History, English, Chemistry.

MEYER L. S.—P, Chemistry.  
 D, History, English, Latin, Greek.

\*MCVEAN JOHN A.—P, Chemistry.  
 D, History, English, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry.

\*RUDOLPH CHARLES C.—P, D, History, English, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

WRENN THOMAS A.—Latin, Greek, Chemistry.  
 D, History, English.

N. B. The names of the students who were absent from the examination, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

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VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., JANUARY, 1899. No. 4

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## JANUARY.

The students have returned from their homes, but have not yet begun earnest work. The happiness of vacation days still haunts the imagination and is in many cases the cause of sad feelings, which compel the student to say that *summum bonum non est in voluptate*.

The entertainment given on the occasion of the opening of vacation was the most pleasing one of the year. The music that was rendered redounds very much to the credit of Prof. C. Weiss, and gives ample proof of what effort can accomplish. The result of Prof. Wissmann's teaching was seen in the various recitations given. Messrs. Staudt and Gillespie especially distinguished themselves. Mr. Staudt's rendering of "Fontenoy" was really thrilling.

In spite of the fact that the "Grippe" has been prevalent throughout Pittsburg, it is in reality unknown to us. But, then, this is not to be wondered at when we review our health list of past years.

The new flight of steps on the north side of the College grounds gives one an actual feeling that "the way to learning is difficult." It is surely some such consolation as this that our day scholars have when they can muster up enough courage to make use of the steps during the cold weather, when walking is so difficult. A few astutely hold to the old custom of entering by the old gate.

The Boarders were royally entertained in their dining hall before the closing of the old year. A banquet consisting of dainty viands that would tickle the palate even of an Epicurean was nicely arranged; and, needless to say, it was thoroughly enjoyed. The Rev. President with other members of the faculty participated in the feast. The boys see in this banquet a true

token of the regard the Faculty has for their enjoyment.

As has been said in the previous number of the BULLETIN a change has been made in deciding questions of debate at the College. Heretofore the vote of the audience has been taken and a decision made thereby; but this method was too much open to partiality. With a view of remedying this a new system is being followed out. Three judges are appointed, and to make them as impartial as possible, they are chosen from the Faculty. These judges decide not on the real condition of the case in question, but of the manner in which the arguments are handled by the speakers. This we consider a more just method, for in this way it is on his merit that a speaker gains a favorable decision.

The feast of the Epiphany was duly celebrated in the College chapel on Friday. Rev. Father Giblin officiated at the High Mass, at which all the students received Holy Communion. Benediction and the usual First Friday devotions were held in the afternoon.

The second term examinations will be held during the latter half of this month. The results will be given in the next number of the BULLETIN.

Those Boarders whose homes are too far distant to admit of their going home spent a very enjoyable vacation at the College. Special privileges were allowed them and all are highly pleased.

The College chapel was the scene of a very beautiful ceremony at the dawn of Christmas. The occasion was the celebration of midnight Mass, which it is the privilege of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost to have. An immense crowd was present and all seemed to admire our attractive crib.

J. M'VEAN, '99.



## A REVERIE.

Oft times I think of thee, my native land!

Oft rise to view thy purple heath-clad hills  
Where joys were mine with friendship's outstretched  
hand,  
Ere I had tasted of life's many ills.

One summer's eve when grey clouds draped the sky,  
And breezes soft played joyous, simple lay,  
Dread sorrow's touch with farewell's bitter sigh  
Cast gloom upon my long and weary way.

But memory's brilliant star shines out to-night.  
Methinks I hear the songs of buoyant youth,  
And in yon fire—the glowing flames of light—  
I see my friends again—and all seems truth.

Ah, yes! the fire within my grate can paint  
More happy faces in one little hour,  
More beaming smiles, more forms and figures quaint  
Than e'er conceived by Raphael's magic power.

And now I gaze first on my mother's face—  
'Tis still the same—her brow is full of care—  
Yet on her lips she wears the smile of grace,  
Ah, me! how pure her lovely snow-white hair.

Once more I see the cheerful faces, too,  
Of father, brother and of sister dear:  
And, Oh! I'll ne'er forget the one I knew  
With features bright and eyes without a tear.

'Tis Ethel, with her waving, golden hair  
'Neath which but six sweet summers softly slept.  
I still can see her child-face pure and fair—  
'Tis she for whom I've often sadly wept.

She's gone from earth-land many years ago,  
To wear the crown that wreathes the sacred brows  
Of Virgins who could never wish to know  
Ought else but prayer and their thrice holy vows.

Ah, fire! why bringest thou those distant scenes,  
Those figures bright beyond thy glowing flames?  
Alas! too well I know what it all means—  
Those pictures true with shadows for their frames.

O, past! my life's full course is surely run—  
There's bitter frost upon my wrinkled brow;  
My tott'ring limbs all evil paths have shun.  
Thank God! I'm old—come death! I'm ready now.

## DEBATE.

The Literary Union, at its last meeting, held just before the holidays, discussed the subject: "Resolved, that Greece influenced civilization more than Rome."

The Chairman, John A. McVean, '99, spoke as follows:

Rev. Fathers, Fellow-students:—

To no other States does the scholar turn his attention with more real interest than to Greece and Rome. He is filled with astonishment, as in reading the histories of these nations, he considers the extraordinary advancement made by the people. But facts none the less interesting are to be found in the study of the influence these countries exerted upon civilization.

The word "civilization" includes the whole social and intellectual development of humanity. There are contained in it two fundamental ideas, viz, that of progress and that of development; both of which indicate that their objects are respectively to perfect the individual, his faculties and ideas, and to develop society. These two points when carried on simultaneously constitute civilization. And thus it was that although the oriental nations had organized society, still they were far from civilization, for the reason that they did not have that two-fold idea of it.

In Europe, then, civilization in the exact sense of the term was developed. Greece was the first country to boast of cultivating both the individual and society. She, unlike her predecessors, was not content with a good material condition, she had a loftier ideal, she sought to know man's nature and to improve his mind. Accordingly, the Greek youth was obliged to take intellectual as well as bodily training. A special characteristic inculcated by this training was a deep sense of self-control, at once reminding us of its similarity to Christian teaching. Brought up in this discipline, the Greeks were led to the love of high ideals, and the level of general culture attained by them is evidenced by the standard of their popular plays, and by the statuary and sculpture that were dear to them. By a system of colonization Greece spread this education and culture, and has established herself as the foundation stone of civilization.

When Greece had almost finished her work of civili-

zation another power was coming into prominence. This was Rome; and while she cannot compare with Greece in originality, still she has left wonderful traces in the history of civilization. One trace of Rome's influence is readily seen in the languages of modern Europe. A great number of them are, for the most part, borrowed from the Latin. Moreover, Rome was the great medium of transmitting to posterity the civilization of Greece, and of putting to practical advantage the teachings of the Greeks. Above every thing else, however, we are indebted to Rome for a method of legislation. Rome has been styled "the unique form of State;" and justly so, possessing, as she did, a discipline in government which is the source of all modern legislation.

Thus it is very difficult to decide which of these two nations has contributed the more to civilization. On the one hand we have Rome contributing her laws and method of government, and on the other Greece from whom we derive the sources of all intellectual and moral life. I shall leave to the several speakers to enlighten you further on the subject.

Thomas J. Collins, '00, spoke as follows in favor of Greece :

Approaching as we are the grandest epoch in the world's history—the twentieth century—a time when civilization, that great bulwark of humanity, shall have attained to a zenith of glory surpassing even man's loftiest conceptions, it is meet that we, actuated by the desire we entertain for the prosperity and advancement of our country, should interest ourselves in those people to whom we owe all that we possess in the sphere of greatness, upon whom we are dependent, so to speak, for all that we hold sublime in the intellectual world, yea further to whom we must attribute all that which constitutes the very nobleness of our being.

Civilization, gentlemen, necessarily implies the fact of progress and development; it is the perfection of civil life as well as the development of society and the relations of men amongst themselves. It is in this sense that Greece and Rome have been recognized by the world at large as the most important factors in this great work of Civilization; but the sphere of their in-

fluence has been exercised in fields widely different and under circumstances of a very different nature.

Rome, it is true, as "mistress of the world," has carried what might be called natural civilization to a high degree of perfection; she has left for the admiration of all ages and as memorials of her once flourishing empire the art of road-making and the establishing of governments on solid basis; but it was Greece, that ideal nation of ancient times, that nation so celebrated in the history of freedom, art, philosophy and civilization in general, that perfected intellectual civilization,—the *nexus* or channel, as it were, by which man might ascend to that higher life for which he was destined by his Creator.

Rome, again, as a municipality had been able to conquer the world and to advance colonization beyond the limits even of modern belief but these acquisitions were as nought to the Romans until Greece, as the source of all sovereignty brought her influence to bear upon these territories, organizing and establishing therein governments founded on the laws and principles of wisdom and equity.

And yet all this is the least, or what might be styled only the social influence of Greece on European civilization. The greatest boon she has conferred thereon is embodied in that which she has done for the human soul through the instrumentality of religion, philosophy and above all, morality, which prerogative of itself merits for Greece in the eyes of the world the title of Parent of Civilization. Rome may well be proud of her Cicero for his immortal oratorical works, but the fruits and benefits thereof must be attributed to one whose equal the world has never seen—Aristotle the Stagyrite. Such are the most plausible reasons social and intellectual which have assigned to Greece the ascendancy over Rome in the advancement of Civilization, she was not only its parent, but its life-blood, and when in after years the ruin of the once glorious empire had been effected, she bequeathed to posterity as a lasting dowry, monuments not of wood and stone as the Romans, but monuments which today attest to the influence Greece has imparted to man, namely, the monuments of morality.

Thomas A. Wrenn, '99, replied in favor of Rome:

In perusing the pages of Ancient History we are forced to admire the advancement made by the various nations of that period in civilization. Follow them step by step from the lowest state of barbarism to the zenith of civilization, and the eye knows not which of these nations to admire most. But permit it to rest on the pages of Grecian and Roman history and there, especially, shall it find attraction, since these two nations, in particular, made the most rapid strides along the flowery path of civilization. Now, a comparison between the states of civilization possessed by these people is of paramount importance, most especially since the proposition for discussion is to determine whether Greece or Rome had the greater influence on modern civilization.

To form a real and correct estimate of a nation's civilization, it is necessary to know its history. We must consider the elements that go to constitute the history. Hence, we must know of its institutions, letters, arts, sciences, wars and commerce, and having a perfect knowledge of these, then we are capable of forming a true estimate of the civilization attained by that nation.

Rome's history is replete with accounts of her brilliant achievements. Behold her continually increasing and her gains add to her power and glory. From a small precinct marked by the furrow of a plow, she grows, by her victorious conquests, to a vast empire, spreading her influence wherever her eagle is successful. She causes roads to be built, bridges to be constructed, institutions and massive stuctures to be erected, many of which remain at the present day, a source of admiration to the eye of the traveller, and whose mechanism is beyond the understanding of modern geniis. Thus was access to cities made easy and the inhabitants of these cities amazed by the marvels of the Roman people, were desirous of adopting the manners and customs of their conquerors and to taste the sweets of civilization enjoyed by them. While Greece remained within her narrow boundaries and war was continually waged between her own states, Rome by her repeated conquests became Mistress of the then known world.

Rome, in a certain light, still continues to rule the world. Had not a Justinian code—that code which has exercised a great influence over all the systems of law adopted by our modern people, and in many cases forms the basis of some European nations' judicial system—had not, I say, a Justinian code existed, it is doubtful if the present legal system of modern nations would have been so perfect.

No one will deny that Christianity has, in every age and country, been a prime factor in civilization. But it was Rome that prepared the way for Christianity. Had not a Roman Empire existed, Christianity would not have been able to spread so rapidly. Moreover, it was Rome that directly influenced the barbarous nations. It was a Roman Empire that the Barbarians conquered, and finding such wealth and grandeur within the capitol, of which they had no knowledge whence it came, naturally adopted the civilization of the Roman people which had led to such magnificent results.

Roman civilization, then, was the civilization of early nations, and consequently the real foundation of all our present civilization, although it may have been improved by the subsequent ages or by its own natural development.

Greece never had connection with the barbarians who overran Europe, and since she was in no way connected with them, she did not influence them in the least. It was Roman civilization that influenced them, and it is the civilization adopted by these nations that has come down to us, and consequently we are indebted to Rome for our civilization. The Greeks had no influence on western civilization until after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet. It was then that Greece influenced Europe and we know that Europe had already possessed its civilization. This period was the renaissance period (as it has been styled) of literature and the arts, but this was the end of Greece's influence. The nations of Europe had already settled into the grooves of civilization, and the influx of the Grecian sages and scholars who flocked to the western world after the fall of their fatherland, though it might have quickened civilization in its onward course, did not change it. Though literature might not have made such great strides in the age succeeding the fall of Con-

stantinople, still we must not suppose that the literary productions of later ages would not have been as great as we now possess them. Though the growth might have been slower, nevertheless it would have been just as sure. Influence is, at all times, supported by power, and Greece exercised less power over the Barbarians than Rome.

When Rome fell, rotten with corruption, her ruin was the enrichment of the various kingdoms of modern Europe. Her language which continued long after her fall is the parent of several important modern languages, and thus it is evident that Roman civilization is the real foundation of modern civilization.

William O. Walker, '00, continued in favor of Greece:

The history of ancient Greece and Rome is filled with accounts of the vast amount of good accomplished by these two nations in the form of civilization, and, gentlemen, I am here to-night fully confident that I am speaking to an audience thoroughly acquainted with this history and, consequently, I shall at once give you my reasons for upholding the affirmative side of this question.

It would be but natural for us to say that the country which has done more for the advancement of civilization at home has also given to other countries the greatest gift in that respect.

Let us see what Greece has done that should place her above Rome. In the first place, in Greece, Education of all kinds, from the humblest school to the highest college and university, was free to all, and, thereby, the youth of that flourishing state was enabled to obtain the very quintessence of civilization more easily than in Rome. Then the literature of Greece was above the standard of that of Rome. There were no Roman writers who could compare with such men as Homer, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Aristotle and Plato.

Gentlemen, the most of these men have formed the foundation and the crowning point of the classical education of the present day and education is the highest blessing of civilization. It was the genius of Aristotle that found out the mathematical principle "two things equal to a third are equal to each other," which

is the basis of all argumentation and demonstration. And it was Aristotle, too, who gave us the principle of Philosophy.

If there are any gentlemen here to-night who have had the pleasure of studying the speeches of Demosthenes, let them judge for themselves whether any other country produced such great orators. The inhabitants of Greece were the very first to produce the fine arts and sciences, and the Roman Art, gentlemen, though possessing a somewhat developed form still has many traces of the ornamental form so well known to the Greeks.

My honorable opponent has told you that Rome was mistress of the world and that it was she who exercised so much influence on the other nations. But, gentlemen, he forgets that it was from Greece Rome received her civilization. The very first civilizing influence to which Rome was subjected came from the Etruscans and Samnites, who were then under Greek influence.

The influence which Greece has exerted over other nations is that of Genius and, gentlemen, her literature, her government, her sciences, and the arts, and her system of education ever have been and ever will remain as monuments of her genius and, just as the citizens of Greece have been benefited by these gifts, so, also, will the spirit of her influence live and shine throughout the world.

Leo L. Meyer, '99, continued in favor of Rome:

No one who is in the least acquainted with the glorious achievements of Ancient Greece will for a moment hesitate to say that Greece exerted a wonderful influence over civilization. But it cannot rightly be said that she contributed more to civilization than Rome, the Mistress of the world.

Civilization, as our Chairman already stated, indicates the development of civil life, the improvement of society and the relations of men towards each other. It includes the development of man himself, of his faculties, his sentiments and ideas. Progress and development, therefore, are the fundamental principles contained in the word civilization.

Roman territory, as you all know, extended throughout the world. Hence the influence of the Romans over civilization was greater than that of the Greeks

who confined themselves to their small dominions. Wherever the Romans went they established their laws, their sciences, and their arts. Bridges and temples were built in almost every town, and all the power of architecture was employed to decorate their public buildings. Roads which even to-day astonish us were made throughout the known world, while the Greeks remained within their precincts. Hence the influence of the Romans over civilization was greater than that of the Greeks.

The Greeks, it is true, were the precursors of civilization, but without the intervention of the Romans, the world would have received little or no benefit from their advanced state of civilization. The Romans, however, fortunately embraced all the civilization of former ages, added to it and then transmitted it to posterity. Hence their influence was more direct and immediate than that of the Greeks.

That the Romans were far superior to the Greeks in warfare, no one will deny. It was practically admitted by the Greeks themselves, who, when they saw that they were unable to suppress the piracy practiced on the Adriatic, called upon the Romans for assistance. The Romans, accordingly, sailed across that sea and without any difficulty accomplished their undertaking.

But, gentlemen, we are indebted to the Romans for something far superior to all this, namely, to their influence on legislation. Rome created the sciences of law. During the age of the great Justinian law became a profession, and many of the world's greatest minds devoted themselves to this worthy profession. Consequently, the laws were continually improved, until they developed into a code which eventually became the great basis of all modern legislation. Even to-day we find the impress of Roman legislation on many of our great codes. But we find no such trace of Grecian laws, and, therefore, we can justly conclude that Rome contributed more than Greece to the civil and social development of man.

Considering these facts, I think, we can justly conclude that it is to Rome that we are indebted for our civilization, to Rome the great nation of antiquity, to Rome the proud ruler of the world.

## A JUST REWARD.

It was on a beautiful September day, in the City of Pittsburg, the home of industry and wealth, that the incidents pertaining to this story took place. The noon hour had arrived and the people were hurrying to and fro, some to their homes to have their mid-day meal, while others, after a half-day's hard toil in the mills or at the stores, were taking a quiet stroll through the residential quarters of the city.

Suddenly at half-past the noon hour, the fire bells rang out the alarm,—214; presently, people in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue were startled by the clanging of bells and the rapid haste of engines, which were making their way towards Schenley Park.

Before the arrival of the fire department, a poor boy happened to be in the vicinity of the fire, and seeing smoke issuing from a house, being a courageous lad, he entered the mansion, as indeed it was inside, to warn the occupants of their immediate danger.

While inside the hall, he heard voices, which seemed to cry for help, and without delay, he rushed up the stairs and succeeded in finding the place from whence the sound had come. He perceived in a room, which proved to be the sitting-room, an aged lady and one of the same sex, but very much younger, who happened to be the sole occupants of the house at the time. The fire had started in this room from some unknown cause and the flames were gaining great headway before the arrival of the firemen. Smoke filled the room to suffocation, and the aged lady was in a pitiful position. Quickly, did the poor boy perceive her immediate danger and with manly spirit removed her from this room to a place of safety.

After a half-hour's hard toil, the firemen succeeded in quenching all traces of the fiery demon, and the poor boy seeing that all was safe, left the mansion to resume his walk. He was going to work at the time of the fire, having just left the Carnegie library, a place, which he frequented, especially when he had any spare time, as he was an ambitious youth and very fond of reading the lives of great men and the various deeds they accomplished.

While strolling along Fifth Avenue, he thought over in his mind, the events of the past few hours and how

glad his dear mother would be to hear that her boy was capable of such heroism.

He returned to work, which was in the large clothing establishment on Smithfield Street, under the name of King, Rollins & Co.

Harry was the poor boy's first name. He was engaged in the packing department, and was liked by all who came in contact with him.

He was the only son of a widow by the name of Mrs. Perley, who lived in a quiet home in Allegheny. The father of the poor boy had been killed in a railroad accident, and Harry was obliged to leave school at the age of fourteen to help to support himself and his mother, who was left in poor circumstances by the untimely death of her husband. Harry was four years in his present employment, and was very faithful in pursuing his work.

When he returned to the store, after his recent experience, his fellow-workman noticed that he was very cheerful and at times would almost burst out into a laughter. They tried to find out the cause of his merriment, but he would say very little, and so they decided not to bother him.

Just at half-past two on that same day, a messenger boy was seen to enter a large savings bank on Fourth Avenue. He inquired for Mr. Lawton, who was acting president of the bank; and after a short delay, the latter arrived. The boy handed him the message, which the banker perused very carefully. A sudden gloom came over the countenance of the president, and informing the chief men in the bank that he was going out, he left the building. Many sad thoughts came to his mind, as he knew that the dearest one to his heart had been in the house at the time of the fire, and being feeble with age, she could stand no severe strain. The place where the fire had started was owned by Mr. Lawton, a wealthy banker, who at the time was traveling abroad on account of his health. He had left all his business affairs to his son, until his return. The occupants at the time of the accident were the banker's wife and daughter.

Robert, which was the young banker's first name, after leaving the bank, boarded a car and rode home, which was about twenty minute's ride from the busi-

ness part of the city. Every stop seemed to him like hours, until the car stopped in front of his home.

He entered the house and was met by his sister, Mathilda, who seemed to be very much excited, when she saw him.

“How is mother?” was his first question.

“She is resting quietly, now, dear brother.”

Robert, not wishing to disturb her, as he knew the sudden appearance of a fire must have given his dear mother a terrible fright, remained downstairs talking with Mathilda about the fire.

“What seemed to be the cause of it?”

“I do not know,” answered Mathilda with tears in her eyes.

Suddenly, the thought of the poor boy came to her mind and she cried out, “The Poor Boy,” and fell fainting on the floor. Robert quickly ran for a glass of water and after a few mouthfuls, she recovered.

Robert, seeing that she was all right again, decided to find out all he could concerning this poor boy.

“What poor boy do you speak of, Mathilda?”

“Why, the boy who came into the room during the fire and removed mother out of her perilous position!”

“What is his name?” asked Robert.

“I do not know, as he left the house immediately after his heroic act.”

It was now six o’clock, and Robert proceeded to partake of a light supper. “I must find out something about this brave lad,” murmured Robert, as he sat down to the table.

“Show me this evening’s paper, Mathilda, perhaps an account of the fire is in it.”

Having received the paper, he began perusing it very carefully and finally his eyes fell upon the article, “A Narrow Escape.” It mentioned the name of Harry Perley, of the firm, King, Rollins & Co; and how he displayed great courage during the fire by rescuing an aged lady, who was in the house at the time.

“An act like that must not go unrewarded,” said Robert Lawton, as he dropped the paper upon a chair close by him.

“Why, do you call him a poor boy, Mathilda?” asked Robert.

“From his dress,” answered the sister.

“Ah, yes, a poor boy, but a noble one,” answered

Robert. "We cannot all be rich with all the luxuries and pleasures of this world at our feet, but the day may come, when that poor boy will partake of some of the luxuries and pleasures even of this world."

After finishing his supper, he went upstairs to see his mother, as she wished to speak with him. He entered her room and found her in a large rocker, which had been placed near the window looking out into Fifth Avenue.

"Well, mother, how do you feel?" asked Robert, with all the affection of a true son.

"Ah, my son, it was a terrible fright, it was a terrible fright."

"Yes, mother, I know how it must have frightened you," replied Robert.

"Oh! that boy, how manly and heroic he was, when he placed me in his arms and left me where I now sit.

"What boy, mother?" asked Robert.

"I do not know his name, but you must find out something about him."

"I will, mother," replied Robert.

"Mother, I am going down town now to attend a meeting, and will be back as soon as possible."

"All right, my son," answered Mrs. Lawton.

With that, Robert left the room.

While walking along, the thought of the poor boy came to him and also the brave deed he performed, which, perhaps, saved his dear mother's life.

It was a beautiful evening to walk, and after a half-hour's time, Robert reached the club-room. After various things pertaining to the club had been attended to, the meeting came to a close. It was now ten o'clock, and Robert, not wishing to ride home, on such a beautiful night, decided to walk. After bidding good-night to his associates, who happened to be near him at the time, he started home.

He had walked for a considerable distance and had just turned the corner of Wood Street, when he received a slight tap on his shoulder and looking around, came face to face with Mr. King, of the firm King, Rollins & Co.

"Good evening, Mr. King," said Robert, "how unexpected this meeting is."

"And at this late hour," replied Mr. King.

As they were old neighbors, they walked along,

talking about various subjects, until the talk dwelt upon the fire, which had occurred that afternoon.

"Do you know young Perley?" asked Robert of Mr. King.

"Oh! yes," said Mr. King with astonishment at being asked this question.

"Where does he live?" asked Robert.

"At 25 Landen Street, Allegheny."

"Are his parents living," asked Robert, wishing to know as much about the boy as possible,

"Only his mother, as his father was killed in a railroad accident a few years ago," replied Mr. King.

"Poor boy," replied Robert, "but a noble one."

Robert had now reached his house, and bidding Mr. King good-night, went into the mansion.

The next day, Robert told his mother all that he had learned about the poor boy. Mrs. Lawton requested Robert to write a note to the poor boy asking him to call at the house as soon as possible.

"I must see that boy," my son, "to let him know that his great act is well remembered."

"Yes, mother, I will write the letter now," replied Robert.

The next day, which was the eighteenth, the mail carrier was making his usual route, and little did Mrs. Perley think that he would stop at her house. Harry was not feeling very well that day and at his mother's request, remained home from work.

The door-bell rang, about nine o'clock, and Harry having just finished breakfast, answered the bell.

"Mr. Harry Perley," asked the mail carrier.

"Yes, sir," answered Harry, very much pleased at receiving a letter.

"I wonder who has sent this letter," thought Harry. He examined the envelope before going upstairs, and to his great surprise found up in the upper left hand corner the following: "Third National Bank."

He remained silent for a while, when the stillness was broken by the sounds of his mother's voice, calling "Harry! Harry!"

While going up the stairs, he was very eager to know the contents of the letter, but decided to wait until his mother was near.

He went into the sitting room, as Mrs. Perley kept

a very neat home, and found his mother engaged in sewing a button on his jacket.

"Oh, mother," shouted Harry, "a letter from the bank."

"What bank?" my son.

"Why the 'Third National Bank,'" replied Harry.

Harry broke the seal and carefully removing the contents read the following to his mother:

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 17th, 1884.

My Brave Lad:

I heartily thank you for the great heroism you displayed at the recent fire at my home, and I am very desirous to see you as soon as possible, at — Fifth Avenue.

Yours sincerely.

ROBERT LAWTON.

"What heroic act does he speak of," asked his mother.

Harry remained silent, and again the question was put to him.

Not wishing to worry his mother by his silence he told her the story of the recent fire and what he had done previous to the arrival of the fire department.

"Then this is a letter from the owner of the house," replied Mrs. Perley.

"Yes, mother, it is," answered Harry.

"I will call at the house tomorrow, mother, on my way to dinner.

"All right, my son," answered Mrs. Perley, who had good faith in her only son.

The next day, he returned to work and was welcomed back with joy by his associates. He was well commended by all on account of his heroic act at the fire and especially by Mr. King, who happened to be in the store at the time. Harry thanked all for their pleasant remarks and began to resume his work.

During the whole morning, he received congratulations from all, who came in contact with him, and well could he feel proud.

The noon hour had now arrived and he left the store to visit Mr. Lawton's house. After a half-hour's ride in the cars, as he wished to be back as soon as he could, he arrived at the house.

He rang the bell, and in a few moments a young lady appeared at the door.

"Is Mr. Lawton at home?" asked Harry.

"Yes, sir, answered the young lady, step inside."

Harry was brought into the parlor and was asked to wait until Mr. Lawton would come.

Very soon Mr. Lawton came into the parlor, and as he expected it was the poor boy, he asked, "Are you Harry Perley?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

Just at that moment, Mathilda made her appearance and finding out that he was the poor boy, thanked him ever so much for his act, and asked him to come upstairs to see her mother.

Harry consented and immediately he was face to face with the lady he had rescued.

"Are you the young man who was in the room at the time of the fire and rendered such a noble service?" asked Mrs. Lawton.

"It was all an accident," replied Harry with head bowed down.

"A lucky accident," replied Mrs. Lawton.

"My brave lad, how would you like to go to college to pursue a classical course," asked Mrs. Lawton.

Harry remained silent for awhile and then replied, "My dear mother could not afford to send me, but I would like it very much."

"Your mother need not worry, my boy, I will see to that," said Mrs. Lawton.

"Thank you, madam, thank you ever so much," replied Harry.

Harry's reward had come. He was to go to college, and his dear mother received enough of money until Harry's course at college was complete.

Harry at college led his classes in everything. Being a great mathematician, he received a gold medal at the end of the course; and now he is one of the directors of the bank of which Mr. Lawton is president. Thus was the "Just Reward" of a poor boy, the pride and joy of a lonely widow.

D. O'HARE.

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## Editorials.

### The Development of Character.

Character is recognized as one of the distinguishing marks of man. That a man of character exerts a great influence upon his fellow-men no one will deny. Never, perhaps, was there such an imperative demand for men of character as at the present time. Character may be defined as the present habitual way of acting and thinking. The formation of character is brought about by the frequent repetition of the act. Upon the formation of character circumstances and environment have a potent influence for good or evil. If we place a youth in one environment he is all that we could wish him to be; but, place this same youth in

another environment, where matters are not congenial to his tastes, and he is the very opposite. The formation of character may be likened to the process of a developing seed planted in the ground, to become the mighty oak. The planter must water it daily and cut off whatever tends to hinder its growth. In like manner those charged with the all-important duty of forming the character of our young men must prune off what is bad and encourage all that bears good fruit. We cannot estimate character too highly, for it is a priceless gem beyond the reach of wealth.

Success in life depends to a great extent upon our character, and thus it behooves us to possess an unblemished character, if we wish true success. Character must needs be the embodiment and exemplification of all that is good and grand in man, and hence it is most laudable and worthy of our best admiration.

JAMES A. GARRIGAN, '99.

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### **"Missionary Spirit."**

The abuse of one of God's most precious gifts is daily going out amongst us. The amount required of us by God is not very much, but, nevertheless, it is considered a great burden by ourselves. We have opportunities every day for leading many in the right way and to the true God. In following up these opportunities is shown the missionary spirit. It is not hard for any one to understand the truth. All that is necessary is to present the matter clearly, and the reason of man will point out to him the truth, whether he desires it or not. The missionary spirit should be shown more amongst Catholics, here, than amongst the members of the so-called religions, because Catholics possess the only true Church founded by Christ and which will last till the end of time. For Christ has said "And behold I am with you even unto the consummation of the world." It is surprising to see how many lack the spirit of propagating the faith. There are numerous branches of the various Protestant denominations to look after their missionary society and their missionaries, and they support everything tending to that end. The Catholics have numerous missionary societies all of which need public assist-

ance. The missionaries are never fatigued, never afraid to risk their lives in order to convert a single person. We do not have to sacrifice our life to convert our neighbors; they are civilized, and we are able to reason with them. How different are the missionaries who are daily laboring in China, Japan, and Africa, trying to convert people who are different in language and custom, and who are unable to understand things which are clear to us and which people on this continent understand.

CHARLES FINNEY, '99.



## CATHOLIC MAGAZINES.

At the end of the nineteenth century, magazines play so prominent a part in the present literature that it would not be out of place to make several remarks about them.

By "Magazine" we understand a selection of essays, stories, scientific notes, and many other instructive and interesting items.

A Magazine, therefore, through its essays gives us complete information about the things that interest us, and at the same time instructs us by its scientific treatises. Hence the necessity of Magazines is evident. Especially among the Catholics of the United States good, instructive magazines capable of unfolding and explaining Catholic dogmas are of great necessity. For it is only in the Magazines that the best cultivated Catholic minds can bestow upon their brethren the fruits of their difficult labors in the field of intellectual culture. In Magazines they can openly defend the causes and dogmas of our holy religion; moreover, they can by their clear, forcible, strong and perspicuous arguments convince the unbelievers of the falseness of their views and of the errors in which they are involved.

Thus a good Magazine is for us one of the chief resources, out of which we can imbibe the deeper knowledge of our religion; through it we can explain the dogmas of our church, and at the same time refute the irrational and sophistical objections. Therefore, it is a duty for every good spirited Catholic to help materially the Catholic Magazines. For it is only material aid on

the part of Catholics that can insure the welfare and success of good Magazines.

MICHAEL A. KRUPINSKI, '99.



## VACATION.

The best time of the year, which is looked forward to with great anxiety by most students, is vacation time.

The word vacation is derived from the Latin word *vacare*, and means "to be unoccupied." Although the meaning is very plain, I do not venture to say that all who are fortunate enough to enjoy this special privilege, abide by this meaning.

Does this time of vacation mean that one should give up his book and seek enjoyment in games and other frivolous affairs, and let the mind wander away from all that is instructive and good?

Not so. Vacation time is given so that one may be able to enjoy the various things offered by such a privilege, and still keep the intellect at work in matters that are instructive and beneficial.

For ambitious young people who are sensitive to all things, both moral and intellectual, and who are always striving to gain more knowledge, there is no vacation.

Such persons guide their day's work, as the coming and going of the tide, which is very precise.

The younger class of students think this the time for merriment and pleasure, as is very natural. Books are laid aside for a short period by these youthful pupils, many wishing that the time were twice as long as specified.

In many colleges, including our own, vacation work is given to the students, so that their time may be well spent. When this is not done, the mind of a student is very apt to wander, and thus a vacation spent in this manner gains no good end.

During vacation time, a student is not required to do so much mental work, as if engaged in the classroom, but *tempus fugit* rapidly, and one should gain all the knowledge possible.

D. O'HARE, '00.

## EXAMINATIONS.

The system of examinations in vogue in Schools and Universities is the means of testing and determining the progress of a student. It is also the system or medium through which the Teacher or Professor is enabled to ascertain whether the Student has acquired sufficient knowledge in order to proceed to a further grade, or branch of instruction, and to correct his methods of teaching if found defective.

To the Student Examinations are the most valuable exercises. By taking part in them he gives expression to what he has learned, thus increasing in his own mind its definiteness; by passing them he obtains honors, gains confidence in his progress; and in his attempt to pass them he surveys and brings into practical form the result of what he has studied. Such Examinations are generally competitive, and the results are published with the Students' names arranged in the order of merit. From these results we are led to criticise the performance of the Student and of the Teacher or Professor, and we are further led to judge whether his education is profitable or not. This manner of judging is not always correct. For we must remember that competition is often deceptive, and that it often leads to the undervaluing of capable students; for there has been many a Student who was the best in his class who never obtained first honors in it. Again, we must remember that these results lie in the hands of the Professor or Teacher. If he is impartial towards his pupils he will be impartial with these results; and if he would want to deceive the higher authorities over him he could raise these results to his own liking, thus losing or gaining honor for himself and for his students. Hence we see the danger of judging absolutely the standing of a Student by the results of his examinations.

PATRICK E. MAHER, '00.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We have prevailed on the recipient of the following letters to permit us to publish them, knowing that they will prove interesting. We must premise, however, that they were not intended for publication, and must claim indulgence for our venturing to publish them without the writers' authorization:

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY,

BALTIMORE, MD., December 22, 1898.

*Dear Father :*

I was hoping and half expecting to see you here for the Christmas ordinations, but fate seems strongly set against your ever visiting Baltimore. Three Pittsburghers were among the candidates for major orders, one for each order. And now two of them have gone home, Michael O'Donnell as a priest, and Hugh O'Neil as a sub-deacon, because he is sick, and I am left here to mourn the fact that I cannot get sick enough to be sent home too for the Christmas holidays. But it is a consolation to have hopes of spending my next Christmas, at least, at home.

I hear that you are going to preach at Father O'Donnell's first mass. That is another thing I must miss, and I am very sorry that I cannot be there.

At last I have the happiness of being in sacred orders, and I find it very hard to realize the fact. When I think of myself as a deacon it appears to me as though I was thinking of somebody else entirely. The office is coming pretty hard on some of the major-order men this week, but I knew it pretty well, even last summer, so it is giving me no bother, although it is rather tiring to read some of those ferial matins.

We have had a regular epidemic of "la grippe" here lately. About one-quarter of the community were down with it. I believe I had it myself for a day, but that was before it became the style to get it, so in my case it was just called an ordinary cold. There is no one sick in the house with it now, but there are a few still in the hospital suffering from the after effects of it. If it spread a little farther I believe we would have gone home for Christmas.

Michael McGarey is getting along very well here, but I suppose he writes to you occasionally himself, and so can give you all the news about himself better than I could. Father O'Donnell will tell you the rest of the news about this place, and so I must now close with my best wishes to you for a very happy Christmas and New Year. Yours affectionately,

THOS. L. BARRY.

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ST. MARY'S SEMINARY,

BALTIMORE, MD., December 17, 1898.

*Dear Rev. Father :*

I anticipated writing you a lengthy reply to your very welcome letter last Thanksgiving Day, but various circumstances have prevented me from doing so. I put off the task until the present week, during which was held the retreat for ordination, from which I have been exempted by virtue of the fact that I am not as

yet eligible for any clerical orders, as well as by the fact that I made the week's retreat at the beginning of the year. But, alas ! the present week has found me a little under the weather, so that I was not able to properly comply with the duty. Next week, moreover, we shall begin a regular series of examinations, lasting up until a few days before the vacation next month, and, as a consequence, I do not see my way clear for writing to you to any extent during that time. Amongst all these embarrassing circumstances, however, I am determined to write to you before the holidays, if for no other purpose than to extend to you my best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

To-day marks a new period in the lives of some eighteen young priests, who were ordained at the Cathedral this morning. Cardinal Gibbons officiated at the impressive services, which lasted some three hours and a half, and your obedient servant had the honor of carrying the Cardinal's mitre, and had, accordingly, an excellent opportunity of viewing all the proceedings from beginning to end. I had never witnessed an ordination before, so you can imagine what an impression the ceremonies made on me. Besides the ordinations for priesthood, there were also the ordinations for deaconship and sub-deaconship, and it was during the ceremonies connected with the reception of these sacred orders that there took place a scene which I shall never forget—I have reference to that part of the services where the candidates for deaconship and sub-deaconship fall prostrate on the sanctuary floor. I will not trouble you any further about the ordination services—with which I am sure you are more than thoroughly acquainted—other than to state that in them our beloved Alma Mater on the Bluff was grandly represented by Rev. Michael O'Donnell among the newly ordained priests, and Messrs. Thomas Barry and Hugh O'Neil as the recipients of deaconship and sub-deaconship respectively.

I have been receiving THE BULLETIN right along and wish it every success as a monthly publication. I have also been kept posted through the Pittsburg papers on football gossip in and about Pittsburg, and was very much pleased to see what a creditable showing the "Red and Blue" has made against the other crack teams at home.

How do I like Seminary life ? Well, taken all in all, I must say I like it very well. Of course at times the daily routine becomes very monotonous, but then this is but a slight disadvantage which is greatly outweighed by the innumerable advantages which seminary life affords. These advantages I will not speak of at present, but will discuss them with several other topics, when either you call to see me on your coming visit to Baltimore, or at latest, when I shall see you in Pittsburg during my coming vacation. Renewing my apology for the brevity and haste of the present letter, and extending to you once more my best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, I beg to remain, Reverend Father,

Your obedient servant,

MICHAEL A. McGAREY.

## EXCHANGES.

The usual large number of exchanges arrived for the month of December, among them "The Dial," "The Kalamazoo Augustan," "Cherry and White," "Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian," "The Cloverleaf," "American Economist," "Weekly Bouquet," "Carmelite Review," "Tamarack," "Central College Magazine," "Ærolite," "Holy Cross Purple," "Fordham Monthly," "The Catholic University Bulletin," "The Mount," "The Spectator," "The Agnetian Monthly," "The Lowell," "The Viatorian," "Catholic High School Journal," "Senior," "Stylus," "Abbey Student," "Mountaineer," "High School Reporter," and "Messenger of Mary."

"By far the prettiest thing we've ever seen,  
The Aloysian in its dress of green."

"The apparel oft proclaims the man" is true with regard to the Aloysian. We are pleased to say that of all our exchanges it is the one most ably edited. Most of the material for this issue consists of Christmas stories, all exceedingly well told, with a very successful attempt at making original and interesting what would seem rather familiar material. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult branches of journalism, and the number of the "Quarterly" now before us shows that the students have gone far in mastering the difficulty.

The "S. V. C. Student" contains an interesting sketch of the life of His Holiness Leo XIII. A strong patriotic spirit is displayed in the article on "The Anglo-American Alliance." The sentiments against an alliance are so vehemently expressed as to give one the idea that he was reading "The Irish World."

The K. U. representative presents a most philosophical article on "The Hidden Life." The subject is unusually well treated. Another article explains the functions of a college paper, and we are pleased to say that the "Transylvanian" discharges these functions to the letter.

Breezy Fun is about the best thing in "The Lake Breeze." The compiler of this column shows a fine perception of humor in the selection of appropriate jokes.

The readers of the exchanges are carefully following the interesting article entitled, "Things Worth Pondering About Literature," in the "Agnetian Monthly." The writer of this learned article is certainly acquainted with literature. The numbers of the "Monthly" are looked for by all the visitors to the sanctum.

A little poem, entitled "The Rule of Life," in "St. Vincent's Journal" is a very pretty specimen. A very airy story is written under the title "An Ærial Flight." Great interest is taken by all the students in the representative of our neighboring college.

We acknowledge receipt of the first number of "The Little Messenger of Mary." We hope the "Messenger" will be a regular visitor to the sanctum.

## ALUMNI.

A special meeting of the Alumni Association will be held towards the latter part of the month, for the annual election of officers for the ensuing year. All are requested to be present and will be notified, later on, of the fixed date.

Mr. Lawrence Heyl, '81, is sole proprietor of a wholesale tobacco and cigar firm. The boys of '81 would do well to call upon Lawrence in their leisure moments. The absence of genial Lawrence during the football season was deeply regretted.

Rev. Andrew Carey, '91, has been appointed assistant pastor of St. James' Church, Boston.

The Metropolitan Insurance Company has a very enterprising agent in James McCabe, '96.

Mr. Frank Downing is machinist at the Westinghouse plant, East Pittsburg.

Mr. Jerome Geary, of the Freshman, '94, called on his old acquaintances on the Bluff during vacation. Jerome does not forget his old friends.

The boys of '91 will be pleased to hear of the success of their old friend, T. Cullinan. Since his departure from his Alma Mater Tom has had a very bright career, and now we hear of him holding the responsible position of paymaster for the Western Foundry Company, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Frank Murto has established for himself in a short time a very extensive patronage. Dr. Murto has his dental parlors in the Park Building, and is known as one of the leading dentists in the city. Success to you Frank.

Any communication from any of the old students relative to their College days and interest will be cheerfully received.

T. A. WREN, '99.



## MUSIC.

The College Military Band, under the direction of Prof. C. Weiss, has attained a very prominent place in the musical circles of the College. The members are very energetic in their endeavors to cultivate and develop their musical talent, and as a result of their good will the service rendered by them at the Sunday evening concerts has merited for them worthy commendation.

The solos of Messrs. Weiss, Sullivan, E. and M. Gerlach during the past term were finely executed and elicited loud applause.

We are always prepared for a good musical treat when the name of J. McVean is announced. John is quite an artist on the mandolin, though he has been rather silent of late in the music hall.

The orchestra, which seemed neglected, has lately sprung into prominence, and the recent concert given by them demonstrated that a love of harmony is being fostered among the members.

Henry Brown, of the Senior Hall, is making rapid strides in the musical art. Henry is pianist in the orchestra.

At the midnight mass the singing was an omen of the decided improvement in the choir. The Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Agnus Dei of Rossi's, and the Credo and Benedictus of Foeppel's mass were executed in a very artistic style. The Adeste as sung by Eschman and Trudell was most inspiring.

The following programme was rendered by the band during the past term: "Albanian;" "W. M. B.;" "18th Regiment;" "Landjager;" "S. I. B. A;" "Step Lightly;" "Vienna Dude;" "America Forever;" "The Winning Card;" "The 22nd Regiment;" "The Amazon" Marches; "The Clyde" Quickstep; "Dream of Love;" "My Little Irish Queen;" "Sweet Little Daisies" Schottische, and last but not least, the "National Melodies."

T. A. W.



## SENIOR BOARDERS.

The boys have returned once again to their dear Alma Mater, resolved to make this new year a most successful one.

Although a few of us had not the privilege of spending the Christmas at home, nevertheless we enjoyed ourselves very much.

How about that "tea party" during Christmas week? Ask "Murtie," he knows.

"Tim" Staudt had a very pleasant time at the "Rocks" this vacation. How about "The Late Mr. Brown?"

"Will" Walker had a visit from the "La Grippe" during the holidays, but he is all right again and down to hard study.

John McVean is back once again seeming happier than ever. "What's the reason, John?"

"Tom" Mullen is working hard for the coming "exams." He had a fine time this last Christmas, so he says.

The boys think that the campus looks very funny this year without a pond.

How about that "cake walk" previous to the departure of the students for their Christmas vacation?

The Senior's study has been increased lately by the addition of another student. "The more the merrier."

"Bobby" Burns, after a most enjoyable vacation, has resumed his seat in the study hall.

Mr. John O'Hare and Mr. James McNally were at the College during the holidays. D. O'H.

## SCHOLASTICS.

The Scholastic's choir, though its numbers are not as great as in previous years, has gained a very enviable reputation. At the Midnight Mass the rendition of the difficult Mass surpassed all expectations, and demonstrated that much musical talent is being cultivated—a talent so requisite for those aspiring to the sacerdotal state of life.

The vacation was passed in a very agreeable manner. The walks, basket-ball and the concerts proved most interesting.

It is surprising how active many of our number have become since the introduction of basket-ball. All, without exception, delight in this manly exercise. Collins, Condron, Dunn, O'Connor, Murphy and Hehir, however, are fast becoming adepts in the popular amusement. Condron has developed into a strong player, and his agility has won the admiration of all. Among the younger members who have gained renôw in the new game are Hayes, Trudell, Lamothe, Moody, Eschman and O'Neil.

Handball has its charms for Halaburda, Schalz, Turek, Riley, Murphy and McNamara. When the weather does not permit them to occupy the alley they indulge in basket-ball.

The Scholastics are well represented in the College Band and orchestra in Rudolph, Baumgartner, Majeski, Turek, Stalkowski, Moody, Lamothe, Laskowski and Wren. They are the promoters of the musical circles.

Our new arrivals are very promising. They are among the first in their classes.

Trudell, Hayes, Lamothe and Rondeau are, of late, very serious. This change is unaccountable. It is hoped that they will continue.

Some were permitted to enjoy Christmas at home. Collins, Moody, Condron, Hayes and Stalkowski were the recipients of this pleasant surprise.

Letters from our old friends at the Novitiate were received with great eagerness by all. They were like heaven-sent gifts, since it was the first news that reached us since their departure from our midst.

T. A. W.



## DAY STUDENTS.

August Kossler has just recovered from a severe attack of the "grippe." Perhaps he took the "nail cure."

Vincent Frost reports having had a good time "fooling around" during vacation.

"Senator" Finney is violently opposed to Imperialism. He is positive that we shall yet live to regret the step taken by our Government.

Brent has great faith in "political licenses."

"Tom" Shanahan now thinks he has a free field for action. His only rival, "Glorious Old Tom," has died.

"Have you seen Smith?"

James Brady is temporarily engaged in the grocery business.

Michael Krupinski has become very oratorical of late. He has accepted an engagement to speak at the Polish celebration, which will take place at the Old City Hall, on the 22d inst.

L. L. M.

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 5

## SECOND QUARTER.

It is a pity that we have not some mighty souled poet in Pittsburg, who would rise above the smoke and sing a "*Quanta patimur*" to the weather-god, reproaching him for the changes—yea stupendous changes—to which he has subjected us. It is possible that such an intercessor might provoke the mercy of this god, and thereby bring consolation to a people who for some time have been under the weather, fighting their way through the atmosphere.

The inclement weather is good in at least one of its effects; it compels the students to remain in-doors, and thus they can spend more time with their books. The consequence of this was a decided improvement in the examination of the different classes, and especially in the class of '99, every member of which received an honor certificate. A glance at some of the questions (given elsewhere in this issue), which comprised their examination, will attest the fact that it was only by previous diligent work that good percentages could be obtained. The Rev. President was so well pleased with the work in general that he kindly allowed a free day, which the greater number of the students spent at skating.

On the Feast of the Purification many applicants were received into the different sodalities. Before the ceremony the Rev. President delivered a sermon, touching on the appropriateness of the day for holding the reception, explaining in detail the object of each confraternity, and earnestly recommending the various patrons to the devotion of those who were received.

The seniors remind one very much of the Peripatetics; a special walk is reserved for them, where they spend the recreations discussing some of the Greek systems, principally the Stoic. If Zeno had known of the possibility of *motion* existing as an accompaniment of his philosophy, we fear that it would have excited his anger.

Already the athletic committee is preparing for the coming base ball season. The glorious reputation the foot-ball team established under this committee bids us have little fear that a strong nine will represent the College on the diamond. Besides the first there will be several minor teams, in order that all may have an opportunity of taking part in games. The members of the Faculty are very anxious in this respect, for they consider athletics an essential element of education. And it is so in many of the Colleges and Universities in England; in some cases it is even obligatory for the students to take part in cricket and foot-ball.

Now that the war spirit has abated we can reorganize our orchestra. It is really remarkable how much interest was displayed by the members of the Brass Band since the beginning of the year. Possibly some of these noble souls thought on doing duty as musicians; of late, however, they seem to have lost all enthusiasm, a consequence of which is that our peace-loving orchestraians have come to the front. May they retain their position !

A number of the Fathers of the Congregation together with a few postulants assisted at the closing of Forty Hours' Devotion, at St. Benedict's Church, where Rev. M. Ward is acting as pastor. A great part of St. Benedict's congregation consists of colored people, in whom the Fathers take a special interest, because it was for their good that the Congregation of the Holy Ghost was originally founded.

Many of the old boys have visited us during the past month. M. McGarey, James O'Neill, T. Barry, and W. Horrigan are among the latest. All are feeling well.

The Rev. President gives an instruction to the students every Wednesday, in the Chapel. The questions recently treated are "The Attributes of God," and "Character," which he defined as "personality in action." Competitive examinations, comprising questions from these instructions, are given at the end of the school year. In order that they may obtain high percentages in these examinations, many wisely take notes after every instruction.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Gently down life's rushing river,  
Nearing e'er the surging deep,  
Floats the bark of man forever  
Toward the land of rest's sweet sleep.

Far beyond bliss' golden portal,  
There where angels watches keep,  
Spirit strains of love immortal  
Bid earth's children ne'er more weep.

Friends have passed and gone forever,  
Loved souls sped to lands unknown.  
Cherished forms on which we'll never  
Gaze with love in childhood grown.

Treasured words no more are spoken;  
O'er the graves of the loved dead  
Hang the garlands of love's token;  
Pain and Sorrows—all have fled.

Roll then on ye rushing waters,  
Steer our lives on toward the sea  
Bear the form that with age totters  
To its home, eternity.

Gently o'er your pearly surface  
Lead our weary steps in light,  
Train your music and our death pace  
To one chord through life's swift flight

## CHAUCER.

“Chaucer the first warbler whose sweet breath  
Precluded those melodious bursts that fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
With sounds that echo still.”—TENNYSON.

English literature begins with Chaucer. Although antiquaries have, after diligent search, discovered traces of English authors before the time of the great bard, these are only interesting as a matter of history. Chaucer, however, is interesting for the intrinsic value of his works, and for his potent influence on his successors in the field of literature. He, like Homer in Ancient Greece, had to form his own language. Hence the period in which he flourished is called the “formative,” and for this reason Dryden rightly styled him the Father of English poetry.

Little, indeed, is known of the life of Chaucer. However, in this respect, he does not differ from the earliest writers of other languages. We know comparatively little of Homer, the Father of Greek poetry. But the fault lies not with the authors themselves, but with the fact that there were no contemporary writers at those early times to chronicle the important events connected with the lives of the first poets. All our knowledge concerning them must, consequently, be obtained from secondary sources; from their own works or from the history of the times.

Even the date of Chaucer’s birth is a matter of dispute. Until recently he was supposed to have been born in the year 1328, but in later years, this date has been found to be inconsistent with other facts of his life. From these it is inferred that he first saw the light of day in the year 1340. Chaucer himself seems to say that London was his birth-place, hence this is assumed as one of the few known facts of his life. Nothing definite is known about his parents, although it is generally admitted that his father was a merchant.

It is not known whether Chaucer was educated at Cambridge or Oxford, his works, however, apparently indicate that he received whatever education those early times offered. From earliest childhood he seemed to be devoted to his books. He himself beautifully expresses his love for books in his *Legend of Good Women*:

“And as for me, thogh that I can but lyte (little),

On bokes for to rede, I me delyte,  
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,  
And in myne herte have hem in reverence.”

Whether Chaucer studied for one of the higher professions is unknown. His learning would, undoubtedly, have qualified him for the highest. However, he entered the army, and in the year 1359 accompanied an expedition, under Edward III, into France, where he was taken prisoner. But he was soon ransomed by the king and again returned to England. What was most remarkable for a man of such attainments, Chaucer distinguished himself for extraordinary skill and valor during this expedition. Success accordingly greeted him on all sides. He became a favorite of the king, and probably through his influence was married to a noble lady, Phillipa Ronet. Soon after, he received a pension. At various times the king sent him on foreign missions, and on every occasion he was credited with success. While carrying on these functions in foreign lands, Chaucer availed himself of the opportunities such visits afforded, and thus gathered much material which he employed with advantage in his works. The king, to show his appreciation for the services rendered by the poet and diplomat, made him comptroller of the port of London, in the year 1374. But this position, though lucrative, was not in accord with Chaucer's desires. He was an intellectual genius, a poet, and as such he wished to devote all his time to intellectual pursuits. He himself gives vent to his feeling in the following:

“When thy labor done all is  
And hast y made reckonings,  
Instead of rest and newe things,  
Thou goest home to thine house anow,  
And there as dumb as any stone  
Thou sittest at another book.”

In 1386 Chaucer became a member of Parliament for the County of Kent. But this was probably the crowning point of his public career. He was not long clothed with the dignity of this office, when, for reasons unknown, he was retired. To this tide of affairs literature is deeply indebted. For, although Chaucer is supposed to have written some of his great works before his retirement from office, still he was too much occupied with public affairs to do justice to all his in-

tellectual powers. During the remaining years Chaucer produced his greatest works.

During all these years Chaucer had made no effort to acquire wealth, nor even to provide for the future, but, as is customary with men of letters, spent his large earnings as rapidly as he received them. Accordingly as soon as he was deprived of his lucrative position, he began to lament his empty purse.

“To you, my Purse, and to noon other wight,  
Complayn I, for ye be my lady dere;  
I am sory now that ye’s been lyght,  
For certes but yf ye make me hevy chere,  
Me were as leef be layd upon my bere.”

Fortune, however, did not yet forsake him, and he was made Clerk of the King’s Work, a position he held for three years. After this, Chaucer’s sole income was his annuity, which, although sufficient for a comfortable livelihood, was not equal to his extravagance. His pension was, therefore, doubled, but his end was near, and on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1400, Chaucer, the Father of English poetry, breathed his last. His body lies in Westminster Abbey, in the famous Poet’s corner.

Though Chaucer was for the greater part of his life occupied with positions of public trust, he possessed all the qualities that constitute a poet. Filled as he was with a most ardent love for nature—which is the characteristic of a poet—he was always ready to sacrifice anything for the enjoyment of nature’s beauties.

“Whan that the month of May  
Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,  
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,  
Farwell, my book, and my devocioun.”

But Chaucer was a man of the world—a courtier—in an age that witnessed a fierce struggle against the Church, and, therefore, it may readily be seen that he was not friendly-disposed to anything pertaining to religion. It was but natural for him to rail against religion. This he did to his heart’s content. It is not known whether he himself was a follower of Wyclif, whose heresy was now at its height, yet it seems probable that he was at least influenced thereby. It is not at all improbable that monasticism was infected with certain evils at this early period, yet it is a matter of fact that many of the greatest saints and scholars whose names adorn our calendar flourished at

the time. But Chaucer lost sight of these, and judges the entire community by one or two monks who were false to their cause. He, therefore, hurls his roguish sarcasm at everything connected with religion. Even the most pious customs and practices of the Church did not escape his wrath. Bacon, indeed, spoke truly when he said "There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and, therefore, those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken is more potent." Chaucer did more injury than is usually supposed. His humor may be called genial, but it is nevertheless roguish, and his sly touches of satire are none the less pungent. He himself felt that he was speaking irreverently but his only apology was

"Therefore, who so list it not to here,  
    Turn over the leaf and choose another tale;  
For he shall finde more great and small  
    Of storial things that touches gentilesse  
And eke morality and holiness,  
    Blameth not me if that you choose amiss."

Chaucer's earlier works are of little value to the student. It is to the "Canterbury Tales" that Chaucer owes his reputation as a poet. His first work is supposed to have been the "Romaunt of the Rose," which is supposed to have been from the French. Then followed the "Book of the Duchess," which betrays influences of the Norman-French. "Troilus and Cresseide" treats of an old legend which also formed the plot of Shakespeare's drama of the same name. Then followed his "Legend of Good Women," the "Testamont of Love," and the "House of Fame." Then comes the crowning work of his genius, the "Canterbury Tales." The poet narrates a number of tales as related by a number of pilgrims on their way to worship at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. In the Prologue, Chaucer describes the characters of the respective pilgrims. But although Chaucer is especially conspicuous as a comic poet, his genius produced some remarkable serious and moral verses. But whether humorous or serious, he was ever true to the precept of Horace: "*Si me vis flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.*"

Almost five centuries have elapsed since Chaucer breathed his last, the language has so changed, that his works can only be read with difficulty; yet his tales

live on and will live on forever. The student finds himself amply rewarded, after diligent labor with dictionary and grammar. Rightly, therefore, may we feel proud of the Father of our poetry.

“For he was the first of those that ever brake  
Into the Muse’s treasure and first spake  
In weighty numbers.”

LEO L. MEYER, '99.



## SCEPTICISM.

Throughout the entire study of logic there is, perhaps, no more interesting question dealt with than scepticism. We have just finished this very interesting question, in class, and I will now endeavor to resume some of the intricate points connected with it.

It may be well to begin with a division, or rather several divisions of the subject, for the sceptics are so subtle and so wary that it is, indeed, difficult to class them. Philosophers divide scepticism into sensitive, subjective, ontological, and moral, according as the sceptic doubts of one or other of the founts of certitude. Scholastic philosophers, however, have adopted for the greater convenience it affords for the study of the question, the division into general or absolute and partial or hypothetical scepticism. They separate the sceptics, therefore, into those who doubt about everything without exception and those who bring things into doubt for the sake of arriving at some fundamental principle which will admit of no doubt whatever.

The foundation of the system of absolute scepticism is attributed to Pyrrho, who lived between the years 380 and 288 B. C. This Pyrrho, although he himself wrote nothing, found many disciples amongst whom were Tuimon, Ænesidemus, Numenius, and Nausiphanes. These followers spread the doctrines of Phyrro with many writings.

The principle on which Pyrrho based his system of doubt was *Nihil esse quod percipi possit*. He maintained that it was only the laws or customs of men which said that a thing was beautiful or horrible, just or unjust, and that beyond these customs of men we were not

certain of anything. He believed in the certainty of the existence of nothing, or it might be better said that he did not believe in the certainty of the existence of anything. This system of philosophy is called from the name of its author, Pyrrhonism.

Besides Pyrrho and his followers there was another body of philosophers called Academicians from the fact that they studied and taught their system in the schools. Amongst these the one most spoken of is Carneades. He lived between 215 and 125 B. C., and was styled the parent of the third school. Pyrrhonism and the system of the Academicians are almost identical, and both contributed to make up absolute scepticism.

The followers of these systems of philosophy are, in their opinion, openly opposed to nature, that is to say, they are naturally and physically impossible. Conscience testifies that there is born in man a natural and vehement desire for knowledge, a desire to know. The sceptics themselves admit a certain kind of desire, a desire for common or ordinary matter-of-fact certitude about things, but the Scholastics go farther and insist and prove clearly that there is a desire for philosophical or scientific certitude. Sceptic philosophers are themselves silent witnesses to the fact that man desires philosophical certitude, for if there is not such a desire, what do they wish to gain by their philosophizing? But when they say that there is doubt about everything they deny all possible scientific certitude, and, therefore, maintain that the Author of nature has endowed man with a noble desire in vain, that nature has endowed man with a desire for knowledge and certitude, which desire cannot be satisfied in the least degree. The absurdity of such a supposition is at once evident.

Apart from this physical absurdity manifested in absolute scepticism, it is also metaphysically impossible and absurd for the reason that it involves contradictions. The principle *De omnibus esse dubitandum* must be either scientifically true or scientifically false. If it is true then there is at least one thing concerning which there is no doubt, and this the principle contradicts. If, on the other hand, it is false, then the fundamental principle of absolute scepticism being false, the entire system is false. Some sceptics, how-

ever, will admit the principle *de omnibus esse dubitandum* is true, and we will for the sake of argument agree with them. This principle is not a principle known *per se* or immediately as is very evident and as even the sceptics themselves are forced to admit. It must, then, be a mediate principle, and being such, it must have been arrived at by a process of reasoning. But in reasoning we must always set out from a principle which is certain and true if we wish to arrive at a certain and true conclusion. It would be most foolish to endeavor to draw a certain conclusion from doubtful premises. Now the sceptics admit that this principle is arrived at by a process of reasoning, which process presupposes some certain principles, and at the same time they maintain that this principle is the only one concerning which there is no doubt. Here, again, is a manifest contradiction.

Since the sceptics will admit of the certainty of no other principle, it is useless to argue with them. There can be no logical disputation with them, for in every disputation we must begin from principles established and held as certain by both of the disputants. If it were otherwise, the disputation could have no results. But universal, absolute sceptics by the very fundamental principle of their system turn everything into doubt, and admit of no firmly established principle. Thus it is seen that there could be no logical disputation with them. However, it is sometimes necessary to converse with a sceptic. In this case it will be well to ask him if he intends the words which he uses, to signify something or not. If the latter, then it will be better to leave him to himself, for St. Thomas says that it will be worthy of laughter to ask a reason for something from a man who uses no reason. A man who does not intend to signify something by his words talks without reason, for even inferior animals signify something by their signs. If, on the contrary, he says that he does intend to signify something, you have already conquered him, for that something which he intends to signify must be a definite thing and it must be distinct from its contrary. In other words, he admits the principle of contradiction, namely, *Nihil posse simul esse non esse*.

It may be urged, however, that since we cannot put down the sceptics, the case is against us. But it is not

on account of a lack of ability on our part, but on account of their own unreasonableness that they cannot be overcome. Question may arise as to why there is so much labor expended in refuting the absurdities of the sceptics, if all that the Scholastics say is true. If there is so much labor expended, it is not in order to withdraw sceptics from voluntary insanity, but to instruct and forewarn students.

Let us now solve a few of the objections of the sceptics. In the first place, they say that, in the true method of philosophizing, that doctrine is to be maintained which is farthest remote from the danger of error, and this they claim to do. The Scholastics, however, are not content that the doctrines be free from the danger of error, but in addition it must open the way to truth; and since the acquiring of truth is the end of logic, the Scholastics hold the proper opinion. Another objection of the Sceptics is, since human reason sometimes fails, it cannot be relied upon for certainty. Human reason of itself can never fail, because its very nature is to follow up truth, and it is only when it is hindered or corrupted by some external accident that it can fail.

Space will not permit me to go into the details of Hypothetical scepticism. Suffice it to say that the system leads to almost the same absurdities as absolute scepticism.

J. F. ENRIGHT, '99.



## MUSIC.

We cannot imagine a time when the world was without music—the most subtle of all earthly arts.

The weird sighing of the wind through virgin forests, the sweet twitter of woodland songsters, the lowing of cattle and the ceaseless chirping of insects present to the lover of Nature, the ideal of simple melody, taking one back to days when the sylvan god produced his pastoral gems on the magic pipe of seven reeds. The sullen roar of the ocean, and the angry shreaks of Aeolus, riding upon the fierce East wind, have an awe-inspiring grandeur and power, yet we must regard them as types of this, the noblest of the arts. Among the civilized nations of antiquity, music was placed

among the highest of human accomplishments, and attained a degree of perfection unsurpassed in modern times.

Beautiful legends of its influence abound in classical literature,—so rich in allusions to intellectual ideals.

Almost everyone is familiar with the story of Orpheus, the greatest of the Greek musicians, who, by the power of his art, caused the very mountains to dance, and the rivers, to pause in their course, enraptured by the celestial notes of his lyre. He drew iron tears down the gloomy visage of the Stygian god, and so charmed him that Eurydice was permitted to return to earth. Amphion is fabled to have so excelled in the art, that the stones moved voluntarily to their places in the massive walls of ancient Thebes. Even the sturdy Ulysses could not resist the influence of this tenderest of passions, as we see by his voyage to hear the voices of the Sirens, in their island home, near Sicily; and we find numerous parallels of these legends in our perusal of almost all the great authors of past and present. Such myths may appeal to our imagination rather than our reason, but they serve to show the wonderful power of music.

Even the most uncultured appreciate it, the most savage nations having their music—wild and rude it is true, but, nevertheless, music,—which touches their hearts. Instances are recorded of denizens of forest and jungle succumbing to the gentle power of flute and pipe, and we can readily believe that “music hath charms to soothe the savage breast” when we see the untutored barbarian stop, spellbound, in his ruthless work of blood, when some sweet, pathetic air suddenly breaks out upon the breeze, telling of other and holier scenes.

The huge war-club is lowered, then falls unheeded from his grasp, and gradually, but surely, he approaches the singer, and is subdued, conquered, not by fire or sword, but by strains of the psalms, welling forth from the pious missionary’s soul.

It is admitted that the best music is found in the Church, where the sublime genius of the greatest composers shine forth in lofty conceptions, which will be enduring monuments to their immortal names.

The simple majesty of the Psalms, and chanted Miserere, as they echo with solemn grandeur through

the vaulted aisles of a Cathedral church, or the quiet precincts of a convent chapel, affects us so greatly that, almost unconsciously, we are led to the contemplation of our future state, after the term of trial in this vale of tears. The songs of the angels have ever been a favorite theme among the poets, and it appears to us that the greatest joy of Heavenly beings is to sing the praises of the Most High.

We are told in our greatest epic that after the rebellion and fall of Satan, when the Almighty foretold the fall of man, and promised a Redeemer,

“Heaven rung with jubilee, and loud hossanna filled  
the eternal regions.”

And, again, when the Redeemer did come,—a tiny Infant, in the lowly manger at Bethlehem,—the Heavenly host joined in the glorious anthem, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terrâ pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*, which is handed down to us in the Mass.

It is not difficult to infer from these that music is, indeed, the divine art. It ripples forth in the beautiful songs of field and forest, in the sublime symphony of Nature, in the magnificent service of the Church, in the stirring strains of national hymns, and in the simple folk-love of every land.

Perhaps, no music appeals to our tenderest emotions as do the melodies of Erin, and the southern gems of slavery days in our own fair native land. Irish melodies awaken, in the tender Gaelic heart, the memory of Ireland's golden age, when she flourished *alone* in intellectual advancement ; in the proud and glorious past her stalwart warriors swept all before them, led on by their noble kings, who held aloft the gorgeous “Sunburst of Erin,” with its gleaming gold and verdant green, emblazoned against the azure sky. The eloquent melodies tell of the joys and sorrows, love and hatred, of this generous, kind-hearted people, who have suffered all manner of miseries and persecutions. They tell of other days in the distant past ere the emerald gem of the western world was set in the crown of a stranger; and bring tears to the eyes of sturdy sons of Innisfail as they think of the many wrongs of the Emerald Isle. They cause the impulsive hearts to throb impatiently for the opportunity to avenge the outrages inflicted upon the dear old land beyond the rolling deep. Irish melodies can never die while man

can appreciate the influence of music. So, too, will the exquisite gems of Southern slavery days, immortalized by Foster, endure, perhaps, when the grand strains of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Wagner, and all the great classical composers have been forgotten. The tender pathos welling out in these songs, when voiced in the full, rich tones of the old plantation darkey, produce an effect which we cannot soon forget. They bring one back to *ante bellum* days in the South, and cause us to think of the merry scenes on the old plantations before the fratricidal conflict which at the time rent asunder the ties that bound the country in common brotherhood.

But not only are we impressed by beautiful melodies of renowned composers in general, and the solemnity of Church music in particular, but we are also affected in a wonderfully inspiring manner by the stirring strains of national airs. It matters not where we go, we see this manifested. The battle-scarred veteran instinctively strengthens his aged figure, and drops into the old cadence, at the sound of a familiar march,—and behold his dim eyes fired with memories of the past! Again he hears, in fancy, the “revielle,” calling him to the duties of the day; “retreat”—the soldier’s vespers, ascending with the smoke of the sunset gun;—and the thrilling notes of the “charge” are vividly remembered, as are all the stirring notes of the music heard on the parade-ground and in the field.

No one can resist the power of martial music. The American cannot sit passive when he hears the strains of “The Star Spangled Banner” telling their eloquent story of glorious victory, and an untarnished flag. The lively air of “Yankee Doodle,” and the full, majestic notes of “America,” thrill one’s very soul.

The frenzied enthusiasm of the Frenchman rises to its highest point when he listens to “La Marseillaise.” He becomes frantic with joy and patriotism and cheers for his native land, which held such a proud position in the past, among the empires of the world. The haughty Briton loses his decorum when “God Save the Queen” voices the prayer of Englishmen throughout the British possessions, and even the plodding German is unable to compose himself if “Die Wacht Am Rhine” is reminding him of the fatherland.

The sound of martial music prompts the soldier to

deeds of valor, and causes the staid civilian to seize a rifle when the tocsin of alarms rings out over the land. When the troops leave for the front, the soul-stirring strains of the bands sounding our national hymns, impel us to join the serried ranks of blue. We would brave the hardships of the field, the dangers of the charge—any discomfort,—to but have the inspiration of the music. Military airs, unlike others, do not permit us to grow impatient for the time to pass before we see the loved ones left behind, but buoy our hope and comfort us in our distress.

The bugle is the soul of a general's orders. Without its music, the dashing brilliancy of the cavalry charge, the swiftness and precision of artillery maneuvers, and the steady advance of veteran infantry would be sadly marred. In the charge no voice is heard until the bugle-call rings out full and clear; then a wild and hearty cheer runs down the long steel-tipped line, carrying every man forward, oblivious of the sulphurous pall overhanging the deadly batteries, and of death-bolts screaming about him. The last call of the soldier's day—"taps" may cause a feeling of sadness, as the plaintive notes sound the knell of the dying day. After the frightful conflict about San Juan, the Rough Riders assembled to bury their slain comrades. The long dreary trench was filled, and the living stood beside the dead, when from the death-like stillness rose the last beautiful call to rest, over the heroes' graves. It is related that when the bugler sounded this sad farewell to his comrades, these rugged men of mountain and plain yielded to long-forgotten impulses and wept like children, so touched were they by the gentle power of music. Yet, there is one song, perhaps, that exerts greater influence over us, than do the notes of war, one that strikes the tenderest chord in our nature; it is that priceless, though humble, gem—"Home, Sweet Home." A mist rises before the eyes of even the most callous-hearted ruffian, when this sacred hymn trembles on the singer's lips. The traveler, far away in a strange land, is reminded of friends back over the waves, and the soldier in his lonely vigils, allows his thoughts to dwell on the paternal hearth, in the old homestead.

During the great Civil War, the blue and the grey

were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one evening, we are told,

"From Northern hill there stole along  
The softest strains of music and of song,"

as the soldiers of the Union Army joined in concert, to sing the national hymn. The Southerners replied with "Dixie," and both sides sang with a will, until it entered the mind of one soldier to begin that sweetest and tenderest air, which speaks of home. As the song floated out upon the evening zephyrs, both armies ceased their martial exertions, and soon the two vast hosts were joined in holy unison in singing this little hymn, which touched their tenderest feelings, bringing the blue clad veteran and the cavalier in grey, back to scenes beloved, though far removed. They forgot their partnership and were united in spirit by the tender strains of a homely air well known to every man in the two great camps. On the morrow they might struggle in mortal contest, but on that summer eventide, no thought of war was theirs; they saw only the little cottage, nestling among the trees, the family pets about the door, the loved ones waiting in suspense for their return. Someone, seeing, perhaps, this peaceful scene, has said of it

"Sweet music's power, one chord doth make us wild,  
But change the strain, we weep as little child;  
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,  
And by those martial strains a victory's won;  
But it matters not, how far, from whence you roam,  
No heart's so cold that does not love 'sweet home.' "

J. BRENNAN,  
First Academic.



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## Editorials.

## Reading.

Reading, when pursued in the proper spirit, is one of the best means of developing the intellect and forming character. It should, therefore, be the aim of every college student to develop a method and taste for reading. The studies in the curriculum of a college, it is true, are usually so numerous and of such a nature that the student is often heard complaining that he has no time for reading anything that is not requisite. The great mistake made by other young men is that they think it necessary to neglect some of the studies connected with their course, in order to satisfy the passion for reading. But it is not necessary to spend entire days and nights in reading. A few hours each week spent in careful,

methodical reading will be at least of some advantage. It would develop a taste for reading which, if properly nurtured, would in after-life become a passion. These students frequently console themselves with the fact in after-life they shall have more time at their disposal, and that they will then give themselves up completely to reading. But granting that they shall have more time after they have gone out in the world—which is scarcely probable—taste for reading is the product of youth. If reading is neglected in early life, the taste for it will never be acquired in manhood.

The object of reading, however, should not be mere information, but the primary object should be to develop the intellect, to concentrate attention, to think properly, and to enable the reader to express his own thoughts with clearness and precision. The student who keeps this constantly before his mind will experience no difficulties in the selection of suitable books. We should, however, try to read in connection with our studies. Thus while studying Literature, we should make it our duty to read at least all the important works mentioned by the class-author or recommended by the professor. The classical authors should be our constant companions. If we cannot “read them by day and meditate by night,” we should at least read and study them. Novel-reading, when pursued merely for a moment’s gratification, is a loss of time and is accompanied by many other disadvantages that render the person addicted to the habit incapable of serious exertion. But when pursued for the style, expression and logical sequence, novel-reading is as useful as it is amusing. We should despise frivolous books and pamphlets, for if these are not in themselves injurious, the time spent in reading them is certainly lost. We know our time is valuable. If we spent every single moment of our lives in reading, death would overtake us before we would have read half of the books worth reading.

LEO L. MEYER.

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### Punctuality.

Punctuality is one of the most necessary qualities for active life. It is necessary for *any* kind of business, and in every walk of life. It is one of the greatest

marks of a careful man just as its opposite is the mark of a careless, indolent nature. A tardy person loses many opportunities by his tardiness, and causes people to lose confidence in him, for a tardy man can never be depended upon to carry out his word, or to fulfil his promise at the proper time. A careful observance of the exact time of attending appointments or keeping engagements shows that a man has regard for his time, and is careful both of his own time and of that of those with whom he may have dealings. Many people seem to have a dread of being too early for this engagement or that, and the result of their dread is that they are usually late. Perhaps this is nowhere more noticeable than in churches. People fear that they may be considered religious if they arrive at church a few minutes before the services begin. This want of punctuality is seen also at school. Many students fear being laughed at for arriving at school a little early and will loiter around some nearby street until the last minute, and then more than likely they stroll in late.

Punctuality, as a habit, should be practised very early in life. For the habits formed in early life are really the only lasting ones. Thus, for instance, when we observe a student continually coming late to his classes, we can generally say that such a boy will be tardy, in later life, in keeping his business appointments, and that in whatever profession he embraces, he will be but a mere straggler.

J. F. ENRIGHT, '99.

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### Initiative.

Initiative is that influence which actuates men with the desire of undertaking something new. The initiative spirit is the predominant quality in the minds of the men of invention. It is this quality which induced all our greatest ancient and modern inventors to undertake great achievements. And, were it not for the good results that were eventually the outcome of their efforts, civilization would not have attained the height of perfection of which it can boast to-day. And, likewise, if our illustrious authors had been content with their first productions, their names would not stand forth as monuments of learning and ability.

The quality of Initiative is not confined to our in-

ventors and men of letters, but it is also the prevailing spirit in all the actions of our earnest business men. Such men as are constantly adding some new establishments to the list of the many which they have already founded and such as are ever ready to engage in some new business are said to possess Initiative.

In our institutions of learning Initiative is that loyal, college spirit which fills all with a desire to make some new undertaking in the line of studies or athletics which will add to the welfare and the honor of all the studentry.

It is, indeed, a wonderful quality, but such men as are gifted with it must take great care how they employ it. Thus, for example, men who are of the initiative class might undertake something new before they have completed or perfected the work at which they are presently engaged, and, in such a case, they would never meet with success.

There is an old maxim which says one thing first, then another; and those men who are always ambitious and desirous of beginning a new work would do well to follow the lesson therein contained.

But in those who undertake new things, not from any ambitious motives, but with a desire to do good, Initiative is a noble quality. It is productive of good results both for such men as possess it in its real value and for civilization in general.

It were well, therefore, that those who are gifted with this influencing spirit employ Initiative to advantage so that the results of their undertakings might "bless him that gives and him that takes."

Students especially should show Initiative in their studies and in all their games. They should never be content with the study of one English or Latin Author, nor with simply the study of the modern languages, but they should apply themselves diligently to whatever branches may be useful in after-life. And in their games they should not be satisfied with merely one victory, but it should ever be their object to attain a high athletic standing, through the number of victories which they have won and the various sports in which they participate.

## SENIOR BOARDERS.

The Seniors' study hall has been increased lately by a new student.

Now that the third term has commenced and the school year is half past, all are diligently working to keep up their present standards in their respective classes.

John McVean still keeps up his classical standard as was shown in the recent examinations.

William Walker and D. O'Hare are becoming deeply interested in Sophocles' "Antigone," and the bright sayings of "Horace."

No more laughing songs! Our friend "Tim" has left us.

In the recent examinations, the senior boarders carried off the highest honors in the Business Departments. The high standards attained by the representatives from "Parkersburg," Little Washington," and "Caledonia," were very noticeable.

"Bobby" Burns, our crack twirler, is patiently waiting for the opening of the base ball season.

One of our Youngstown representatives, P. A. Gillespie, has left us for awhile. His departure was unexpected.

"Chip" Ryan is becoming very studious of late, and he says "The business course is just the thing."

Base ball is becoming quite a topic for discussion among the boarders, and they expect to have a fine team on the diamond this year.

A few sayings recently heard in the Senior and Junior classes:

"Where's your exercise?"

"I have none, Father."

"Why not?"

"I was a nurse, last night."

"Why have you changed your quarters to that part of the room?"

"Near the steam pipes. It is very cold over there, Father."

"Oh! I thought you were 'impervious' to the cold."

"Your pronunciation of the word 'party' is a little incorrect.

Although the Boston way of pronouncing words is very correct.

"How do you account for your pronunciation?"

"I think it is mixed a little with the Pittsburg."

D. O'H.



## DAY STUDENTS.

Lamar has joined the ranks of the day students.

"Tam" Shanahan is getting ready for the coming elections.

John Huettel made an eloquent plea for Public Libraries, at one

of the Sunday evening contests. We regret that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was not present. If he had been, Millvale would soon have a Free Library.

Who stole the gates of Gaza? Ask Mike.

Brent's speeches, like himself, are usually short.

In spite of the inclement weather, the Hand Ball Alley claims its favorites. Killmeyer is still the champion Day Student.

Vincent Frost has the "grippe." We noticed his absence, but we still feel the presence of his namesake.

Michael Krupinski was the recipient of congratulations from all sides for the patriotic lecture delivered at Old City Hall, on the 22d of January.

Hagan made a fair attempt at Hand Ball the other day. We advise him to get a six inch board for the next game.

L. L. M.



## ALUMNI.

The boys of '90 have not forgotten genial Dennis Doran. We have learned that Dennis is employed in the office of the Jones, Laughlin Co., where he is still very remarkable for his proficiency and jovial character.

Mr. Edw. Maloney, '96, has been connected, ever since he left the College, with the Carnegie Steel Co., where he occupies a very lucrative position.

The Pennsylvania Co. have three very enterprising and promising young men in James Reilly, L. Kiefer, and James Burns. They have been in the employment of the above Co., in the Allegheny office, ever since their departure from the Bluff.

We were the recipients of many pleasant visits from T. Barry, '93, M. McGarey, '98, and J. O'Neil, '98, during their vacation. All have returned to their respective Seminaries to continue their Theological studies.

J. Wall, '84, who entered the establishment of P. Wall Manufacturing Co. shortly after his course at the College, is now proprietor of that establishment. We congratulate Jim on his success, and expect to hear good accounts of him as head of the firm.

Joseph Stubert, '89, has not forgotten his old acquaintances on the Bluff. Joe visited us lately, and from him we learned that he is conducting a thriving grocery business at Aliquippa, Pa.

Word has been received from Jos. Gloeckler and John Hermes, who are visiting in California. Both are enjoying life in the West and seem to be deeply impressed with their travels.

T. A. W.

**List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,**  
**AT THE**  
**SECOND TERM EXAMINATIONS,**  
**HELD IN**  
**JANUARY, 1899.**

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent. An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have got 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass, *i. e.*, obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

**GRAMMAR CLASS.**

- \***BRIGGS BERNARD**—P, Religion, Penmanship.  
 D, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.
- \***CALLAHAN HUGH A.**—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing.
- \***CLOHESSY JOHN F.**—P, Religion, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History, History, Geography.
- \***CROFTON PERRY**—P, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Arithmetic.
- DULLARD HALT. J.**—P, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, English.
- \***KENNY THOMAS**—P, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography.
- LARKIN JAMES**—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History.
- MOULD HARRY**—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.
- \***NEIDERST FLOR.**—P, Religion, History, Geography.  
 D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.
- \***OESTERLE ALBERT**—P, Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic.
- VISLET VICTOR**—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, Bible History, Arithmetic.
- \***WILLIS JOHN**—P, History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing.  
 D, English, Arithmetic.

**THIRD ACADEMIC.**

- \***BESENKOWSKI A.**—P, History, Geography, English, Latin, French, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- BOWES JOHN**—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- \***BRUGGEMAN EDW.**—P, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- CAMPBELL JOHN**—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Arithmetic, Zoology.
- CHAMBERS JOHN**—P, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- CLARY JOHN A.**—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Arithmetic.

\*GAST GEORGE—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Penmanship.  
D, Book-keeping, Algebra, Zoology.

\*GERLACH E.—P, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

GERLACH M.—P, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

GRiffin N.—P, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*KAUTZ FRANK—P, History, Geography, English.  
D, Religion, Book-keeping, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

KING FRANK—P, Religion, History, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

LAGORIO JOHN—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

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D, Religion, French, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship.

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SMITH H.—P, History, Geography, Latin, Penmanship.

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\*MCGUIRE JOHN—P, Penmanship.  
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\*MC LAUGHLIN —P, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Correspondence.  
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\*RYAN JOHN—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
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\*SULLIVAN D.—P, English, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Arithmetic.

TURNBLACER FREDERIC—P, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic.

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HUETTEL JAMES J.—P, Church History, English, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.  
D, History, German, Algebra.

MURPHY JOHN P.—P, Geometry, Church History, Latin, Greek, French, German, Physics.  
D, History, English.

MCNAMARA JOHN—P, Church History, History, English, French, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

\*O'CONNOR PATRICK J.—P, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German.  
D, French, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

\*RILEY JAMES A.—P, Church History, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.  
D, History, English, Latin, French, German, Natural Philosophy.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

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D, English, Latin, French, German, Algebra.

\*BRENT A. S.—P, Latin, Greek, German, Algebra.  
D, Church History, History, English, French, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

GILLESPIE P. A.—P, History, French.  
D, Church History, English.

\*KILLMEYER H. J.—P, Church History, History, English, Greek, Algebra.  
D, Latin, German, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

\*MC ELLIGOTT WILLIAM J.—P, Greek, German.  
D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

\*SCHALZ GEORGE J.—P, Greek, Natural Philosophy.  
D, History, Church History, English, Latin, French, German, Geometry.

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D, Greek, French.

\*WALKER WILLIAM O.—P, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, German, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, English.

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D, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, English.

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D, Philosophy, Greek, French, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\*GARRIGAN JAMES J.—P, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, French, English.

\*HALABURDA J. F.—P, Latin, French, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy.

\*KRUPINSKI M. A.—P, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, Chemistry.  
D, English, German, French, Trigonometry.

\*MEYER L. L.—P, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, English.

\*MCVEAN JOHN A.—P, D, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\*RUDOLPH CHARLES C.—P, Greek, French.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\*WRENN THOMAS A.—P, Greek, German, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
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\*RYAN JOHN—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
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MCNAMARA JOHN—P, Church History, History, English, French, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

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D, French, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

\*RILEY JAMES A.—P, Church History, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.  
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GILLESPIE P. A.—P, History, French.  
D, Church History, English.

\*KILMEYER H. J.—P, Church History, History, English, Greek, Algebra.  
D, Latin, German, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

\*MC ELLIGOTT WILLIAM J.—P, Greek, German.  
D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

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D, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, English.

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MAHER P. E.—P, Philosophy, Latin, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\*O'HARE DAVID—P, Philosophy, Latin, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Greek, French.

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D, English.

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D, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, English.

\***FINNEY CHARLES E.**—P, Latin.  
D, Philosophy, Greek, French, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\***GARRIGAN JAMES J.**—P, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, French, English.

\***HALABURDA J. F.**—P, Latin, French, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy.

\***KRUPINSKI M. A.**—P, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, Chemistry.  
D, English, German, French, Trigonometry.

\***MEYER L. L.**—P, Greek, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, English.

\***MCVEAN JOHN A.**—P, D, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\***RUDOLPH CHARLES C.**—P, Greek, French.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\***WRENN THOMAS A.**—P, Greek, German, Trigonometry, Chemistry.  
D, Philosophy, Latin, French, English.

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., MARCH, 1899. No. 6

## WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

The sun loves to pause o'er a spot that is dear  
    To all who our country do love;  
O'er the grave of a hero whose heart knows no fear  
    For his spirit e'er hovered above.

Long years have fast sped in the circle of time,  
    And wrought changes all over our land;  
Since homes that now flourish in peace' happy clime  
    Were first guarded by his faithful hand.

Though loved names have faded from memory's view  
    As even their owners from earth,  
There's one e'er to which its brave sons will be true,—  
    A name dearly loved at our birth.

It has lived in the hearts of our warriors brave,  
    Is engraved in the world's book of fame;  
A nation holds sacred the peace that it gave,  
    And honors with reverence that name.

O'er the grave of this loved one our tears are oft shed  
    And blended in sunlight's warm kiss;  
'Twas he that in battle our nation's troops led,  
    'Tis he now with sorrow we miss.

On his tomb flowers varied and fragrant let's strew,  
    And lovingly kiss the cold grave  
Of a hero whose heart unkind thoughts never knew,  
    Of an idol loved liberty gave.

For him there is glory that strengthens with years,  
    As love that by age doth grow warm;  
Our hearts are ennobled by his mem'ry's tears,  
    As even by virtue's sweet charm.

As long as the billows of vast oceans roll,  
    So long will the sons of our land  
To honor and reverence proud liberty's soul  
    'Neath her banners in life and death stand.

## ROGER ASCHAM.

Roger Ascham, one of the representative writers of the century that prepared the way for the most famous period in English Literature, was born near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, about the year 1515. His father, who apparently appreciated the value of a classical education, occupied a position as steward in the house of a nobleman. Though he himself had never enjoyed similar advantages, he provided for the education of his three sons. Roger, alone, however, seems to have profited of the opportunity. While still very young, he was tutored by Sir Humphrey Wingfield, whom he ever considered an ideal school-master. At the age of fifteen he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself for extraordinary talents. His career at the university was so remarkable, that after three years of study, he received his bachelor's degree. Ascham was now eighteen years of age. Four years later, in 1534, he was chosen as the college lecturer of Greek, a position he successfully discharged for a period of six years. In 1554 he had the misfortune of losing his parents—both having died on the same day. Four years later we see him instructing Princess Elizabeth in Latin and Greek. This was the beginning of his public career. Soon after, he became secretary to the English ambassador at Augsburg. While occupying this position, he published his work which he inscribed as "A Report and Discourse, written by Roger Ascham, of the Affairs and State of Germany and the Emperor Charles his court, during certain years whilst the said Ascham was there."

Ascham was endowed with a wonderful conciliatory disposition, and it was to this temper of mind that he owed his success. He was never known to give offence to anybody. Religion which, at this time, was the test for office did not concern him in the least. Though an avowed Protestant, his religious sentiments did not even offend Mary, the Catholic queen. He was pensioned by Edward VI, and was Latin secretary to Edward, Mary and Elizabeth. Death overtook him in the year 1568, while still secretary to the queen. When Elizabeth heard of his death she exclaimed "I would rather have cast ten thousand pounds into the sea, than have lost my Ascham."

The chief works of Ascham, still extant, are "Troxophilus" and "The Scholemaster." The first of these, which was published in 1545, is a treatise on the practise of archery, in which the author was quite an adept. It was favorably received by all Englishmen, and especially by Edward, who, to show his appreciation, granted Ascham a pension. "The Scholemaster," a treatise on education, was published two years after his death by his widow. It is a work that shows the life and manners as well as the classical acumen of his time. It is one of the most interesting works on education, and as such deserves a careful study.

In the introduction, Ascham mentions the origin and the objects of the book. While dining with Sir William Cecil, the shrewd minister to Elizabeth, news was brought to them that several students had run away from Eton, where a most stringent system of discipline was in vogue. The conversation thus naturally drifted towards education and discipline. Ascham maintained that young people were more easily allured to study by kindness than by severity. One of the guests who had silently listened to the emphatic remarks, was so impressed thereby that he induced Ascham to reproduce his opinions on education in book-form. Thus originated the book on "The Scholemaster" or on "the plaine and perfite way of teachyng children." The book, however, exceeds this scope, since "the worke rose dailie higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginninge."

"The Scholemaster" is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of "the brynging up of youth," and the second "the ready way to the Latin tong." The principle underlying the first book is that gentleness is more effective than severity. "A childe shall take more profit of two fantes ientlie warned of, than of foure things, rightly hitt." The system of discipline was most stringent in all schools at this time. Flogging was carried on to a great excess. The author maintains that harsh schoolmasters "rather break a hard-witted scholar than bow him." The master should take into consideration the good will and disposition of a scholar, and punish and commend accordingly. "For this I knowe, not onlie by reading booke in my studie, but also by experiance of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the

best learned and best men also when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit, when they were young." The schoolhouse should be a sanctuary against fear.

It is not at all improbable that this work influenced educators in no small degree, and thus brought about a better system of discipline in all English schools.

The second part of the work is of special interest to students and teachers, as it treats of the methods of acquiring a knowledge of Latin. Ascham earnestly recommends double translation,—*mutatis mutandis*—that is, translation from Latin to English and then English to Latin. In this manner the student's "witte shall be new set on worke, his memorie, for sure reteyning, better exercised, his iudgement, for right choice, trewlie tried." "And here how much he hath protffied shall plainly appeare." He quotes a passage from Pliny to substantiate his method. *Utile in primis, ut multi præcipiunt, ex Græco in Latinum, et ex Latino vertere in Græcum; quo genere exercitationis, proprietas splendorque verborum, apta structura sententiarum, figmarum copia et explicandi vis colligitur.* Above all, he recommends the works of Cicero. The student should carefully read a chapter of one of the great classical works and then translate it into choice English. After this has been done the two versions should be compared, the grammatical errors and all inaccuracies pointed out. The master should not lose patience, but do everything with all possible kindness. The author is very confident that this method, if properly carried out, will prove successful. "And for speedy atteyning, I durst venture a good wager, if a scholar, in whom is aptness, lone, diligence and constancie, would but translate one litle booke in Tullie, as *De Senectute* with two Epistles, the first *ad Quint fra*, the other *ad Lentulum*, the last save one, in the first booke, that scholar should cum to a better knowledge in the Latin tong, than the most part do, that spend four or five yeares in tossing all the rules of Grammar in common schools."

Ascham recommends another method for students who are able to translate Latin with ease, although he considers this one method sufficient for all requirements. The teacher himself should write an English letter or composition on some ordinary subject, which

the student should then translate into Latin. The translation should then be corrected by the teacher who should generously commend the good points and gently point out the faults. Thus the student would become acquainted with common words and phrases which are used in ordinary conversation. Thus he will also find pleasure in his studies "and pleasure allureth love, love hath lust to labour, and labour alwayes obtaineth his purpose."

Modern scholars agree that this is one of the best possible means for acquiring an exact knowledge of a language.

The author then proceeds to examine some of the methods employed in the schools at his time. He begins with *Paraphrases*, by which he meant "not onlie to expresse at large with more wordes, but to striue and contend to translate the best Latin authors into other Latin words." He does not approve of this system, which, he says, is like turning good wine into sour, or pure gold and silver into copper and brass.

He then considers *Metaphrasis*, which he regards as "all one with *Paraphrasis*, saue it is out of verse, either into prose, or into some other kinde of meter, or else out of prose into verse." He allows that this is a good exercise for "wise heads" but not for young men who have not yet completely mastered the language. "This harme may sone cum thereby and namelie to young scholars, lesse, in seeking other wordes and new forme of sentences, they chance upon the worse; for which onlie cause Cicero thinketh this exercise not to be fit for yong men."

*Epitome*, which, he says, belongs, "rather to matter than to wordes, to memorie than to utterance," is likewise commended to the learned but not to young men.

The next method for learning Latin is *Imitatio*, which he defines as a "facultie to expresse linelie and perfitelie that example which ye go about to folow." All language, even the mother tongue, is acquired by imitation. "Whom ye onelie hear, of them ye onelie learn." The learned should practise this system, but it is not to be recommended to young students, "because they shall not be able to consider dulie thereof."

In the first part of "The Scholemaster," Ascham mentions *Declinatio*, but death overtook him before he

completed his work. Hence this last method was never treated.

In concluding the book, Ascham criticises both ancient and contemporary Latin writers. The principal difference between authors is best known *per diversa genera dicendi*. Hence he divides all writers into Poets, Historians, Philosophers and Orators. He criticises each of the representative authors of these *genera*. He incidentally expresses his disapproval of English verse and his preference for Latin and Greek versification.

Although Ascham was a classical scholar and loved the Latin tongue, still he loved the English more. "I write English matter, in the English language, for Englishmen." His ambition was "to think as wise men and to speak as the common people." He was, indeed, as Carlyle said "one of the freshest, truest spirits; a scholar and writer, yet a genuine man."

LEO L. MEYER, '99.



## MY HOME.

There is an old-fashioned and picturesque house in the city of Canton, Ohio, which I once called my home. Tradition tells us that, when built, some thirty or forty years ago, it was situated on the outskirts of a little settlement of struggling pioneers, but in the course of a few years, the little village grew into a thriving town, and the town into a prosperous and beautiful city; and, to-day, the venerable mansion of several generations stands on one of the principal streets of a famous city. It is situated on the east side of North Cleveland Avenue, one of the many broad and beautiful residence streets of my home city. It is substantially made of brick, with stone trimmings. It is surrounded by a soft green lawn; and several shade trees serve to enhance its outward beauty. Six or seven steps lead from the pavement to a porch, which, in summer and autumn, is enclosed by vines. The door which leads from this porch into the house is made of heavy oak, and in its centre is a large window; it is opened with a large key.

The interior of the house is quite as beautiful and interesting as its exterior. The parlor, which is entered first, is a spacious, high-ceiled apartment. At

the left side is a large old-fashioned fire-place, with the mantel-shelf above. The wood work is ivory white in the parlor and several other rooms of the house. The front windows are quite high. At the back of the house stands a long porch which is an extension of the roof.

There are many interesting things which this house might tell, and many changes which have taken place since it was built. I spent many a happy day there. I remember how I used to sit on the front porch, sheltered by the vines which were turning bright yellow, and red, and brown, on an autumn evening, and watch the sun go down in the west; and after it had sunk behind the houses, and all was dim and dark, the bright gold cross on the church steeple shone and glittered above the trees. As I look back in memory to the happy days spent in that house, and the loved ones whom I have left for a time, I picture to myself, again, that beautiful, vine-covered mansion, with its sloping roof, and red-brick walls, and smooth velvet lawn, and flower-bed; and whether I see it in the early dawn, when the sun is just lighting up the eastern sky, or in the dimness of twilight, when the sombre hues of night are enveloping it, and all around,—or if I gaze in admiration on it in the flood of a moonlight summer's night,—it is always beautiful to me, always a welcome thought, because “there's no place like home.”

JOHN F. A. MALLOY,  
Second Academic.



## THE MORALITY OF THE STOICS.

Man has an innate tendency to look to some final good, which he hopes to enjoy in another life, and thus he shapes his manner of living after some standard which tends to the attainment of this good. We, at the present day, enlightened as we are by the Word of God, have no doubt as to the existence of such a good, in fact few ever think that its non-existence might be possible; but when we read of the ancient Greeks striving to solve this great problem, we cannot but wonder at the mighty efforts they made to discover the means to this end, and the wonderful ideals they fol-

lowed. The opinions regarding the question were, of course, various, but all sprung from one common source,—philosophy; so that each gave rise to a different sect, or system of philosophy. In the choice of one of these systems the masses were not very particular. Even while they were busily engaged with politics, they turned eagerly to any teacher who professed to have explored the mysteries of life. But with the loss of their independence the Greeks turned with greater eagerness to philosophy, which promised a balm for depressed spirits. Consequently, the large gymnasiums were converted into lecture halls, in which vast multitudes assembled, but not through curiosity as is evident from the fact that these halls were likened to a “surgery, out of which one should go not with pleasure, but with pain.” Nor did the teachers aim at giving out high sounding language, but they endeavored rather to give men an idea of morality, by which they might be enabled to live happy. Philosophy, in its moral aspect, thus took the place of religion; it provided for man’s better nature, and taught man, as the Greeks said, to know himself.

As the followers of the different sects became more numerous, each teacher, or missionary, as he might be called, betook himself to a separate place or building. There was the Academy of Plato, the garden of Epicurus, and the Aristotelian Lyceum; the Stoics, however, held their lectures on the porch of the colonnade, called the Stoa Poikile, from which they derived their name. They sprang up about 320 B. C., under Zeno; and after his death, Cleanthes and Chrysippus were the chief promulgators of his principles.

Zeno began by laying down that reason is the essential element in man, and inferred from this that his well-being consisted in moral action, which alone constituted good. In all other systems good had been considered something that would satiate the desires, but with Zeno nothing outside of virtue was good; and virtue in its fulness is found in a right action (*rectum factum*). Good does not admit of different degrees, for a thing must be good on all sides to be such; of course, some things, as for instance, health and wealth, are conducive to good, but they have no distinct character of good, that is, as Cicero says “*indifferens cum aestimatione mediocri.*” According to the Stoics, it is folly to speak

of the existence of pleasure, unless pleasure be regarded as the feeling arising from the performance of virtuous action. And, since there was only one good, which consisted in virtue or morality (*honestum*), Zeno concluded that there must be only one evil, which was vice, for, said he, hardship, sickness and all other bodily disadvantages are not evils, and they cannot be so to one following a life of reason. And, like good, evil has no degrees, a principle which Horace says places the Stoics in difficulty when they come down to the bare truth, for

*Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantumden ut peccet idemque  
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,  
Et qui nocturnus sacra divum legerit.*

(Reason will never prove that he who steals cabbage from his neighbor's garden, commits as great a sin as he who is guilty of sacrilege.)

It may be fairly said that this absurd principle arose from a deep and delicate sense of the dignity and excellence of good, which was held so sacred that any offence against it was a crime of the gravest character. And, because their wise man did not transgress this good he was absolutely perfect; nothing ever troubled him, he was free from the passions, and could rise above the whims of fortune.

With such rigid views of good and evil in mind, very appropriately might the inhabitant of the tub go about with lantern in hand, in search of *a man*. The great fault is that the principles are, like the Greeks themselves, too speculative, and the range of good and of evil is too narrow, while that of things called "indifferent" extends over a broad expanse. If morality were the only good then the distinction between all other objects of value is destroyed. A few grave, thinking followers might adhere to such principles, but never a whole mass of busy people, who naturally abhor anything dialectic. Accordingly, an attempt was made to reconcile practice with theory, not by the Greeks themselves, but by the Romans, whose more practical spirit made Stoicism a system for the people. Panaetius of Rhodes was the first Stoic teacher to enter Rome. He dwelt entirely on the practical aspects of the system, and excluded all that was extravagant. With his advent into Rome, a marked change came over Roman education. Hitherto, a Roman youth of

talent attached himself to one of the great orators, but when the people became thoroughly grounded in Stoicism, such a young man turned to some Stoic moralist to receive counsel that might be of practical advantage in daily life. Among others who attached themselves to these moralists was Marcus Antonius, the noblest follower of Stoicism. What a great love he had for self-control, on which the Stoic continually harped, and what aversion he had for its opposite was nicely illustrated when someone asked him, what he should do if anyone despised him. His answer was simple and beautiful: "Let him look to it himself, I will look to this, that I be not discovered saying or doing anything worthy of contempt."

Thus, although there was much absurdity connected with the Stoic principles, still there was much that was noble in the true Stoic. His idea of virtue, as Cicero puts it, "*ea ars quæ stabilitatem, firmitatem, constantiam totius vitae complectitur,*" and an earnest endeavor to practise it, made Stoicism the most moral of the ancient systems. And it may seem strange, but it is true, that Stoicism was the most popular, although the principles of other sects appealed to the lower feelings of man, and offered him bodily advantage, while Stoicism on the contrary, required him to restrain his natural desires and to practise self-control. It taught him also to look upon duty as something sacred; in fact, in this respect the Stoic went to an extreme. He thought that it was inappropriate for him to remain living, if he were unable to perform the duties of his state, and so, through fear of losing his dignity by a longer life he had recourse to suicide. In this, as in all his principles, he went to an extreme, but nevertheless we must give him credit for having such a great love for man's better nature, and for his earnest endeavors to carry out his convictions.

J. A. M'VEAN, '99.



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## Editorials.

## Environment.

There are some parents who apparently underestimate the need and importance of good environment for their children; they are, to a certain extent, ignorant of the influences for good or evil which it imprints upon youthful minds and hearts. That environment is a powerful factor in the formation of character is quite evident to every thoughtful person, for the habits and actions of one's life are affected and tempered by it. The word, "Environment," signifies the surroundings in which one daily moves and acts. If parents would have good and dutiful children, they must procure for them suitable and congenial surroundings where those admirable qualities of mind and heart can

be developed untrammelled by aught. For, just as plants and animals demand certain conditions for their growth and development, in like manner do children require similar conditions for their true development. A seed planted amongst weeds will never sprout forth and blossom into a beautiful flower, nor will a child placed in uncongenial surroundings ever blossom forth into a true and upright citizen.

Good environment is an absolute necessity not only for the child, but for the adult as well, for many, indeed, are the lives that have been blighted and utterly ruined through want of it. This should be a matter of urgent concern for the Catholic student. Placed as he is in the best possible environment, he should ever remember its full import, and endeavor to profit of all the manifold advantages which flow from it.

J. A. G.

\* \* \*

### Organization.

Organization may be defined as a natural whole in which all the parts are mutually to each other means and end, or the union of certain individual persons or things into one body, with a view of attaining a particular object. In nature we have organization. The living body is entirely composed of organs and those themselves of other organs, and all the parts are mutually dependent on each other.

Organization is the surest way to success. In all walks of life,—commercial, political and social,—it is absolutely necessary for, from organization, numerous benefits are derived with which a man would not be blessed if he were acting merely according to the suggestions of his own mind, and carrying out his own ideas.

Man of himself is weak. In matters of great importance he cannot depend on his own mental or physical resources, but he requires the assistance of his fellow-men. Just as the union of an immense number of men is necessary to fight a battle and conquer an enemy, so, too, political or business affairs require the combination of the intellectual forces of many men. Now by organization we do not merely unite a body of men but we weld together their mental powers and, consequently, all these minds acting as one are capable

of producing more good than the intellect of one weak man.

A spirit of organization should be fostered by the young and to a greater extent by youthful students. They, especially, are weak as regards their physical abilities, nor are their minds so fully developed as those of older persons, and, therefore, they should not rely on their own strength in undertakings. In athletics we should not depend on the muscular powers of one or two men for the winning of a foot-ball battle or a base ball game, but we should organize and with our united forces, go forth and vanquish the enemy; and in other sports and amusements we should organize societies and associations for the welfare of the members and the happiness of all the students.

W. O. W.

♦ ♦ ♦

### Study of Grammar.

One of the principal subjects studied is Grammar. As time goes on, one finds out the absolute necessity of this study, particularly of the study of English Grammar.

Grammar should be studied by all who intend to become proficient in any language. It is indispensable. In order to read a book, as it should be read, a good knowledge of the fundamental parts of Grammar, strengthened by an abundant vocabulary, is required.

The two main channels by which the thoughts are conveyed from one person to another are writing and speaking. It is an unpardonable mistake, if the opportunity is given, for the present generation not to be able to speak and read the English language correctly.

In this age of literature and civilization, when science and art are receiving the closest attention from the world's brightest intellects, no one can afford to pass over this most important study of Grammar.

Many learned men have devoted their lives to the making and perfecting of Grammars, so that their posterity might be more enlightened in the use of their mother tongue.

The study of Grammar should be one of our cherished opportunities, since it is the primary part in every language, as the mind is of the human body.

When one undertakes to study a science, he must first content himself with learning the rudiments of that science. Just so for a good linguist; he must first have a clear knowledge of Grammar before he becomes master of any language.

As Lord Bacon in his essay on "Studies" says, "Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man;" so, too, the study of Grammar enables one to become perfect in a language.

There is an old saying, "What's worth doing, is worth doing well." Surely, to study a subject which will enable one to speak his own language well is worth doing, and, therefore, let us profit of every opportunity which presents itself to study Grammar.

D. O'HARE.



## EXCHANGES.

For the month of February we have received the following: "The Purple," "Fordham Monthly," "Erolith," "Weekly Bouquet," "Albey Student," "Indian Advocate," "Ave Maria," "Tamarack," "Spectator," "Kalamazoo Augustinian," "Cherry and White," "The Journal," "Beach Grove Oracle," "The Victorian," "Lake Breeze," "St. James' School Journal," "Normal Record," "Dial," "Advocate of Peace," "Our Boys' and Girls' Own," "St. Vincent's Journal," "Agnetian Monthly," "The Mount."

We welcome the appearance, for the first time, of the "Georgetown College Journal." We have at different times received copies of this excellent journal, but not in the way of exchanges. We will not attempt criticism on the first visit, but hope to receive it regularly hereafter.

The "Western University Courant" comes again after a very long absence, publication having been suspended for the greater part of last year. The number with which it renews publication, we are sorry to say, is a very feeble effort, possessing very little literary merit. However, as a certain amount of good will is shown, we may expect rapid improvement.

This would almost seem a month of reunions. Besides the two mentioned exchanges, we have received "St. Xavier's Monthly," "St. Joseph's Collegian," and "The Normal Record;" all of which had apparently neglected us for some time. We hope the "Villanova Monthly" and the "Niagara Index" will follow the example of these, and become constant visitors at our table."

J. F. ENRIGHT, '99.

## SENIOR BOARDERS.

The Seniors' study hall is still deprived of one of its old occupants in the person of P. A. Gillespie. His return is looked for with pleasure by the boys.

Our friend "Tim" is back once more, looking, and we presume, feeling better after his brief vacation.

"Joe" Murphy has taken up Latin and Greek. We wish him the same success, as he attained while a business student.

Now that the fine days are making their appearance, the hand-ball alley is becoming the rendezvous of many.

"Andy" Dugan is back with us once again. He thinks that the breeze on the "bluff" is better than a lake breeze.

The nearer the approach of the base ball season, the happier becomes "Bobby" Burns, our crack twirler.

The boys are commencing already to calculate the number of days between now and Easter.

Get together boys, and organize! The base ball season is fast approaching. "Organization is strength." Kindly read the editorial to that effect, if you have the time, in this issue of the BULLETIN.

D. O'H.



## DAY STUDENTS.

Some of the day students are of the opinion that the "roll" should not be taken up so regularly during Lent.

Kossler recently surprised all his classmates by telling them he could not get a Hor(a)ce in Pittsburg. He evidently is of the opinion that it is best "not to trouble trouble until trouble troubles him."

The Gerlach Brothers are a valuable addition to the orchestra.

Geary is very proud of his glove, which is a relic of the late war. He seems to think he is the Major himself since he has his glove.

"Senator" Finney is doing everything in his power to trim his hair in a style fitting to his rank. May success attend his efforts.

"Mike" Krupinski is anxiously awaiting the opening of the base ball season.

James Brady will probably represent the Senior Day Students on the diamond this year.

"Pat" Maher is, indeed, "a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor."



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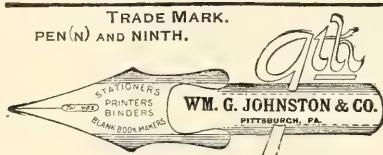
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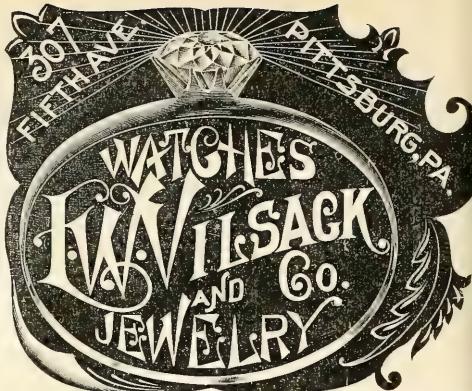
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

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## APRIL.

“Smiling Spring” brings with it, this year, a freshness that seems more invigorating than it has hitherto been, owing to the unpleasantness of the past winter. And there can scarcely be a class that welcomes this season with more delight than students do. It is a change from the constant poring over books to the occasional pleasures of the ball field. Now we are entering upon the sunny side of College life.

The students have been enjoying some free time during the past few weeks. The ever fortunate philosophers, however, were the only ones who were free on St. Thomas’ feast-day. The fact that the Holy Father had declared this a general holiday for Colleges was not known, and, consequently, those of the lower departments had their usual classes.

The base ball committee is at present busily engaged in arranging a schedule for the coming season. Mr. Comerford, the captain of next year’s foot-ball team, has been chosen manager, and owing to his experience in base ball circles, we feel confident that he will have a winning team on the field. W. O. Walker, our hero of the gridiron, will hold the position of captain; it is needless to say that he will do all in his power to make the season a successful one.

Lately we have had a change from the debates to Latin disputations. Although all are not able to follow the arguments, still all seem to take interest in the bold manner in which the philosophers go about their work. The latest question discussed was *De criterio veritatis*.

It has been much regretted by the students that they are not represented by a hockey team. The coming skating carnival, however, will be a good opportunity for showing what the red and blue is capable of doing on the ice. A special race has been arranged for

the Collegians, and as it is for the championship of the College, it ought to be an exciting one; and judging from the work done at the practices, fast time should be made.

Forty Hours' Devotion was held in the College Chapel during the first days of the present month. At the opening and closing exerciees the different sodalities took part in the procession.

Rev. Father McDermott has arrived safe from his home, and is again hard at work in the class room. He has our sincere sympathy in the bereavement of his mother, on account of whose illness he was called home. Solemn High Mass was offered up, in the College Chapel, for the repose of her soul; and the Rev. President, who knew the deceased personally, paid an excellent tribute to her. Father McDermott met with a very painful accident during his stay at home, being thrown from a jaunting car while out driving. Although he was not seriously hurt he was compelled to remain in a hospital for ten days.

We were favored with quite a musical treat during the past week. The Brass Band from St. Benedict's Church furnished music both vocal and instrumental, and besides a few sand jigs. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening and is anxious for another one of the kind. Father McDermott, who organized this band while he was acting as pastor at St. Benedict's Church, has reason to feel proud of the showing of the young men.

A dramatic society has been organized at the College; and the committee is preparing to put on Lord Lytton's famous drama, "Richelieu." Those who are to play the different characters have been already chosen, and it is to be hoped that the committee will meet with the success they expect.

The third term examinations will be held immediately after Easter vacation, and all are busily engaged in preparing for them.

At the Conference of the Catholic Colleges of the United States, which is to be held on April 12th and 13th, our Rev. President has been chosen to read one of the opening papers. The question will be "The Typical Catholic College: What Should It Teach and How."

J. A. M'V.

## EASTER MORNING.

Lovely dawns God's chosen morning  
Draped in purple and in gold,  
Strangely grand the mysteries of it  
By the passing breezes told.  
Gently o'er the drooping flowerets,  
Kissed by Heaven's own sweet dew  
Fall the risen Savior's shadow  
Blended in their crystal hue.

Wondrous fair earth's gold is shining,  
Shedding round enhancing light  
Where the hosts of Heaven whispered  
Through the still and darksome night,  
Where a mother's heart rests buried  
In her loved Son's sacred breast,  
In whose soul her memory treasured  
Keeps in love by grace impressed.

While the gently falling sunbeams  
Kiss with love that reverend grave,  
Sweetest, fairest dew-clad flowers  
All around their fragrance wave.  
O'er the spot where slept the Savior  
In death's dark and silent tomb,  
Sweetly sang the birds in sorrow  
Requiems of the dead world's doom.

Kindly there in fear and trembling  
While celestial spheres were stilled;  
Heaven's Lamb was laid in slumber  
Untold pity earth's heart thrilled.  
Fairy forms of silvery radiance,  
Death's slow, solemn watches kept,  
And the night's dark shadows falling  
O'er the loved tomb silent wept.

Sadly, oh ! how sad the picture  
Comes to mind of Friday eve.,  
Of a God on death's cross hanging,  
See Him there life's last sigh heave;  
Slowly, gently fall the blood drops  
From that gashed and beaten form,  
Pleading, crying with love's pity  
Spare thy children, passion's storm.

In those ruby life drops falling  
 Fascinating to the ground,  
 Shines the gem-lit grace of Heaven  
 To the virgins clustered 'round;  
 Gently on their spotless bosoms  
 Sacred blood soft dripping falls,  
 And Its stilly, soothing death-voice  
 To His home each loved one calls.

In the fair and rosy morning  
 Of the sun-kissed Eastertide  
 Rose the world's transfigured Savior  
 From the earth on which He died.  
 "In His risen light ascending,"  
 And His victory over sin,  
 His dire death's redeeming graces  
 Gave man God's life to win.

Early on the golden morning  
 When dear loved ones came to pray,  
 And entranced gaze on His rising,  
 Angel voice is heard to say.  
 Christ has risen ever glorious,  
 Darkness yieldeth unto light;  
 By His triumph over death's grasp  
 All are freed from Satan's spite.

Resting ever on His bosom,  
 Gazing on His wounded side,  
 Kissing back the ruby blood  
 That our sinful natures chide;  
 Basking ever in the sunlight  
 Of His own sweet gracious smile;  
 All is peace, kind love and gladness,  
 Sins ne'er more our hearts beguile.

J. L. BRADY, '99.



## HORACE'S VIEWS ON THE GREED OF MONEY.

*At bona pars hominum, decepta cupidine falsa  
 Nil satis est, inquit; quia tanti, quantum habe as, sis.*

A corruption of morals among the Roman people  
 and chiefly a desire of accumulating enormous wealth,

which was a predominating passion of every Roman, induced Horace to write his first satire. When the Roman Empire reached the highest point of its greatness, Romans by conquering other nations, and by confiscating and pillaging the properties of the conquered acquired great wealth.

In those days many even honorable Roman citizens became regular misers, whose ruling passion and chief object was to accumulate money as much as possible, hoping to find in it their pleasure and their ideal happiness.

The acquisition of money became so general in Rome that men were not valued according to their qualities, their education or genius, but according to the amount of money which they possessed. Therefore the doors to the highest society of Rome were open only for those who possessed enormous wealth. Against this irrational acquisition of money, Horace directed his first satire. In the beginning of it the poet exhibits man's dissatisfaction with his present position. And really how perfectly, how truly he presents the nature of man who is never satisfied and never can be satisfied with his present standing. For there is nothing in this world that is capable of giving man a perfect satisfaction or a perfect and real happiness. For the Almighty Creator prepared the human soul for a nobler and destined her for some higher purpose; therefore no power in this world can ever satisfy her craving.

Riches, as the poet affirms, do not give a perfect and real happiness, but on the contrary, a constant craving for riches renders a miser most unhappy upon this earth; the idea of losing his beloved object always tortures him and prevents him from ever becoming a happy man. Speaking of such a miser the poet said:

*An vigilare metu examinem, noctesque diesque Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos, Ne te compilent fuentes.*

In his satire Horace laughs at the foolishness of the miser's policy; he even asserts that a poor man is more content with his small fortune than the miser with his enormous wealth.

*Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum; Non tuuo  
hoc capiet venter plus ac meus.*

Moreover Horace represents a miser as a very ridiculous creature for whom a great amount of money is the ultimate end of his satisfaction, is his highest pleasure, is the attainment of those idols to which his soul aspires. The miser adores his accumulated wealth to such an extent that he looks upon it as something sacred, something inaccessible for him as the poet expresses:

*Congestis undique saccis  
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.*

The poet expresses his indignation and maintains that very often those who are continually seeking for more wealth, suffer for their foolish and insatiable cupidity. He relates as an example how foolish is such a man who, being thirsty, goes to the large river surrounded with many inconveniences and dangers, in which he may perish, instead of satisfying his thirst from a small fountain.

*Eo fit  
Plenior ut si quos delectet copia justo,  
Cum ripa simul avulsos ferat Anfidus acer:  
At qui tantuli eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo  
Turbatum haurit aquam neque vitam amittit in  
undis.*

Here Horace reveals the true nature of a miser, especially his fears of ever losing his fortune:

*Quod, si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.*

How truly, how vividly Horace exposes the terrible state of a miser who, forgetting all his duties towards the state, his relations and his friends, is entirely subdued by the prevalent passion, by his insatiable cupidity for acquiring money:

*Non uxor salvum te vult, non filius: omnes  
Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ.  
Miraris, quum tu argento post omnia ponas,  
Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem?*

The poet expresses his astonishment at the foolishness of the miser's conduct, he does not understand what real use, what pleasure can a miser derive from his enormous sums of money if he would never use them; lamenting over the pitiful condition of a miser the poet suggests to him a most reasonable and excel-

lent way for proper use and enjoyment of his money:

*Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius: adde,  
Quis humana sibi doleat natura negatis.*

Yet how wonderful is the nature of man; for even in our time, in the time when we are ascending the highest step of civilization, there can be found many misers quite similar to those of Horace's time. All the defects, all the irrational policies of the misers among the ancients, can rightly be attributed to the misers of our days. For, in our time, as in the days of the Roman republic, money is the predominating passion. This prevalent passion, this continual greed for money is the most bitter enemy of our progress. For, if a man's mind is entirely occupied with the desire of accumulating enormous wealth, he can never find time to occupy himself with arts and sciences, because these two things cannot go together, they can never coincide.

American parents are making a great mistake when they, like the Romans, instead of instructing their children in literature, arts and sciences, instead of giving them a free curriculum of liberal studies, teach first of all how to manage their property, how to count their money. Against this error, Horace, elsewhere, complains:

*Romani pueri longis rationibus assem  
Discunt in partes centum deducere.*

Lastly the poet, in order to raise the misers from their wretched state, to relieve their mind from burdensome cares, to render the miser's life more agreeable and happy, gives most reasonable and excellent advice:

*Denique sit finis querendi; quoque habeas plus,  
Pauperiem metuas nimis, et finire laborem  
Incipias, parto quod avebas.*

MICHAEL A. KRUPINSKI, '99.



## MY CRUCIFIX.

O sacred Cross! whereon my Saviour hung.  
    O cruel wood! yet priceless, precious tree.  
    O fatal beam! O cross of Calvary!  
'Twas Thou didst task the blood from God-man wrung,  
    'Twas Thou didst hear the song of derision sung,  
    When on Thy form in that dark hour of three  
The spotless Victim breathed his last for me,  
    His heart grief-stricken and with pierced lung.  
While many cursed the thorn-crowned Crucified,  
    Beneath Thy arms a weeping Mother stood,  
Above, her Son, her sweetest Jesus, died,  
    My Lord! the gracious Father of all good,  
The sacred Blood fast gushing from His Side,  
    Nestled in agony upon Thy wood.

WM. O. WALKER, '00.



## LEARNING IN IRELAND BEFORE ST. PATRICK.

The history of learning and civilization in Ireland before St. Patrick, or before the Christian era, is somewhat obscure, and is, for the most part, derived from foreign sources. Many opinions are exposed concerning the question of the learning of that early period, and even amongst educated men wide differences exist on this subject. The want of any clear or connected accounts is likely due to the fact that whatever learning did exist in Pagan Erin was the exclusive possession of certain classes who, in order to hold power over the people, sacredly guarded their learning and only transmitted it by tradition. The privileged classes embraced people known as Druids, Bards, and Brehons.

Cæsar, in the fourth book of his Gallic wars, gives us an insight into the manners and customs of the first class of these people. From his observations we learn that Druids, who were pagan priests and seers, had exclusive charge of public worship, and that they sometimes offered human sacrifices. Strange to say, we learn that their most sacred doctrine was the immortality of the soul, and this doctrine they were always

most anxious to instill into their disciples. The knowledge of this doctrine shows that the Druids had made certain advancement in philosophical study and moreover it facilitated the way to Christianity. The Druids required their disciples to undergo a course of instruction extending over a period of twenty years. Like most of the pagan nations the Druids worshiped the elements and swore their most terrible oaths by the Sun and the Wind. These people were very powerful in spells and charms, but their power was only for evil which would seem to indicate the interference of Satan rather than any religious power. The Druids at Tara foretold the coming to the island of one whom they called the shaven-crown, and although this was long before his arrival, it is commonly accepted that they meant to indicate St. Patrick himself.

We learn from the writings of St. Patrick that, although the Druids did not commit their doctrines to writing, they had some knowledge of Greek letters, as they had books when St. Patrick met them at Tara. To the religious practices of the Druids is attributed much of the superstition which exists in Ireland to the present day.

The second class of people that enjoyed the advantages of education were the Bards. These were chroniclers and poets. Here again we find in Erin a similarity with other ancient nations in that whatever little of her history has come down to the present day is in the form of poetry. This style of writing history lasted down to the tenth century. The title of Chief-poet or Doctor of Poetry was conferred on one who could compose the best extempore stanza on any subject proposed. The duty of the historic poet was to register the names and sing the deeds of renowned men of Erin. The oldest authentic poem of pre-Christian literature is the "Dialogue of the two Sages," written about the time of the birth of Christ. At this period Conor MacNessa was ruler of Ulster, and owing to his great friendship for the poets, learning greatly flourished in Erin. Ossian, son of Finn MacCumhail is styled Erin's greatest poet and the Homer of Gædhlic song. He flourished in the second century after the birth of Christ, and many poems which still exist are attributed to him.

We now come to the Brehons or the third privileged

class. These were like the bards to a certain extent. Their duty was to formulate judgments in brief rhymes. Until the reign of Conor Mac Nessa this office was open only to the poets, who preserved the legal formula with the greatest secrecy. During the reign of Conor the office was thrown open to anyone who could qualify himself for the position. Cormac Mac Art was the first to put in writing the legal maxims of the Brehons and may be regarded as the author of the first Code of Laws of Pagan Ireland.

The course of instruction pursued by these three classes of people was very long and admitted of various degrees of learning, the highest of which was always Doctor. We are told that the ordinary course lasted twelve years and each year's work was as carefully laid out as it is in modern colleges and universities.

The writings of Cormac Mac Art, one of the wisest and best of the ancient kings of Erin, give ample proof that there was much learning in Ireland before St. Patrick's time. Cormac ruled in Tara and came to the throne in the year A. D. 227. He instituted many reforms in the government for the benefit of the people, and during his reign Tara attained the height of her glory. Amongst the literary works attributed to him is a dialogue between him and his son and successor, Cairbre Lifeachair. Mac Geoghegan says, "This book contains as goodly precepts and moral documents as Cato or Aristotle did ever write." Another work attributed to Cormac is the "Saltaire of Tara," which is a compilation of the genealogies and successions of the Irish kings. After ruling for some time Cormac received a wound in battle which disqualified him from holding the sovereignty. His son succeeded him, and being inexperienced he found it necessary to consult with his father on all legal questions. This led to the writing of what is called the Book of Aicill from its being written by Cormac, at a place called Aicill, near Tara. This book contained all the leading maxims up to the time of Cormac. It proves, more than all other books, the existence of a great amount of literary culture in Ireland before the dawn of the Christian era. This work is still extant in the most archaic form of the Irish language.

Apart from the authenticity of the "Book of Aicill," it is highly improbable that Ireland had no knowledge

of the use of written language before the time of St. Patrick. We read in the "Agricola" of Tacitus of the invasion of Britain by the Romans in the first century of the Christian era. Through the influence of this invasion and occupation the Britons became imbued with Roman civilization and learned the use of writing. There was much intercourse, friendly and hostile, between the Irish and the Britons, and it is hardly probable that this intercourse existed without a knowledge of the use of letters being acquired by the Irish before the coming of St. Patrick. Tradition also tells us that Christianity existed in Ireland before St. Patrick. It is related that Cormac Mac Art died a Christian, in the year 267, and there must have been others also, for Cormac, when dying, requested that he be buried not in the pagan cemetery at Brugh, but at Rosmarae where he first believed. Nor were these Christians obscure. There is evidence that besides the pagan writers there were several celebrated Christian writers of Irish birth and parentage before the advent of St. Patrick. Notable amongst these were Sedulius, named the Christian Virgil, Caelestius and Pelagius.

Sedulius flourished, according to accounts in the Codices in the Vatican, between the years 423 and 450. He studied Latin in France and afterwards went to Italy in order to study philosophy. It is very probable that during his stay in Italy he was converted to Christianity and thus received the double treasure of faith and wisdom. Later he went to Greece and became a pupil of Macedonius, to whom he dedicated his writings. The chief work of Sedulius is his poem "Carmen Paschale," supposed to have been composed during his sojourn in Greece. His works were emphatically approved by Pope Gelasius, in the year 494, and immediately they became popular in all the monastic schools. Fortunatus, the author of the "Vexilla Regis" and the "Pange Lingua," ranks Sedulius with Ambrosius, Jerome and Augustine. Besides his "Carmen Paschale," the "Elegia" and "A Solis Ortus Cardine" are still extant. The Introit of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin and several other expressions in the Divine Office are borrowed from the Carmen Paschale of Sedulius.

There is much doubt as to whether Caelestius and Pelagius were of Irish parentage, and really the great-

est reason for assigning Ireland as their birth place is that there exists no evidence of their having been born elsewhere. It is certain, however, that they wrote and flourished in Ireland shortly before St. Patrick's time.

From this brief account we see that there was considerable learning in Ireland at a very early period, but we see also that it was confined to the very few and that the great mass of the people were uneducated. To enlighten these, to show them the way to Christianity by preaching the Gospel to them was St. Patrick's mission. How well he accomplished his mission is known to all. The entire island was converted to Christianity, and in spite of the most trying reverses the people preserve, to the present day, the same faith and the same love of learning which they received from St. Patrick, fifteen hundred years ago.

J. F. ENRIGHT, '99.



## ALUMNI.

Harry Anderson, '86, after having learned the banking business with his father, at Altoona, Pa., and afterwards having been connected many years with the electric plant of that city, has now entered on a larger sphere, being the Pittsburg representative of the Standard Supply and Equipment Co., of Philadelphia. He has his office at 108 Wood St., City. While at College, Harry gave bright promises of being a successful business man, and we cannot but congratulate him on his rapid rise and wish him every success in his new avocation.

W. Swift, '91, has entered the establishment of his father, on Fifth Avenue, known as the Swift Harness Co.

We extend our congratulations to F. Klein, '91, who has, we have heard, opened a jewelry store on Smithfield Street. The old boys will be welcomed in their occasional visits to Frank.

Rev. P. McDermott, in his recent trip to Ireland, visited the grave of F. Rausch, '91, and brought several souvenirs therefrom to his parents and relatives in Pittsburg. Mr. Rausch, it will be remembered, died a few years ago in Ireland, where he was performing the duties of Prefect, in Rockwell College. During his short career in Ireland he won the esteem of all who knew him, and it is said that the boys of Rockwell were greatly attached to him which is even now demonstrated by their frequent visits to his grave.

Among the leading business men of Sharpsburg, Pa., are found many of the old boys of the Bluff. The leading shoe store is controlled by Leo Wagner, and grocery stores are conducted by Casey, '85, A. Schramm, '85, and F. Jageman, '87.

The literary world has its charms for J. O'Donnell, who has been connected with the Pittsburg "Dispatch" for the last ten years. John has been steadily aspiring to promotion and now we find him city editor of the above paper.

T. A. WRENN.

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## Editorials.

## College Life.

To young people engaged in the outside world there can scarcely appear a more secluded and unpleasant life than that spent in the College. The walls surrounding such a place bring forth many a poor sigh from the passer-by, in sympathy for those unfortunate creatures temporarily cut off from the pleasures of the world. And it is with feelings of melancholy that the student views for the first time the peculiar surroundings of a College—those feelings which now show themselves under the guise of the blues, making the stranger think of happier days, and which sometimes lead to the scaling of the walls.

All this is due to the want of knowledge of real College life. A little taste is bitter. We must drink deep

to find such a life happy. It is only natural that one coming directly from home, where the kind attention of a mother is ever ready to look after and satisfy the wants of her boy, should at first find life in a College unpleasant. He is still "the whining school boy." And for him to come from the companionship of mothers, brothers and sisters, and to join with the inhabitants of a College, is one of the great changes of his life; and no other change is more trying whether for the boy who is attached to home pleasure or for him who spends his time on the street.

But the good of this life is proportionate to the trials one has to undergo in sacrificing pleasure. Of course it is only during the first few years spent in a College that one feels the loss of pleasures. Afterwards when a student can find real interest in his studies he has little desire for any other pleasure than that got from his books; and the companionship of his fellows is sufficient for him; in fact, the love of College companions is, after the love of kindred, most dear and lasting. Who that has been brought up in a College does not look back to old College days as the happiest of his life, and to "College chums" as the dearest of friends. For in the College, above all places, a young man is brought up in close contact with the various characters, and will naturally choose companions of his own disposition. He will also learn to observe the defects of others, and by this observation correct himself. This contact with different kinds of characters is the greater part of an education. It develops the noble qualities, and puts to shame the baser ones. It teaches a young man that he should live not for himself alone, but for the betterment of others. He must be friendly towards all around him in order to be happy himself, for thrown, as he is, upon his own resources he cannot be too egotistical, or he will be friendless. He must be more of the man than his brother out in the world, yielding his own will to that of others, when occasion may require, even to the sacrifice of some pleasure. Though this may be difficult, still it is this that makes the strong, self-confident and successful man in after-life.

J. A. M'V.



### Meeting of College Presidents.

We have learned that the Presidents of our Catholic Colleges have arranged for a joint assembly, to be held at Chicago, soon after Easter, to consider ways and means for the advancement of Catholic education in the United States. The Right Rev. Dr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, is to preside.

It is needless to say that such a gathering should be productive of inestimable good. For, although our Catholic Colleges have reached a standard of excellence of which they may be justly proud, we think a careful comparison of the various methods pursued at the different institutions of learning would be beneficial to the interests of higher education. At present, each college forms, so to speak, a world of its own. The methods employed, as well as the studies, are, at least in some degree, peculiar to each. One of the probable results, therefore, of this meeting will be a system of uniform studies and methods. It will also, no doubt, bring to light much good that has hitherto been "shut up under a bushel." But, above all, it should help to maintain the distinction between the College and the University, especially since the assembly is to be presided over by the Rector of the Catholic University. Dr. Conaty, while visiting our College, about two years ago, spoke very emphatically on the distinction between a college and a university. He rightly maintained that the college should not encroach upon the domain of the university, and that the university should not descend to the level of the college. Each has its distinct field, vast enough for the exercise of its intellectual energy. A slight glance at the curriculum of some of our colleges will show that this distinction has been lost sight of. Some colleges are teaching subjects that properly belong to the university, while other subjects which should be taught in the colleges are entirely neglected.

Let us hope that all the Catholic colleges will be represented at this assembly, and that all will give the meeting the careful attention and good will it requires, in behalf of higher Catholic education.

L. L. M.



### Consistency.

By consistency is meant the act of remaining or existing in a fixed and permanent state. When applied to character it means that the person who is said to possess it is always consistent, that is, all his actions are harmonious and in accord. Consistency of character has regard to the agreement of all actions which may be said to characterize the possessor. A man who has consistency of character will not do one thing to-day and do its direct opposite on another occasion. He will not preach one doctrine or standard and in practice adopt a contrary one; nor will the motive which controls his social life and influences his social actions be different from that which prompts him in his private or domestic life. To be consistent, a man must establish an absolute principle which will regard all his actions, and then he must follow out that line of action in every detail. In forming this principle one must endeavor to be guided by right reason and good common sense. For general conduct this principle of consistency must be the same for all men. It is only the stations or callings of men that require a change in this principle. For instance, it would not be consistent with the elevated and dignified conduct of a clergyman to engage in the ordinary pursuits of men. However as to this phase of the question there is comparatively little fear of error. It is only when we ask that our neighbor should be influenced by a motive different from that which influenced us. In such cases, upon examination it is found that self-interest was our motive, and our inconsistency consists in our asking that others should be unselfish, or that they put aside all self-seeking when we have not done likewise.

J. F. E.



### CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 8th, 1899.

Dear Rev. Father,

I write to inform you—although you must be already aware of the fact—that a member of your Order, Mr. Galette, was ordained in the old Seminary Chapel here yesterday—the feast of St.

Thomas Aquinas. Mr. Gallette, accompanied by Father Zielenbach, arrived at the Seminary from the Novitiate at Philadelphia, last Sunday evening. On the following morning he received Deaconship, and yesterday (Tuesday) morning was ordained priest by Bishop Curtis, of the Baltimore Diocese. The services, as you might expect, were very impressive. After they were completed, the newly ordained priests—for there were two others besides Father Gilette—were kept quite busy conferring their blessings on the vast body of seminarians and on a large number of their own friends and relatives, who had attended the services. After the breakfast which followed, I had an extended conversation with Father Galette, and our subject for the most part was the college in Pittsburg and the novitiate at Philadelphia. I received from him a most glowing account of the novitiate and of the former H. G. C. scholastics who are completing their studies there. At about noon yesterday both returned to Philadelphia.

Last evening witnessed the close of a series of lectures that were given in the seminary prayer-hall during the past few weeks. Dr. Spalding, a lecturer of no little note, has given us, in the order named, critical lectures on Tennyson, Robert Browning, and Newman as a Literary Man. The lecture on Tennyson was given some three weeks ago and was looked upon as a treat by all the seminarians. Dr. Spalding, in a very pleasing manner, pointed out the exquisite beauty that underlies the whole of Tennyson's poetry, and showed how his poems in their close approach to nature stamped their author as a finished and consummate artist. The lecture on Robert Browning lacked somewhat the vitality of the lecture on Tennyson, especially in the beginning. This I suppose was owing in great part to the nature of Browning's poems—their depth and conciseness. Towards the end of the lecture, however, the religious side of Browning's works was briefly reviewed, and this made the lecture much more interesting than it would otherwise have been. The end of the series came last night, when Dr. Spalding treated the subject, "Newman as a Literary Man." This single phase of Newman's broad career was handled in a very able manner by the lecturer, and was conceded by all to be his best effort. He dwelt extensively on Newman's masterly style and recommended it to his hearers for imitation. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons attended this final lecture, and after commanding Dr. Spalding on the efficient manner in which he extolled Newman's career as a Literary Man, himself recounted a few reminiscences of his visit to Cardinal Newman some twenty years ago.

With the near approach of Spring, I suppose great preparations are being made to have a strong base ball team to represent the College this year. If I remember rightly it was just about this time last year that the organization of the team was begun, and on Easter Monday the first game was played with W. U. P. I understood while I was at the College during my last vacation that some good material had entered the College lately, and that the prospects for a first-class team were very encouraging. I expect to find an account in the next issue of the BULLETIN, prophesying all manner of achievements for the base ball team of '99.

All the old H. G. C. boys studying here have returned after the winter vacation, and all seem greatly improved in health. The vacancy caused by the recent ordination of Father O'Donnell has been filled by another graduate of the College in the reappearance at the Seminary of Mr. James Quinn, of the class of '92. He, together with Messrs. Barry and O'Neil, will have completed their theological studies by next June. For myself, Seminary life becomes more agreeable every day. The theology we are seeing this term is very interesting and practical. "De Vera Ecclesia" is the subject treated in Dogma; and in Moral the tract "De Peccatis" is a marked improvement over the tract "De Actibus Humanis" of last term. My health continues to be good, and I am of the opinion that the regular life we are compelled to lead here in the seminary has done me a great deal of good in this respect.

With best wishes for your health, and kind regards to all my old acquaintance at the College, I remain, Reverend Father,

Your obedient servant,

MICHAEL A. McGAREY.



## EXCHANGES.

The "Mountaineer" may be always relied upon for at least one good, sound literary article. Unfortunately, however, it generally makes its appearance only five or six weeks after the BULLETIN has been issued. Thus the February number reached our Sanctum on the 8th of March, a week after our March number had been published. "The Scholastic Doctrine of the Origin of Ideas," in the January number, is an article that reflects credit on the writer as well as on the journal. "Marcus Tullius Cicero," in the February number, is treated in a masterly way. The writer is evidently acquainted with the matter of his subject. The poetical selections by our old comrade are most commendable.

We are delighted to receive again, after a very long absence, the "Salve Regina." The number before us presents a most interesting story entitled "A Woman of Purpose." We would like to see some articles of a higher literary character. The manner in which the material of the present number is handled gives evidence that the students are fully capable of attaining a much higher standard.

"God Anvil," the first page poem, in the "St. Joseph's Collegian," is an excellent piece and deserves great merit. However, the "Anon" at the end leaves us very much in doubt as to whether the Anon is a student or not. We could wish very much that college journals would exclude articles written by others than students. Remember, we do not say that this is not the work of a student, but we think the author should not be too backward to sign his own name.

In the "Stylus" for February three opinions are put forth regarding the question of whether the student is to study for honor or not. All three authors seem to have the same feelings, and

whether it is because they have no hopes of receiving medals and honors or not, we do not know. The writer with '99 after his name seems rather harsh in his opinions, but he redeemed himself towards the end of the article. The editorials in the current number are well selected.

Besides those mentioned, we have received the following for February: "Abbey Student," "Agnetian Monthly," "Ave Maria," "Carmelite Review," "Beech Grove Oracle," "Dial," "Fordham Monthly," "Little Messenger," "Loretto Magazine," "The Mount," "Mount St. Joseph's Collegian," "Purple," "Spectator," "S. V. C. Student," and for March: "The Ave Maria," and Carmelite Review."

J. F. ENRIGHT, '99.



## SENIOR BOARDERS.

The BULLETIN extends a hearty greeting to all who are to spend their Easter, and also to those who remain within the walls of the Alma Mater.

The study hall is still deprived of one of its old occupants in the person of P. A. Gillespie. We all hope to see him after the Easter vacation, looking well and much benefited by his short vacation.

Now that the beautiful days are once more at hand, the hand-ball courts are well patronized by the boys. "Walking," an exercise, so highly commended by our Rev. President as most necessary for the health, is much in vogue.

The presence of Brother Tertullian in the study as prefect, during the last month, was a source of great joy on the part of the boys.

William Walker and D. O'Hare are deeply interested in the works of the pride of all scholars, the great Horace.

John McVean welcomes with a sense of joy the coming Easter vacation, when he will leave the "Smoky City" to seek a quiet rest in his native city of Youngstown.

The base ball enthusiasts held a meeting in the library recently and it resulted in the election of Mr. W. O. Walker as captain, and Mr. P. Comerford as manager.

The college students are preparing a play to be held April 22nd. The management is under Rev. P. McDermott, who has always taken a great interest in matters like these.

"Tim" Staudt electrified the audience during the last month, at a Sunday night's concert by his great recital of "Shandon Bells."

All the boys are preparing diligently for the coming exams, which take place immediately after the vacation.

John McCaffrey was very busy the other day looking for some person.

"Whom are you looking for?" said a sympathizing friend to John, ready to aid him in his present difficulty.

Oh! I am trying to get Staudt.

D. O'HARE.



## DAY STUDENTS.

We were already beginning to rejoice at the appearance of another Spring poet. The boil was already visible, the hairs were almost the proper length, but—

Who takes the cake? Turnblaser.

McElligott is becoming a formidable rival of Killmeyer in the Hand Ball court.

'Jimmy,' known as the sanctimonious character, is looking for a pair of sandals. Some wash-line is also missing.

Kossler is again laid up with the grip.

Enright says "A fair exchange is no robbery."

Lamar is growing stout. The walk from the West End each day seems to agree with him.

John Bowes is the authority for the verb Duo, Dewey, Did them.

The orchestra is playing "Stars and Stripes" forever.

The key for the Sanctum was recently misplaced, but "My-key" went through the transom.

Jerusal-em comes to the College daily.

We thought Spring was here, but Frost again made his appearance.

"Karl," while gazing at the Irishmen on the 17th, was greatly annoyed by the inscription, "Erin go Bragh." One of the jovial sons of Erin, hearing the remark, explained the inscription, but in language that "Karl" will never forget.

Easter greeting for the students: "Examinations!"

L. L. M.



## MUSIC.

The College Orchestra and Military Band can always be relied upon to contribute their share to the success of the Sunday evening concerts. Both have improved considerably of late, and Rev. P. McDermott, on his return from Ireland, was greatly surprised at the advancement made during his absence, and since he is deeply interested in the welfare of the above organizations, he promised the young musicians a gala day in the near future.

The musical programmes of late have been of a rather high touch. The following pieces have been rendered, on different occasions, by the Orchestra: "Our Heroes" March, (Rev. J. Griffin, C. S. Sp.) "Le Fie de Potsdam" Overture, (Richard,) "Seben Come Leben," Characteristic Negro Medley, (Morris,) "Rifle

Regiment" March, (Sousa,) "Jolly Nights" Medley, (Byer,) "The Anvil Chorus," "Il Trovatore," (Verdi,) "America Up To Date," March, (Duss,) "Jolly Fellows" Waltz, (Volksted,) "National Airs" Medley, "Sounds from Erin" Waltzes, (Bennet.)

The latest composition of Rev. Fr. Griffin, the Director of Music of Pittsburg College, is meeting with great success in all quarters. It is entitled "Our Heroes" March, and has elicited the good opinions of the musical talent in and around Pittsburg. Mr. Quirk had it placed on the programme of the Alvin Theatre Orchestra, by whom it was rendered during the exhibition of the Sign of the Cross, and was very favorably received. Although originally written for the Piano, Father Griffin arranged it especially for the Orchestra, and the successful manner in which this was done was well attested by the compliments he received from some of the leading musicians. It is to be hoped that in the near future more like productions may be forthcoming from his pen and may they meet with equal success.

Success to the Boarders' Glee Club, which has been organized. In former years the Boarders' Glee Club always contributed greatly to the amusement of Sunday evening concerts, and the boarders of this year are desirous of upholding the record of their predecessors as has been shown by their efforts of late. So far they have made a very creditable appearance, and under the direction of Harry Brown, of the Senior Hall, we may expect still greater development in the near future.

Well! the dormant passion of McVean and O'Hare has been aroused at last and the music hall is now the rendezvous of all lovers of harmony. Give us more of the Mandolin, John.

The violin solos of Prof. C. B. Weis always elicit great applause. His execution of the masterpieces of the old authors is of no mean ability. Rev. Fr. Griffin played the piano accompaniment. Mr. Weis has charge of the musical programme for Easter Sunday, at St. Philomena's Church.

T. A. W.

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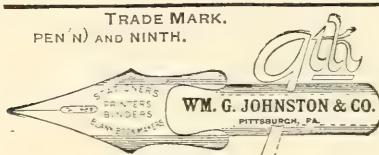
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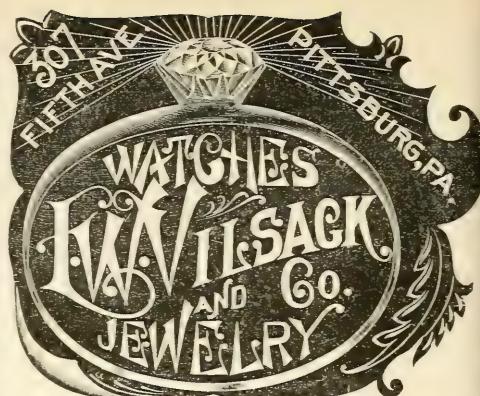
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

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No. 8

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## THIRD TERM.

THE results of the Third Term Examinations have been read, and a large number of Honor Certificates were distributed. The Rev. President took occasion, after the reading of the percentages, to speak on the work done at the Chicago Conference, by the delegates from the different Catholic Colleges. One measure that was suggested, and one which the Faculty of our College has found to be accompanied by good, practical results, was that the discipline to which students are subjected, should be less severe than it has hitherto been. This is especially pleasing to our President, who has always maintained that better results can be obtained by allowing students, as far as possible, to use their liberty.

THE skating contest, which took place in Duquesne Garden for the championship of the College, was won by Walter Dowling, with T. Mullen a close second, and T. Collins third.

REV. FATHER FITZGIBBON, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, gave a series of illustrated lectures on the life of our Blessed Lord at St. Benedict's Church during the last week of April. The Boarders and Scholastics attended one of these lectures and were highly pleased with it. All the old boys will remember Father Fitzgibbon as the elocution instructor of the College, some years ago.

THE play given by the Dramatic Society in the Avenue Theatre, was the most successful one in the history of the College, and it is considered by the public to be the best amateur production ever given in Pittsburg. All those who took part acquitted themselves so admirably that they simply surprised the audience, whose appreciation was manifested in loud and frequent applause. W. O. Walker's impersona-

tion of "Richelieu" was, indeed, far beyond what might be expected from a College student. With a little more experience, he will doubtless gain renown in this play. The other characters, notably "Bishop Joseph," were acted in the most pleasing manner. All are so elated over the success of the play that it is probable that it will be reproduced in the Alvin Theatre within the next two weeks. A detailed account of "Richelieu" will be found elsewhere in the BULLETIN.

THE music was furnished at the production of "Richelieu" by our own orchestra, and it contributed largely to the pleasantness of the evening. Mr. Weiss, the director of the orchestra, received congratulations from all sides for the manner in which he carried out the musical programme.

THE fine weather and the refreshing breezes of the Bluff have aroused the baseball spirit in the lovers of the game. The Campus is in perfect condition, and it has already been the scene of some good exhibitions. Thus far three games have been played. The first of the season, though one-sided, was replete with good plays by the College boys. The team from Pittsburg High School was the victim. Although defeated by a large score, they showed themselves a manly set of fellows; and it is with such teams that more games should be scheduled. What we want, and especially on our own grounds, are games of clean ball and not of the wrangling sort. The three games already played have been up to the standard in this respect. The second game was with England's Professionals, who succeeded in piling up the larger score, Manager Comerford has arranged an excellent schedule, and expects to win the majority of the games.

THE minor ball teams have organized, but have not yet played any regular games. The Second team, under the captaincy of Jos. Murphy, has been practising with the Varsity team, and Joe predicts a good season.

J. A. M'V.



## HORACE'S FATHER.

There can scarcely be a greater proof that a writer has impressed the minds of his readers than that they are eager to learn the facts of his life. But when an author has once been crowned with the approval of succeeding ages, his readers are no longer content with the history of his own life, but become interested in his entire lineage. His parents, especially, are heralded with almost the same enthusiasm as he himself. "For the glory of a man is from the honor of his father."

Scarcely anything is known of Horace's father, except that which is revealed to us in the works of his illustrious son. But, although these contain no data, nor anything definite about his father's life, they are sufficient to show us that he was a *man* in the true sense of the word, and that he lived in accordance with the maxims of Philosophy.

Born, as he was, in abject slavery, he bore the shackles unto his manhood. This alone was sufficient to brand him and all his descendants with disgrace in the eyes of the whole world. He was manumitted, however, before the birth of the poet.

*"Nunc ad me redeo, libertino patre natum  
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum."*

Though the Romans despised even the freedman, Horace was not ashamed of his low birth, but reveled in the fact that nobility does not lie in birth but in character. Throughout his works he speaks of his father with the greatest esteem and respect, thereby showing his filial piety.

*Nil me paenitet sanum patris hujus.*

As soon as Horace's father was released from the fetters that weighed down his limbs, he was entrusted with a position of *coactor*, a collector of public revenues. This position, though by no means lucrative, was sufficient for an honorable livelihood. By means of his industry and thrift, he was soon enabled to purchase a small tract of land near Venusia, on the banks of the modern Olfanto. It was here that the great Lyric poet was born. In this secluded, but picturesque terrace he spent his youth; here he became imbued with a love for nature, that characterises all his verses; here he

learnt to love the quiet country life, which he constantly praises in his poems.

*Beatus illi, qui procul negotiis  
Ut prisca gens mortalium  
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.*

Horace's father was a man of the highest natural culture, whose sole anxiety was the welfare of his only son. He was imbued with a natural spirit of justice and truth, and in his daily intercourse of domestic life, he impressed the docile mind of his son with the highest maxims of rectitude and morality. These precepts sank deep into the youthful mind and, doubtless, had a great influence in the formation of his character. The poet, himself, attributed everything good and noble, to which he could lay claim, to the influence of his father. Above all, he taught his son to despise riches.

*Danda est elebori, multo pars maxima avaris;  
Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.*

Horace's father had scarcely enjoyed any opportunities for education. It is doubtful whether he could even read. But this made him all the more determined to give his son the benefits of intellectual development. He felt, thereby, that he was providing an inheritance for his son that would be more useful to him, in after life, than if he were to hoard up all the treasures his industry could procure.

*Haec est  
Vita solutorum miscra ambitione gravique;  
His me consolor victurum suavius ac si  
Quaestor avus pater atque meus patrumque  
fuisset.*

He, evidently, was not so imprudent as many other men, who hoard up immense riches, they themselves, often even grudging the cost of their livelihood. But after they are dead, their children, who have not received the benefits of an education, spend the money freely, and then, when it is all spent, perhaps, curse their father for not having left more. Horace's father spent all his money for the education of his son. He left him nothing but his memory.

*Et extuctis in altum-  
Diritiis potietur heres.*

It is not known whether the father really discovered

the innate genius in his son and, therefore, resolved to fan the spark of celestial fire, or whether he sacrificed all his possessions merely through filial piety. But he gave his son an education far superior to that, to which he was entitled by rank. He felt thereby that, even if his son would be compelled to follow an humble pursuit, his education would be a solace to him throughout his life.

*Nec timuit sibi ne vitio quis verteret olim  
Si praeco parvas aut, ut fuit ipse, coactor  
Mercedes sequerer; neque ego essem questus.*

Horace's father carefully guarded over his son during the first twelve years of his life. Being himself a man of an irreproachable character, his son, naturally, inherited that noble temperament. He directed the attention of the youthful mind to the follies and vices that infected Roman society. Horace, himself, gives us a beautiful description of the method pursued by his father.

*Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque  
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset:  
"Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius utque  
Baius inops? Magnum documentum ne  
patriam rem  
Perdere quis velit." A turpi meretricis amore  
Cum deterreret: "Scetani dissimilis sis."  
Ne sequerer moechas, concessa cum venere uti  
Possem: "Deprehensi non bella est fama  
Treboni,"  
Aibat "Sapiens, virtatu quidque petitu  
Sic melius, causas reddit tibi; mi satis est, si  
Traditum ab antiquis morem servare tuamque,  
Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri  
Incolumem possum; simul ac duraverit aetas  
Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice."*

When Horace had reached his twelfth year, his father resolved to send him to Rome, instead of sending him to the common schools, as was the custom with men of his rank.

*(Pater) qui macro pauper agello,  
Noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere, magni  
Quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti,  
Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,  
Ibant octonos referentes Idibus aeris.*

He, therefore, accompanied his son to the Capitol and there provided the same facilities for his son, as were enjoyed by the children of knights and senators. He had him attend the lectures at the most famous schools. But he did not then leave him to combat with the stern realities of life, as so many other famous men of his rank were compelled to do. Not even did he give his son the slightest occasion to feel the distress of inferiority, while surrounded by men of the highest families of Rome, but even provided slaves to attend him.

*Sed puerum est ausus Roman portare, docendum  
Artes quas doceat quiris eques atque senator  
Semet prognatos. Vestem servasque sequentes  
In magno ut populo, si qui vidisset, arietia  
Ex re paeberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.*

But, as a good father, he was more solicitous about the moral development of the boy than of his intellectual. He saw the evil influences that surrounded young men at the Capitol and, therefore, decided to remain there with his son, to watch over him with solicitude and to guide him with paternal care. He accordingly, accompanied him to all the lectures, and never lost sight of him, who was so dear to his heart. In this way he not only kept his son free from vice, but, as Horace himself tells us, even from the slightest suspicion thereof.

*Insuerit pater optimus hoc me  
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quaeque notando.  
Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes  
Circum doctores aderat. Quid multa? Pudicum,  
Qui primus virtutis honos, servavit ab omni  
Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi.*

Horace was ever proud of his father, who, though of servile birth, enabled him to exclaim :

*Hoc ego commodius quam tu, praecclare senator,  
Milibus atque aliis vivo.*

He did not envy the sons of wealthy parents, nor those of noble blood, but gave thanks to the gods for having given him a father who possessed a noble character.

*Nam si natura juberet  
A certis annis aevum rem eare peractum*

*Atque alios legere ad fastum quoscunque parentes  
Optaret sibi quisque, meis contentus, honestos  
Fascibus et sellis nollem mihi sumere, demens  
Judicio volgi, sanus fortasse tuo, quod  
Nollem onus haud umquam solitus portare molestum.*

*Laus illi debetur et a me gratia major.*

The father of Horace felt instinctively, though he himself could not realize it, that there is no pleasure equal to that of the intellect, and that a wise man was more powerful than the most despotic sovereign.

*Sapiens uno minore est Jove, dives,  
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum.*

*Sapiens operis sic optimus omnis  
Est opifex solus, sic rex.*

Horace's father died while his son was still imbibing the deep draughts from the Pyerian Spring. But he departed from life with the satisfaction of having performed his duty, and that he would be gratefully remembered by his son, who, when yet in bloom of life, proclaimed :

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius  
Quod non imber edax, non quilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum.  
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei  
Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera  
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium  
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.  
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus  
Et qua pauper aequae Dumnus agrestium  
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens  
Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos  
Deduxisse modos.*

The monument foreseen by the poet, when he uttered those sublime words, which have since been verified, is also a grand monument to the self-sacrificing spirit of the father.

LEO L. MEYER, '99.



## GOVERNMENT.

From the earliest dawn of history, man has always found it necessary to be guided and ruled by constituted authority. From the beginning, he has recognized its necessity and its usefulness, and he has endeavored, by constant efforts, to supply it to society; and thus, at the present day, the majority of men are living in comparative peace, under just and wise rulers, and under laws which have been proved by past experience to be the best and most advantageous for them.

By Government is meant the authority and the power of those who are set up as rulers for the maintenance of peace, order, and happiness among men. It has for its chief ends and objects, the establishment and continuance of good order and harmonious relations between man and man, chiefly by means of laws, to which all are equally subject and which best forward the common welfare of its subjects. It punishes crimes, promotes education and social advancement, protects commerce and manufactures, provides for the sick, the aged and the needy, and regulates matters which concern the public morals, health and prosperity.

Government is absolutely necessary for men, for the protection of society in general, and for the temporal well-being of each individual. It need scarcely be said that many crimes are averted through fear of detection and punishment; and, on the other hand, untold good is effected by those who have the welfare of their people at heart. There are many other reasons too obvious for statement and too well-known for expression here, which show that government is indispensable to mankind.

Divine sanction has confirmed the rule and authority of Government. The mere fact that God has given His Ten Commandments and established a Church for the spiritual guidance of men, shows that a corresponding necessity exists in their temporal affairs. From the earliest records of history we learn that there were kings, who had great authority among their people; they were wise in legislation and prudent in the administration of justice. Their people lived in peace and prosperity. This is especially true of the Jewish

people, the chosen ones of God; and, it is remarkable that disobedience to the Law was often punished by God Himself with death.

All true Government is founded on the theory or axiom, that all authority comes from God; that rulers receive their power to govern from Him alone. This sacred principle should always guide those entrusted with the care of a nation or state, and they should never lose sight of it. Without it, rulers would forget the object of their office; human respect might prevail for a time, but it alone would not be a motive strong enough to keep them working for the welfare of their subjects.

The term Government does not entail or imply the idea of forced submission. To speak thus would be an insult and a dishonor to every well-regulated commonwealth. There are several great countries in the world to-day who employ force in a great measure for the maintenance of obedience to their oppressive laws. True government, by making the laws for the interest of its people, never finds it necessary to use compulsory measures to effect submission.

In all government there must be a head, a leader, who is above all others. He must not have absolute sway over his dependants, nor use his power to their disadvantage. He must be guided by the advice of faithful and judicious counsellors, who will coöperate with him in the government of the nation. They should represent the united opinions and desires of the whole people, and he should submit everything to their judgment and decision. All the principal countries of the world to-day are governed in this plan; in some, as in Germany, Italy and Austria, the emperor or king has greater power than in others, as in England and France. Our own beloved country possesses the most perfect form of government—namely, that of a republic, wherein the people, by choosing their own rulers, are sure to have the best laws and the legislation most favorable to their advancement and prosperity.

It is, therefore, the duty of every citizen to uphold and defend the government of his country, to be ever solicitous for its welfare by giving aid to those movements which will further its development, social, civil, and moral, and by withdrawing all support from what-

ever may appear dangerous to the interests of the state and nation. It is his duty to show respect and submission to law and to urge others to do the same. Lastly, it is the grand duty of every noble-minded citizen, if necessity require it, to march to battle under the waving flag, to fight for a just cause, and to die for his country!

It is his duty, and one of his greatest duties, when the last cloud of war is about to burst on the fair fields, and mountains, and lakes, and rivers and valleys of his native land, to use his greatest influence, his utmost endeavors, to avert the terrible scourge from the face of his country.

JOHN F. A. MALLOY,  
*Second Academic.*



## THE MUSIC OF THE OCEAN.

I have gazed upon the ocean  
 Where its foamy surges weep  
 And the music of its sighings  
 Echoes through its troubled sleep.  
 In the still and moon-lit silence  
 Of a fairy, Spring-time night,  
 I have hung upon its beatings  
 Shining fair 'neath Heaven's light.

Oh, the ever-trancing music  
 Of its ceaseless, rolling waves,  
 Bears the throbbing heart in silence  
 To a land beyond earth's graves;  
 While the grandeur of their voices  
 Falling still upon the ear,  
 Fills the thrilling soul with gladness  
 And the beating heart with fear.

Oh, 'tis sweet to lie and revel  
 In its soul-enchanting strains,  
 And hover there in spirit  
 O'er its fairy, crystal plains.  
 'Tis the soul's grand dream of Heaven  
 That is pictured in the mind,  
 While the heart in raptures buried  
 Fleets from earth upon the wind.

Yes, we love the gentle music  
 That oft fills our heart with tears,  
 And in spirit bears us backward  
 To our friends of youth's glad years:  
 To the happy, glad companions  
 That we knew in years of yore,  
 And we know them still, though sleeping  
 On death's dark and silent shore.

But the grand, sweet, solemn music  
 Borne upon the ocean's breast  
 Is as grand, and sweet, and solemn  
 As the music of the blest.  
 If the tremor of its beatings  
 Make the heart grow glad and still,  
 Oh, how must the strains of Heaven  
 Those fair, angel spirits thrill!

And our spirits rushing onward  
 To that joyous land of light,  
 Are transfigured in its shadows  
 Into fairy beings bright.  
 If the thrilling voice of oceans  
 So entrancing fills our heart,  
 How the rhapsodies of Heaven  
 Will consume our God-like part.

Oh, the surging, rushing waters  
 Thrill a fairy, golden song  
 Of a happy land of gladness  
 From earth's cares and sorrows long.  
 Oh, 'tis there I sleep in spirit  
 Borne upon the ocean's crest,  
 While its ever-pealing music  
 Soothes my soul to peace and rest!

J. L. BRADY, '99.



## THE SYLLOGISM.

In the process of reasoning, our mind arrives at the knowledge of truth in one of two ways. Either it descends from the universal to the particular truth, and this process is called syllogism, or, on the contrary from the examination of particular truths some uni-

versal law is inferred, and this is called induction. Commonly speaking, the term syllogism is applied to either process; thus we speak of deductive syllogism and of inductive syllogism. In this general sense, syllogism is defined as a mental process in which, certain facts being assumed, something else differing from these facts results in virtue of them. Here, however, we shall speak of syllogism in its narrower sense as applied to the process of the deduction of a singular from a more universal truth.

In this restricted sense, syllogism may be defined as an argumentation in which, from that which is laid down concerning some subject embraced in the extension of a more universal subject, it is concluded that the predicate of the more universal subject is or is not contained in that same particular subject. For example: "Every animal is sensitive. But man is an animal. Therefore, man is sensitive." Here, in the conclusion, we say that man is sensitive because we affirm in the antecedent that man is an animal and we have previously said that all animals are sensitive.

The syllogism is based on the principle, "*Dictum de omni: Dictum de nullo*," that is, that whatever is affirmed of a universal subject is affirmed of each and every particular subject embraced in the entire extension of the universal subject, and whatever is denied of the universal subject is denied of the singular subjects in like manner.

There is another consideration of the syllogism, however, and this is, perhaps, the most common in which abstraction is made of the universality or the extension of the primary proposition. It is based on the mathematical principle, "Two things equal to a third are equal to each other," and "Two things, one of which is equal to a third, but the other is not equal to the same third are not equal to each other."

In order to understand the syllogism it is necessary to know something of the terminology thereof. We speak of the major and the minor terms. The terms which are found in the conclusion are called the extremes and these are the two which are compared, in the antecedent, to the third or middle term. The predicate of the conclusion is the major extreme and the member of the antecedent which contains this extreme is called the major proposition. The minor extreme

is the subject of the conclusion and is also in the minor proposition.

Aristotle has laid down eight rules for the correct construction of the syllogism, and these rules are found to be so exact, that even to our own day the slightest change has not been made in them. Four of the eight rules of Aristotle are applied to the terms and the other four to the propositions which make up the syllogism. First, he lays down the rule that there must be neither more nor less than three terms, which he calls the major, minor and middle terms. These have been already explained; and the necessity for having three and only three terms is evident from the mathematical principle upon which the syllogism is based.

The second rule requires that the terms of the conclusion be not greater than they were in the premises, that is, that their extension be not greater. The violation of this rule also destroys the fundamental principle of the syllogism. Next, he required that the middle term should not appear in the conclusion, for the object of comparing two things with a third is not to establish their identity with the third but with each other. The last rule, concerning the terms, says that the middle term should be used at least once, distributively. The middle term, although the same in appearance, may have a different signification in each of the premises, and, in this case, there would be no comparison of the extremes with the third term and consequently there would be no syllogism.

The first rule with regard to the premises prohibits the use of two negative propositions. The reason for this is clear. If we compare two things with a third and fail to establish the identity of either with that third, we cannot say whether they are equal to each other or not. We learn from the second rule that from two affirmative premises a negative conclusion cannot be drawn. If we affirm the identity of both the major and the minor with the middle term, we must affirm their identity with each other. The third rule forbids the drawing of a conclusion from two particular premises. In order to have both particular either they would be both affirmative or one would be affirmative and the other negative. If they are both affirmative, then the middle term is taken twice in a particular sense and the fourth rule of the terms is

violated. If one of the premises is negative, one of the extremes is necessarily taken in a distributive sense in the conclusion and not in the premises, contrary to the second rule of the terms. The last rule says that the conclusion should always follow the weaker part. If one of the premises is negative, the conclusion should also be negative, for we have found that one extreme is identical with the middle term and the other is not; therefore, we must say that they are not identical with each other. These eight rules provide against every possible error in the construction of the syllogism.

According to the position of the middle term, the syllogism is divided into figures. Properly speaking, there are three figures. The first is when the middle term is subject in the major and predicate in the minor. The second figure has the middle term twice predicate, and the third figure has the middle term predicate in the major and subject in the minor. Some authors give a fourth figure in which the middle term is twice subject, but this is practically the same as the second figure. In order to draw a conclusion, correctly, from a syllogism in the first figure, it is necessary that the major be taken distributively and the minor must be affirmative. For the second figure the major proposition must be used distributively and the minor must be negative. A syllogism of the third figure must consist of an affirmative minor and a particular conclusion. Unless these laws are strictly observed, there will always be a violation of some one of the eight rules of Aristotle.

Besides the figures of syllogism the Scholastics have established what are called the modes. These are the different ways in which the premises of the syllogism may be arranged. Regardless of rules, there may be sixty-four combinations of the premises, but observing the eight rules of Aristotle and the laws for the three figures, the premises must be arranged in one of fourteen ways. Some of these combinations may be legitimate in one figure and illegitimate in another. For the first figure there are four legitimate modes; for the second, four, and for the third, six.

The first figure of the syllogism is the most important. Its major contains the conclusion and the minor shows that it contains it, hence the truth of the conclusion is at once evident. Since the truth of the conclusion is not so clear in the other figures it is some-

times necessary to reduce them to the first figure. Every legitimate syllogism of the second and third figures can be reduced to one of the four modes of the first figure. The Scholastics have coined words in which each of the principal letters has its own meaning and these indicate the manner in which the figures and modes are to be reduced. To the uninitiated these words would seem meaningless; and, indeed, the Scholastics have been subjected to much ridicule on account of them, but for one who has carefully examined into them they have meaning not only as a whole, but each single letter abounds in philosophy.

Having considered the nature, the figures and the modes of syllogism, we shall now take up the different species thereof. A syllogism, whose terms are strictly arranged in major, minor and conclusion form, and with strict adherence to figures and modes, is called a scholastic syllogism. If it is not made up in this dialectic form yet with all observance implied, it is called an oratorical syllogism, because it is the form of argument usually employed in oratory. Another division of the syllogism is into simple and composite. A simple syllogism is one which contains only one set of premises, and a composite contains several. A composite syllogism may be broken up into several simple syllogisms.

The remaining species of syllogism are disjunctive, conjunctive, and conditional, the enthyneme, epicherema, dilemma and zorites. The disjunctive syllogism is one whose major is a disjunctive proposition. The minor affirms or denies one or more of the members which are contained disjunctively in the subject of the major. The conclusion is an affirmation or negative of the members remaining not mentioned in the minor. The major of a conjunctive syllogism is a conjunctive proposition. The minor affirms one member and the conclusion denies the other. The conditional syllogism, as its name implies, contains a conditional proposition. The enthyneme or mutilated syllogism is one in which, for the sake of brevity, one of the premises is omitted. The epicherema is a causal syllogism, or one in which the cause of one of the premises is given. The dilemma is a syllogism in which there are two opposite conditions given, both of which lead to the same conclusion. Lastly, the zorites is a syllogism made up of several propositions so connected that the predicate of the preceding proposition becomes the subject of the subsequent, and the subject of the first and predicate of the last becomes the subject of the whole syllogism. With the observance of all rules each of these species of syllogism is legitimate.

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**Editorials.**

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**Genuineness in College Journalism.**

The object of all college journals should be to foster and develop a literary spirit among college students, to exercise them in original composition and criticism. Unfortunately, however, this object, though it stands out in relief on the title page of most of our journals, is most frequently lost sight of, and the journals are made to serve a more selfish end. They are filled with articles that would command the appreciation of every reader, if they had that one primary and most essential quality—genuineness—but as they are written by the alumni or even by members of the faculty, they are branded as a deception and fraud by all right-thinking readers. For, since they do not represent the work of the students, they can no longer be classed amongst college journals.

Genuineness should be valued above everything. For, as long as a journal represents the individual, unaided work of the students, it carries out the object of its existence. When once it transcends these bounds, it loses all its usefulness. Genuineness should, therefore, be the motto of every publication, the word that every writer should constantly keep before him.

Genuineness should be sought not only on account of the fear that its opposite might be detected, but for the love of honesty, the foundation of all morality. It is, indeed, difficult, almost impossible for a college to instill a love for honesty and truthfulness in the minds of the students, intrusted to her care, when the journal, the representative of the institution, which purposes to be the work of the students, often contains not a single line written by the students. Its pages are filled with articles from the pens of the professors or alumni, and yet it is sent out as the original work of the students. This, indeed, is an inconsistency the students cannot fail to detect.

We are the recipients of many college journals (if they can be so called) that give positive doubts as to their genuineness; others give absolute conviction of disingenuousness. We refrain from mentioning their names and from criticising them in our exchange column, for such we know, would cause an ill-feeling without accomplishing any good.

But there is another side to the question, one that concerns the student more directly, (for the former grievance is due to the faculty and not to the student.) It is the tendency to appropriate the material of others to one's own compositions. This also is a serious matter. For the purpose the student should have in view, should not so much be to produce learned articles as to learn the art of composition. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to the student to develop self-reliance, to exercise his own mind by careful, concentrated thought. There are, indeed, few things that have not been said or written before and it would, therefore, be unreasonable to expect a writer to discover everything he writes. For, as the great Lyric poet said :

*Publica materies privati juris crit, si  
Non circa rilem patulunque moraberis orbem,*

*Nec verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres, nec desilies imitator in artum.*

The writer should cultivate a taste for reading. He should carefully study the works of others, assimilate their facts and make them his own. The result will necessarily be an original mode of treatment and expression.

The editors of the BULLETIN, while they leave others to judge of the merits of their journal, are proud of the fact that it contains nothing but the original, unaided work of the students.

L. L. M.

♦♦ ♦♦ ♦♦

### Ambition.

Of the many passions that exercise a powerful influence upon the affairs of men and prompt them to action, there is none more remarkable than ambition. The word itself is derived from the Latin *ambire*, which means to go about in search of votes. In the days of the ancient Roman Republic, the citizens who were striving to gain public offices used to travel about in quest of votes, just as our politicians of to-day visit the different sections of their respective states, delivering so-called "stump speeches" to aid them in attaining the good will of the people at first and finally their ballots. It is to this custom and to the word which the Latins used to express it that we owe our English word "ambition." Although its present meaning is a wide deviation from the original, still it retains a vestige of its former significance. Ambition, in one acceptation of the word, is the eager desire of excelling in our pursuits, and in this signification it implies something that is most commendable within its proper limits. It implies an impulse that is innate in every great mind; a motive that must excite everyone who wishes to become great or renowned to strenuous and increasing action. Without ambition one could never rise to a position in life worthy of commendation. It is impossible for a man to become learned unless he possesses an ardent desire for learning. Where there is a will, a way can always be found; but when the will is wanting, it is useless to expect results.

Ambition, when possessed and cultivated in a moderate degree and within ready control of reason, is

a grand and noble incentive to action. The ambition that prompts one to strive for learning and wisdom is praiseworthy. The impulse that induces one to labor for the good and welfare of his fellow men in the legal and medical professions is, indeed, admirable, but the inward movement of the soul itself that exercises an influence upon the life and actions of man for which he, himself, is scarcely responsible, causing him to freely and gladly sacrifice all that is dear and pleasant to children of the world, represents ambition in its truest and sublimest type. It is in this state that its best and noblest promptings are truly felt and realized. It begins at the moment its strange influences are first felt and continues until the life work of its votary has been completed. Such is its nature, such its actions. It is continuous and unceasing. Its work is never adequately finished. It strives and labors to attain ever something that is beyond the circle of its embrace. And it is in this that its strange and incomprehensible beauty lies. Its longing is like the nature of the soul itself that yearns for joys and satiety that it is destined never to realize in a life where the only ends it can attain are finite.

The promptings and influences of ambition may, of course, be turned to bad use and employed in illegal proceedings as has been the case with some of the world's greatest men, such as Alexander the Great, Caesar, and Napoleon; but it is the exception rather than the rule. As a passion, left to itself, without any restraint being placed on it, it is certainly dangerous and often misleading. When practiced, however, according to the impulse that makes us love and work for the good of our fellow men it is undeniably productive of beneficial results. The good we accomplish for ourselves together with that we effect in common for our fellow men is the result of an ambition to raise society to a higher standard, and as such should receive the commendation and plaudits of all men.

J. L. B.

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### Honesty.

Of all the virtues that man can possess, honesty is the most noble and most brilliant. Honesty glorifies man, elevates him from a mere common state of ra-

tional animal up to a higher dignity. Truly, Pope calls an honest man :

“The noblest work of God,”

for, a man can not be truthful, just and pious without being honest. Honesty is the mother of all virtue; it is the foundation upon which justice and confidence are based. A man may lose, for a time, virtues like truthfulness, courage and perseverance, still there remains possibility for him to recover them. But honesty once lost can hardly be recovered.

Shakespeare thus speaks of an honest man :

“To be honest

Is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.”

Comparatively few men follow this most noble principle and can be called really honest. The struggling for sensual good and, above all, the desire of money, blind them, keeps them far away from the boundaries of honesty, deprives them of that happiness and pleasure which honesty gives, causes them to lose this most precious jewel so necessary for the happiness of life. For, honesty is the shining star which enlightens the mind of a man, showing his duty towards God, his country and his friends.

Honesty, therefore, should be a predominating virtue of every student; it should be his highest ideal, should be that state of perfection to which his soul should aspire; he should be honest in all his works and words. For, a man that deals honestly has always that greatest of earthly satisfactions, a clear and peaceful conscience. He can happily exclaim, at the end of his life honestly led, the words of Sir Henry Walton :

“How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another’s will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought  
And simple truth his utmost skill.”

M. A. K.

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### Parental Love.

God’s goodness has manifested itself in many ways, especially in giving us loving parents, who, intrusted as they are with our building up into manhood, try to carry out their divine mission.

What is a greater source of happiness in the heart of the youth than the feeling that he has a loving

father and mother to watch over and guide him in the true way, while vice and wickedness roam about seeking for the destruction of the immortal soul? The lights of truth and happiness shine under the paternal roof, where genial parents live in concord, and where all love is wrapped up in the welfare of their children.

This solemn and sublime mission given to our parents is a most responsible one, since it involves our future welfare as well as the enjoyment of our parents themselves. How great must have been the impulse of love and respect for a fond parent, which urged Horace, the great Latin scholar and author, to dedicate to his venerable and good father, one of his "Satires," a work of filial affection, great and unique among the ancients! What tender feelings touch the heart of the modern youth when he reads this perfect "Satire," dedicated to a parent, who, according to his lights, was carrying out this divine mission given by the Almighty.

During our childhood, when youth, ignorant of the many evils and wrongs of this world, strays from the true path into others less safe, the affectionate hearts of parents filled with love for the straying ones, lead them by the hand, as it were, in the direction of safety. What hours of anxious dread fill the hearts of fond parents, when their beloved ones are confined to the sick-chamber suffering from some malady! The youth, similar to a flower, which has come forth a perfect specimen of its kind from the hand of nature, is the sunshine of his parents' hearts, when, alas! comes a stinging blast in the form of sickness, and the flower slowly, but surely, loses its beauty and fragrance and bending over, becomes obedient to the author of all Nature—God! Then is manifested the true love between children and parents. The long hours of dread and fear for the recovery of the stricken one are like numerous arrows, which pierce the inmost parts of their hearts.

As this is the love of parents towards us, we should never forget our love and duty, which are expected in return, true sign of true sons. Obedience must be our strongest weapon, loyalty our glorious shield. Then the other traits of character, which go to make up the better man and woman, will follow in their wake.

## “RICHELIEU.”

The dramatic society of the College presented Bulwer Lytton's famous tragedy, “Richelieu,” at the Avenue Theatre, on the afternoon and evening of April 22nd. The cast of characters was as follows: Louis XIII, King, Mr. P. J. Comerford; Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Mr. F. Enright; Baradas, Favorite of the King, Mr. Leo A. McCaffrey; Cardinal, Duke de Richelieu, Mr. W. O. Walker; The Chevalier de Mauprat, Mr. F. A. Retka; The Sieur de Beringhen, Mr. D. J. O'Hare; Joseph, a Capuchin, Mr. Joseph M. Murphy; Huguet, Officer and Spy in Richelieu's service, Mr. M. J. Ryan; Francois, a Page to Richelieu, Master R. J. Couzins; Clermont, a Courtier, Mr. Hub. E. Gaynor; Captain of the Guard, Mr. H. S. Brown; Governor of the Bastile, Mr. C. L. Staudt; Gaoler in the Bastile, Mr. M. W. Flannigan; Nobles in attendance on the King, Mr. J. P. Murphy, Mr. T. A. Dunn; Gentlemen in attendance on Orleans, Mr. N. B. Klein, Mr. J. A. Chambers; First Secretary, Mr. Ch. J. Geary; Second Secretary, Mr. Ch. J. Cullinan; Pages, Masters T. G. Miller, B. A. Briggs, W. J. Dillard, Guards, Messrs. M. J. Condron, J. M. Maguire; Julie de Mortemar, an Orphan, (ward to Richelieu,) Mr. W. A. Wood; Marion de Lorme, confident of Orleans, Master F. X. Moody.

The play was a financial as well as a social success. Too much praise cannot be given to Rev. P. A. McDermott and Mr. Beaumont Smith, for it was owing to their untiring and self-sacrificing efforts that the play was successful. Mr. W. O. Walker, in the trying and difficult role of “Richelieu,” acquitted himself well, and clearly showed that he was a capable actor. Mr. Leo A. McCaffrey, as Baradas, displayed all the craft and cunning of a true conspirator. Mr. D. J. O'Hare and Mr. Joseph M. Murphy, as “Beringhen” and “Joseph,” respectively, drew forth frequent applause by their clever acting. Mr. W. A. Wood surprised his many friends by the perfect manner in which he played “Julie.” Mr. F. A. Retka and Master R. J. Couzins, as “Mauprat” and “Francois,” respectively, deserve special mention.

The music rendered by the College Orchestra was all that could be desired.



J. A. G.

## SENIOR BOARDERS.

Now, that the beautiful days are fast approaching, base ball is the chief sport of the boys, barring hand ball.

P. A. Gillespie is once again with us, looking much the better for his short vacation.

Base ball has put life into many of us. Even “Andy” Dugan is to be seen on the diamond.

The great question before the boys at the present time is, “How many days between now and commencement?”

The senior boarders showed up well in the recent examinations, many capturing first place in their respective classes.

Running is much in vogue among some of our fleetest sprinters. “Tom” Fahey gives us some fine exhibitions of this great sport.

The boys recently had the privilege of attending one of Father

Fitzgibbon's lectures. They were much pleased with the subject, and at the different views given by the aid of a stereopticon.

"Joe" Murphy, "Bishop Joseph," came out well in his Latin examinations. A very good thing for his profession.

John McVean, our representative in this year's graduating class, upheld our honor, as in recent events, by capturing first place in Latin, Greek and English.

D. O'H.



## DAY STUDENTS.

J. Huettle is now closely weighing the merits of the national "ball tossers." He will soon be prepared to wager on the winner of the Pennant.

"Gimmy dy hand ! We is de man !"

James Garrigan is becoming quite intimate with his royal highness, Jonny Ometry.

Little George Gast is rapidly becoming the leader of the Junior Day Students. He was at the head of his class at the recent examinations, and is now at the head of a base ball team that gives promises of a successful season.

"Who married Charles II?" "The squire."

Vincent Frost recently tried to prove that a flask filled with water, when taken to the top of a mountain thirty-six inches in height, will be three feet short.

"Senator" Finney thinks the United States Senate is a *Condito sine Quay non.*

Frank Maloney is deeply interested in Caesar and Xenophon and keeps steady company with the Muses.

Will Ryan is looking for the man who put a tack into the tire of his bicycle. Culprit beware !

One of the wise "sophs" would like to know whether a pail of water would become lighter if he put a stone into it. Try it man! Try it !

All Day Students who are owners of bicycles will hereafter be exempt from peddlers' licenses.

Lost, strayed or stolen ! a wig. Finder will please report to "Baradas," and receive liberal reward.

One of the Freshmen was heard to exclaim the other day: "Give me my Pope ! Give me my Pope !!" One of the Juniors quietly came along with "As You Like It."

L. L. M.



## ALUMNI.

Word has been received that Joseph J. Meyer, '96, will receive all the Minor Orders at St. Vincent's Seminary, Latrobe, Pa., the latter part of May. We enjoyed Joseph's short but pleasant visit recently.

Many of our old boys have turned their attention to real es-

tate. The Barr Brothers, who, during their stay at the College, won such renown for their Alma Mater in the athletic world, have opened a large real estate business, with offices *pro tem.* on Grant Street. Mr. Frank Lauinger is a member of the firm known as Haas & Lauinger, located on Fourth Avenue. Mr. Terrence Grealish, '97, is connected with and represents the S. A. Dickie firm of the East End.

Mr. Charles McLaughlin, '92, is in the employment of Jones & Co., the large coal shipping firm on Water Street.

Albert Dillon, '96, together with his cousin, are proprietors of a very enterprising grocery business in the East End. Ambition was a great characteristic of Albert, and his success was predicted for his future life.

Mr. F. McAninch, '89, and P. Sullivan, '89, are taking a special Latin course, preparatory to their law examinations. T. W.



## EXCHANGES.

The most scholarly exchange coming to our table is the "Catholic University Bulletin." The subjects treated in this Bulletin are always highly classical and of great literary merit, and the manner in which they are handled is worthy of great praise. The contributors to the "Bulletin" are too well known to need any mention here, and are amongst the most talented men of the day. Some of the subjects in the current number are "The Origin of Religion," "The Old Testament 'Song of Hannah,'" "Some Words about Chaucer," "The Study of Church History," and others equally commendable.

The "Tamarack" is, as usual, replete with interesting and well selected matter. "The Papal Policy" and "Spimoza's Pantheism," two very commendable articles, appear in the March number. These are well balanced by three poetical selections well worthy of mention.

"The End of a Romance," in the "Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian," is a very airy selection but nicely written. "My Revenge" is also a story of merit. However, most of the selections in the April number indicate a want of seriousness for a college paper.

An article entitled "Bismarck and the Kulturkampf," in the "Abbey Student," shows deep research into the life and history of that great statesman of Germany. The editorials in this number are up-to-date, but remarkable for their brevity.

The "St. Joseph's Collegian," for March, presents three nicely written poetical selections, entitled "Morning and Evening," "Flowers," and "Hope." The authors of the first two selections show their abilities for prose writing in this number also.

We follow with pleasure the interesting story, entitled "Hiram Todd's Summer School" in "St. Vincent's Journal," and anxiously await its conclusion. The representative of our brother college is perhaps the most welcome visitor to our sanctum.

Besides those mentioned, we have received the following for April. "Dial," "Lake Breeze," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Purple," "Mountaineer," and some few others. Notable among them is the "Aloysian," which continues to maintain its high standard.

J. F. E.

## List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

### THIRD TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

APRIL, 1899.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent. An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have got 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass, *i. e.*, obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

#### GRAMMAR CLASS.

\*BERNINGER CH. P.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship, Drawing.

D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic.

\*BRIGGS BERN. A.—P, Penmanship.

D, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.

\*CLOHESSY JOHN F.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

D, Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing.

\*CROFTON PERRY J.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

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 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping, German, Penmanship.

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 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

DUNN T. A.—P, Algebra.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Geology, Geometry, Arithmetic

ESCHMAN A. J.—P, History, Geography, Geology, French, German, Book-keeping.  
 D, Religion, English, Penmanship.

TANDRAJ W. J.—P, Greek, Geology, Geometry, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French, Book-keeping.  
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GEARY C. J.—P, German, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.

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\*HEHIR M. J.—P, Algebra.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Book-keeping, Geology, Arithmetic, Geometry, Penmanship.

HALLERAN C. P.—P, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, English, Geography, Algebra.

HAYES JOHN J.—P, Geology.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

JEROZEL F. J.—P, Geology, Algebra.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Geometry.

MAJESKI A. J.—P, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, English, Geology, Geometry.  
 D, Religion, Penmanship.

MALONEY F. A.—P, Geology, Algebra.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Geometry, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*TUREK L. C.—P, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Latin, Greek, Geology, Geometry.

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BROWN H. S.—P, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

BYRNES W. J.—P, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

COUZINS R. J.—P, English, Correspondence, Penmanship, German.  
 D, Religion.

DUGAN A. P.—Religion, Correspondence, Penmanship.

\*FAHEY T. J.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence.

\*FLANNIGAN M. W.—P, English, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping.

\*GAYNOR HUB. E.—P, Arithmetic, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping.

HUCKESTEIN EDW. J.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

\*KILKEARY JOSEPH—P, English, Commercial Law, Correspondence.  
 D, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

KLEIN N. B.—P, Religion, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.

KUBLER H. J.—P, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion.

\*LACKNER A. J.—P, Commercial Law.  
 D, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

MILLER F. C.—P, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

\*MULLEN T. J.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

MCCLANE W. J.—P, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, English.

MCAULIFFE R.—P, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion.

MCCABE J. J.—P, Commercial Law, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Arithmetic.

MC GUIRE J.—P, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

CLAUGHLIN J.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, English, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

ROEHRIG G. H.—P, Commercial Law, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D, Religion, Correspondence.

YAN J. W.—P, English, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D, Religion, Arithmetic, German.

TURNBLACER F.—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English, Arithmetic.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

EUTTEL JOHN J.—P, Church History, History, English, Algebra, German, French.

MURPHY JOHN P.—P, Church History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, History, English, German, French.

CNAMARA JOHN J.—P, Church History, History, English, German, French.

O'CONNOR PATRICK—P, Church History, English, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, French.

D, History, Algebra, German.

RILEY JAMES A.—P, Church History, English, Latin, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, History, Greek, Algebra, French, German.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

BAUMGARTNER JOSEPH A.—P, History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, Church History, German, French.

BRENT ALBERT S.—P, Latin, Greek.

D, Church History, History, English, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, French, German.

TROST VINCENT A.—P, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, Church History, History, English, French, German.

KILMEYER H. J.—P, Greek, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Algebra, German.

MC ELIGOTT WILLIAM J.—P, Latin, Greek.

D, Church History, History, English, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, German.

CHALZ, GEORGE J.—P, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy.

D, Church History, History, English, German, French.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

COLLINS T. J.—P, Philosophy, Trigonometry, German.

D, Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Chemistry.

AHER P. E.—P, Scripture, History, English, Greek, Philosophy, Chemistry.

D, Latin.

OSSLER A. M.—P, History, English, Latin, Philosophy, Chemistry.

D, Scripture.

HARE D.—P, History, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Chemistry.

D, Scripture, English, French.

## SENIOR CLASS.

\***BRADY JAMES L.**—P, Trigonometry.

D, Scripture, History, English, Latin, Philosophy, Chemistry.

**ENRIGHT J. F.**—P, Scripture, History, Greek, Chemistry.

D, English, Latin, Philosophy, French.

\***FINNEY C. D.**—D, Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Philosophy, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\***GARRIGAN J. A.**—P, Trigonometry.

D, Scripture, History, English; Latin, Greek, French, Philosophy, Chemistry.

\***HALABURDA J. F.**—P, Scripture, History, English, Trigonometry, Chemistry, French.

D, Latin, Philosophy.

\***KRUPINSKI M. A.**—P, History.

D, Scripture, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, German, French, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

**MEYER LEO A.**—P, Philosophy, Trigonometry.

D, Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek.

\***MCVEAN JOHN A.**—P, Scripture, History, Philosophy, Trigonometry. Chemistry.

\***RUDOLPH CHARLES I.**—P, History.

D, Scripture, English, French, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

\***WRENN THOMAS A.**—P, History, Philosophy, German, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

D, Scripture, English, Latin, Greek, French.



N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

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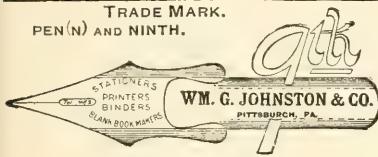
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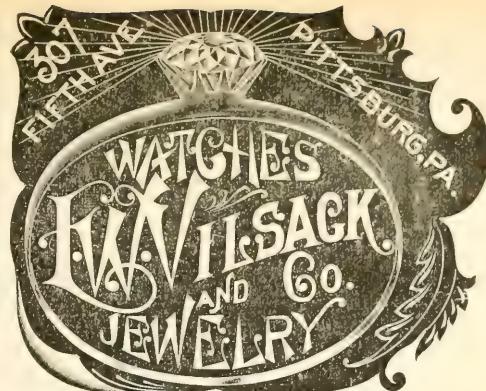
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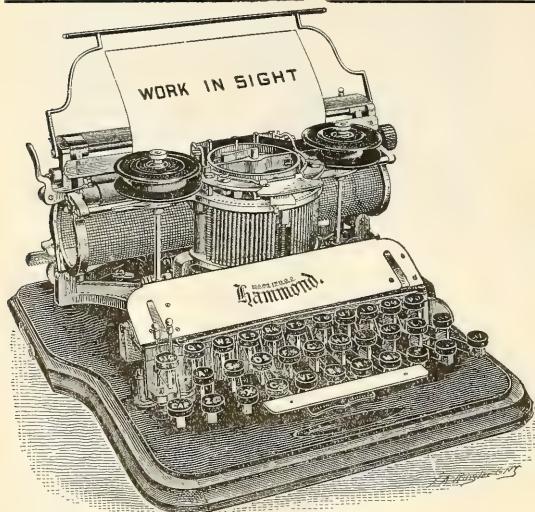
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V.      PITTSBURG, PA., JUNE, 1899.      No. 9

## JUNE.

THE end of the present year is nearly upon us. And it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that all are awaiting it; of joy at going to home and friends; of regret at leaving Alma Mater and companions. At present, the latter feeling, doubtless, has the greater influence on many. For, although during the year tedious class work makes the thought of vacation a dear one, still the farewell at the close makes one linger, and think only of the happiness of the past. Quite a number will leave our halls in June to take up business, or to continue their studies elsewhere.

EXTENSIVE preparations are being made for the College Commencement, which is to be held in the Bijou Theatre, on June 23rd. The programme of exercises will undoubtedly surpass any that has been exhibited in previous years, as the graduating classes—the Classical and the Business—are unusually large, and, consequently, every effort will be made to make the Commencement a great success. To add to the general programme, we shall have in addition to our own Right Rev. Bishop, the honor of the presence of the Very Rev. Mgr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, who will address the graduates.

A NOVENA to the Holy Ghost was made by all the students. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was held every evening. Besides this novena, the graduates, who are members of the Sodality of the Holy Ghost, made a special one, and in a body received Holy Communion on Pentecost Sunday.

ON the Feast of Pentecost, Messrs. John Murphy, Patrick O'Conner and James Reilly were received as titular Junior Scholastics, into the Congregation of the Holy Ghost.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the Class of '99, in cap and gown, will be taken, and will probably appear in the next issue of the BULLETIN.

THE Sunday evening concerts came to a close with the arrival of warm weather. From a general point of view, the concerts have been successful during the past year, and afforded a great deal of instruction and enjoyment during the cold weather, which would have otherwise been monotonous. In the arrangements for next year, many new measures have been suggested and will in all probability be carried into effect. The question of allowing the public from time to attend these concerts, has been settled. This is a move in the right direction. For, although it cannot be said that all those eloquent discourses and that sweet music waste themselves on desert air, still some are of the opinion that it is the mission of the Literary Society to raise the standard of taste among Pittsbnrgers in general, and on the Bluff in particular.

OUR orchestra very recently made its debut in Pittsburg circles, when it played at the entertainment given at the Sacred Heart school hall. Many others who heard musicians at the production of "Richelieu," have made endeavors to hear them on different occasions, but owing to various circumstances, it was impossible for them to respond.

Our Rev. President delivered the panegyric on the occasion of the month's mind of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson's death. A verbatim report of this panegyric appeared in the *Columbian*, and the *Rosary Magazine*, published by the Dominican Fathers, has the following notice of it :

"A glorious tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Watterson of Columbus, was the sermon delivered in the Columbus Cathedral by the Reverend John T. Murphy, President of the Holy Ghost College of Pittsburgh, on the occasion of the month's mind of the death of the Bishop. Strong, clear, earnest and built up of material such as only a ripe scholar could find and choose, it wore the stamp of the master hand, and was precisely of such kind as ever gladdened the heart of him whose virtues it was made to celebrate.

For upwards of an hour Dr. Murphy discoursed upon the high qualities which a true bishop should own and in a manner that carried conviction with it, he showed what all were eager to admit that Bishop Watterson's character was but the sum-total of these qualities."

## MAY MUSINGS.

Morning of Springtime that golden and bright  
Flodest the world like an ocean of light,  
Dressed in fair blossoms of fragrance and grace  
Teach us the beauty of purity's face.  
Blossoms of sweetness that look to the sky,  
Shadows of spirits that live but to die,  
Fill the bright visions of youth ere you part  
Fleeting in silence,—like joys from the heart.

Soul of sweet music that gladdens the breast,  
Soothing its beatings to stillness and rest,  
Reign with thy powers bestowed from above;  
Guide us in innocence, rule us with love.  
Fairst of mornings in radiance dressed,  
Bathing in sunlight the East and the West,  
Trancing the world with a vision of flowers,  
Gladden our heart throbs in life's darkest hours.

Children of May-time look up to the sky,  
See the fair gem that shines forth from on high;  
Gaze on its fairness, its lustre and might,  
Changing the clouds as they pass her to light.  
Gaze on the ocean whose silvery crest  
Seems like a haven of peace and sweet rest,  
Silent and still as the valley of death,  
Kissed by the fragrance of flowers' sweet breath.

Golden and fairy the Springtime of youth,  
Radiant its dawnings as glistenings of truth,  
Gently we glide through its fast fleeting years  
Down to the shore of age, trials, and fears.  
Thus when the flowers of Maytime have fled,  
All their bright foliage of dress 'round us shed,  
Sadly we dream of the sweet long ago  
Stamped on the flowers now drooping and low.

### "AS YOU LIKE IT."

"As You Like It" is the most delightful, charming and popular of Shakespeare's comedies. It is full of happy grace, bringing into prominence all the creative powers of the poetical wizard of whom Coleridge says: He was an "omnipresent Creativeness;" and, indeed, large as the expression may seem, we find that such he always was. Schlegel remarks that in this play "the poet seems to have aimed at showing that nothing is wanting to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint and restore both to their native liberty." In most of Shakespeare's plays the author represents scenes chiefly of actual life and character. In this production, however, he rather removes us from the world than carries us farther into it, but only with the intention of satisfying the desires of our nobler spirit. Accordingly, every line of the play abounds with such perfect beauty and harmony, and with such a natural yet dignified humanity that it at once pleases every faculty that is capable of grasping what is true to nature and what is lovely and sublime. The scenes are pleasing because they show us that which we might wish for rather than that which we have; what we look for rather than what we see.

A noble and benevolent prince is banished from his estate into exile by the perfidiousness and hatred of a false brother. But he does not go alone. His kindness and warm heart have won for him the confidence and love of his subjects, some of whom accompany him to his future abode. In the beautiful forest of Arden they find those pleasures and that happiness of life which are not to be found in the gay society of a Court. The daughter of the banished duke having been brought up from childhood with the only child of the usurping brother is restrained at the Court by her worthless uncle. But no sooner does he perceive that the young son of Sir Rowland de Bois, who was his bitterest foe, and his niece had fallen in love, than he heartlessly drives the innocent and tender maiden from his house. The usurper's daughter attached to her cousin by a deeper affection than the ties of home and kindred, resolves to leave her father and all else dear to her and follow the unfortunate outcast. They per-

HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

suade the clownish fool of the Court to accompany them on their travel, and having taken whatsoever may be needed by them, they go "in content to liberty and not to banishment." In their sisterly affection and in the jolly, good humor of their companion they seem to possess all the blessings that could possibly be desired in this world. The poor youth whom Cupid's dart had so painfully stung, at beholding the tender eyes of the fair Rosalind, on the occasion of his victory over the Duke's wrestler, fearing the treachery of a deceitful brother, also escapes, with an old, kind-hearted servant, to the forest where he soon finds an opportunity to disarm the foulness of his inhuman brother by saving his life at the imminent risk of his own. These are the characters who with the rural inhabitants of the country complete the happy group of the forest of Arden.

They are a "motley" crowd, yet all are full of happiness and content, for avarice, hatred, falsehood, jealousy and all the passions that are so base and degrading to society were left behind, and they brought with them simply the learning and good manners of the Court without its whimsical oddities and troubles. Nature itself is their home, and its beauties form their abodes. All are alike united in true friendship—those whom selfishness as well as those whom nature had disjoined. To "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world" is their sole occupation. Even the banished duke found the pastoral life far more pleasant than the luxuries of the court, thus expressing his noble sentiments:

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious Court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The season's difference as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
'This is no flattery; these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

“Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
I would not change it.”

The play is one vast picture of forests and farms, and surrounded by such picturesque scenery, influenced by such rural associations, and having for their only sustenance the fruits of their hunting expeditions, the characters present the loftiest conception of country life. The genius of the author makes us almost breathe the pure atmosphere and listen to the merry warbling of the birds and “the melodies of woods and winds and waters,” and feel how

“Happy is his grace  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.”

So peculiarly influencing is the spirit of the surrounding situations that its effect is even seen in the clownish companion of the princesses, whose wit and humor soon becomes characterized with that freshness of color and fragrance which seems to be the clothing of everything around. There is, perhaps, no poem in the English language that is so full of the finest and most delicate fragrance of the heart’s noblest passions, but in some of the characters we have a fragrance that springs rather from a crushed than a blooming flower, yet which, though it touches us with sadness, tends to teach us what is pure and good. The grandest picture to be found in all of Shakespeare’s works is that of the two princesses attached to each other with such mutual love and devotedness. It was this picture of two young and tender hearts sharing one another’s joys and sorrows, that filled the poet’s mind with such sublime thoughts and beautiful ideas. The loving words in which Celia tells her father how from childhood they have been as sisters,

“We still have slept together;  
Rose at an instant, learn’d, play’d, eat together,  
And wheresoever we went, like Juno’s swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable,”

makes us already feel that if Rosalind is banished her cousin will go with her. And with the sweet music of an angel’s voice fall from Celia’s lips the expression:

“Prithee, be cheerful; knowest thou not the duke  
Hath banish’d me, his daughter?  
No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one:  
Shall we be sunder’d? Shall we part, sweet girl ?

No; let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrow's pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

Friendship's closest bonds unite the exiled duke and his followers as well as the benevolent old servant, Adam, and his young master with the same attachment as that of the two cousins. Their actions and their dealings with each other in their peculiar situations all teach us what true love is capable of producing when the lovers are removed from the vices and corrupt follies of the world. In this representation the poet merely places before us what we have already seen, but with such truth and earnest simplicity does he disclose the powers of his imagination, that we look on the scene and wonder how it is that the things on which we have always been gazing were not visible before. It is, by no means, an easy task to distinguish which of the chief characters are foremost in respect of interest, but the two who seem mostly to attract our attention, since around them the plot centers, are Rosalind and Orlando. Strictly speaking the play, being merely a drama of character, has no hero or heroine, and though some critics seem to make Rosalind and Orlando appear to be such, the individuals are all of an equal. They are all represented as persons who have had their cherished hopes bitterly crushed and who take their fortune good naturally and with a kindly spirit. The plot, which, in a few words, consists in the separation of two lovers and their happy reunion, "windeth at its own sweet will." Everything turns naturally and as pleasantly as could be desired by those who wish to be pleased without too severely criticising. Shakespeare's true following of nature and his appeals to the sentiments enabled him to produce a play exhibiting such a perfection of his art as to make us imagine that we, too, are roaming in the valleys and on the plains of the forest of Arden.

His Orlando is a noble, young gentleman who, though no occasion for displaying his heroism affords itself, always acts as a hero. Great in mind and body—brave and amiable,—he is the very kind of a man whom all noble-hearted men would wish to have as

their companion. When told by the duke that though his father was esteemed honest by the world, nevertheless he still found him his enemy, Orlando nobly replies:

"I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son; and would not change that calling  
To be adopted heir to Frederick."

Though he had not the opportunities of one at court, still he was learned and filled with noble sentiments. His humblest servant was his dearest friend, and the solicitude which they had for one another presents the beautiful picture of

"The constant service of the antique world  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!"

And when old Adam has given Orlando the few hundred crowns that he had saved under the youth's father, and accompanied him to the forest, this model of an affectionate and grateful boy seeks nourishment through the entire place for the weary, old man, and having found it, he refuses to touch a bit till

"like a doe he finds the fawn  
Who after him hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love."

And again when the Duke seated at the table bade them welcome and tells Orlando to "set down his venerable burden and let him feed," the noble master showing how appreciative he was of the beneficence of the almost starved servant, exclaims, "I thank you most for him."

In Adam, Shakespeare gives us an ideal picture of the faithful, aged retainer, who, in return for the many kindnesses lavished upon him while in the employment of Sir Rowland's family, takes a deep interest in the youthful master and informs him of the treachery of his "unnatural brother." And when Orlando asks him whether he would have him go forth as a beggar on the common road, and adds that he would rather throw himself into the hands of his foul brother, Adam solicitously devises a plan and expresses himself thus:

"But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold.  
All this I give yon. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities."

Jacques, who has nothing to do but think and amuse himself, is one of Shakespeare's most unique characters. He is one of those easy going persons who know not for what end they were created. To him love and hatred are things unknown. He is a perfect model of a being who is simply useless yet absolutely harmless, trying to find knowledge by denying the rudiments thereof. The author's delineation of this character is undoubtedly his best piece of irony on affection.

Touchstone is the wittiest individual in all of Shakespeare's plays. He always occupies a position in which he can furnish an abundance of amusement for those around him. In taking for his spouse the homeliest wench that could be found, he gives us a clever burlesque on the very dignified actions of the other foresters.

But the most charming of all characters is that of Rosalind, possessing all the exquisite grace of a beautiful maiden with the art and talent of a lady of the Court. For wit, Shakespeare has made no other female character her equal, yet her wit is such as is neither stinging nor bitter, but which plays softly and sweetly on all things within its reach. Every word that this lovely creature utters has something of wit in it. In short, it seems "as if her very breath was manufactured into wit by some intellectual heaven-made perpetual motion; insomuch that we can scarce conceive but that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies." Her big heart is the source of all that is kind and loving, and the fruits that flow through its channels are bestowed on all alike. As regards her disguise when she went forth to the forest of Arden she seems to feel entirely at home in her as-

sumed manners, and she simply throws herself into the character of a young man with such vehemence as to deceive all with whom she comes in contact, since as she says:

"In my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblaues."

Indeed, one can hardly conceive how it was possible for her to conceal her disguise from Orlando, yet so sensitive was Shakespeare that he never allows Rosalind to forget that she is merely assuming a male character; and thus she deceives her lover till she has fully learnt the extent of his love.

The many beautiful tinges of grace that are given to this play cannot be described. In it Shakespeare seems simply to have thought of nature, and it came forth to him as if he was "her child, her playmate, her lover and her lord."

WM. O. WALKER, '00.



THE boy from the country could scarcely be more amused and delighted with the sights of the city than the Boarders and Scholastics were with those of the country on a recent outing. They had heard of the "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks," and on this occasion had the pleasure of enjoying them. But owing to the fact that sermons during the past year have been pretty frequent, all *stones* were avoided.



## IN VIRGINES DEO DEVOTAS.

Christus adest; dulcique suas vos nomine sponsas  
 Dicere Christus amat, sancto sibi foedere junctas.  
 Is procul a strepitu, fida statione quietam,  
 Insonten vobis tribuit traducere vitam;  
 Vos ibi, ceu septo fragrantia lilia campo,  
 Floretis, large donis coelestibus auctae.  
 Instruat insidias Satan, artesque malignas,  
 Terreat objecta dubias formidine mentes;  
 Praesens e coelo properat succurrere Jesus;  
 Ad pugnam trepidas divino robore firmat.  
 Tum vos Ipse novo ferventius ardet amore:  
 Intima recludit sacri penetralia Cordis,  
 Mira demulcens animos dulcedine.—Tandem  
 Emensas cursum feliciter atque fideles,  
 Dum jam mors instat, festivus et ore benigno:  
 Obvius occurrens, supremo munere donat:  
 E tristi exilio coelestibus inserit oris,  
 Aeternumque jubet divina luce bearri.

*Leo. P. P. XIII.*

## TO THE VIRGINS CONSECRATED TO GOD.

Lo! Christ is near; and with His name so sweet,  
 You, His betrothed spouses loves to greet,  
 Bids you afar from earthly strife to flee  
 To the abode of peace and purity;  
 There full adorned with heaven's gifts so rare,  
 To blossom forth as lilies gardened, fair.  
 Fell Satan may his wiles and snares construe,  
 And thus with fear our frail, weak minds imbue,  
 'Tis then that Jesus hastens with strength divine  
 To cause faint hearts in combat to outshine;  
 Love fresh and strong to you He doth impart;  
 He opes the secrets of His Sacred Heart;  
 And thus your souls with sweetest balm He fills—  
 His gifts supreme therein, at last, instills.  
 At death's approach He hastens with love aglow  
 To meet you and the guerdon to bestow,  
 From sad exile to heaven's shores to soar  
 With light divine to shine forevermore.

### THE ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE LEGISLATURE.

Governments have been instituted for no other purpose than to secure liberty and justice for all those who live under them. And as the Senate is one of the most vital and stable parts of our government, we cannot overestimate the value of it or the importance of a wise and judicious choice in the election of Senators, since the welfare and happiness of the entire community depend to a great extent upon the men chosen to act as Senators. Hence it is fitting that the Constitution of the Senate should be a matter of urgent concern to every true and loyal-minded citizen. The government of a State is not instituted for any special category of people, but for the whole people, the poor as well as the rich. The founders of the Republic realizing this, fully determined not to place too much power in the Executive, nor, on the other hand, too much in the people. And, consequently, it was decreed that the House of Representatives should be elected directly by the people, in proportion to the number of inhabitants in each State, and that the Senators should be chosen by the legislature. Be it said to the credit of those great statesmen, that it was only after diligent and searching inquiry that they adopted this method as the best suited for the Constitution of the Senate.

There are some, however, who maintain that the Senators elected from time to time are not the choice of the majority of the people, and that, therefore, they should be elected directly by the individual votes of the whole people. But such an objection as this has very little weight, when we consider that the men chosen by the legislators invariably hold high and responsible positions in their respective States, and that as a rule they have proved themselves by their doings to be worthy of our unbounded admiration and confidence.

Public opinion, it is true, owing chiefly to the late senatorial struggle at the State's Capitol, is in favor of electing Senators by voting *en masse*. But this would be the forerunner of anarchy and socialism, which would eventually destroy all our liberty.

A wise people never undertake to exercise any power that resides in them otherwise than by choosing a few men who will be directly responsible to them

for whatever they may do, and hence it is only natural that the people should have their representatives act for them in the election of Senators.

Again, some are inclined to believe that the Senate is composed of a rich body of men who have secured their positions by bribing the legislators. It is true that this does happen occasionally, but it happens equally in the State and municipal elections. Surely, therefore, the election of senators by the legislature is not the cause of this evil. This evil is apt to happen more frequently in the State and municipal elections, for in the election of a Senator the legislators vote openly, and thus the people can know whether their representatives have voted according to the wish of the community.

In many cases if there be an unfit person elected as a Senator, it is not on account of any defect in the system itself, but it is rather to be attributed to the State, or more properly speaking, to the community from whence he comes.

The experience of a century has proved beyond all doubt that the present system is the best possible for the election of our Senators.

We must ever remember that the people of a State have a right to express their choice through their representative, just as they do in the making of laws.

And finally there is neither reasonable nor plausible ground for wishing to change the present good system, a system which has given us such grand results in the past, and which is destined to give us even grander results in the future.

J. A. GARRIGAN, '99.



## OLD GERMAN CUSTOMS.

The standard by which our judgment and estimation of men, as well as of whole nations, is regulated is their character. But the formation of this character is greatly influenced by the customs with which one is surrounded from the earliest day of childhood, and which, in consequence of this, soon lose their strange appearance, so that they are perceivable only to strangers as peculiarities. Although the word "custom" itself includes the meaning of long duration, nevertheless

less it also is subject to change. These changes can have their cause in different things; some customs were suppressed by outward force, as, for instance, by invasions of hostile peoples in the time of the migration of peoples and by the great revolution of France in 1789; others vanished away by degrees imperceptible to the present, but nevertheless steadily, until they disappeared fully from the stage of the world's theatre as victims of the never resting progress of time; others, although not having been able to keep up to the proficiency of the human mind, have arranged themselves in accordance with the new course and are thus still existing, only, as it were, modernized and fashioned in their outward appearance. Thus it is often highly interesting to read about customs and manners as described by an author who lived many a century ago, and to compare his description with the present state of the same people.

Although many ancient descriptions of customs of different peoples have come down to our time, still there are only very few which treat about nations which have preserved their originality, so that we can rightly speak about them as being really the same as those treated of by the ancient authors. Assyria, Babylon, Syria, Phoenicia, Carthage and many other minor kingdoms, have ceased to exist since more than two thousand years; others, like Egypt, Persia and even classical Greece and Rome, have only the name of the ancient kingdoms from whose glory and lustre nothing else has remained than crumbling ruins. Other nations which have been described by classical authors have changed their original nationality and are at present populated by inhabitants different from their forefathers in customs and language. Thus Gaul, with its Celtic population, was conquered and subdued first by the Romans and afterward by the Franks and Burgundians, and this mixed population forms at present the state of France. Old Britain was still more subject to changes. After the subjugation of its Celtic population by Suetonius and Agricola it was a Roman province with Roman laws, colonists and customs. In 449 the first Angles and Saxons landed in Britain, establishing their government in a few years over the whole of England proper. They, in their turn, although only for twenty-five years, had to bend themselves under the

rule of Danish kings, until in 1066 Willam the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, by whom French customs and language were introduced into England, won crown and country for himself and his family. But while all these changes took place in the South and West of Europe, the Centre and North was inhabited by a strong people who, on the one side, toward the East, successfully resisted the westward-moving throngs of the Slavic and Tartaric race, and, on the other side, sent at the same time their surplus population toward the South and West, forming everywhere new kingdoms.

The Germanic people, whom the Romans, even when in the zenith of their power, tried in vain to subdue, have been described by several Roman writers; but neither Cæsar nor Pliny has done it with so much exactitude and detail as Tacitus, who has been believed by many of his critics to have served his military career in or near the boundaries of Germany. The object which Tacitus had in view while writing his treatise about Germany has been differently discussed, but none of his critics so far have pretended that the facts related therein did not fully correspond to truth. But, while studying the *Germania*, one cannot help but draw a comparison between its description of German customs and some customs of the same people which have survived all changes and influences of nearly two thousand years. These old customs, indeed, are only few in number, as it cannot be expected otherwise when one takes into consideration the long interval between the time of Tacitus, who died in 118 A. D. and our present time; and they are also dying out gradually, being unable to withstand any longer the rapid progress of our industrious times. Thus, for instance, we find in the ninth chapter of the *Germania* the description of the mode of worshiping the gods, for which they chose groves situated in the middle of the woods. This predilection for solitude in performing religious exercises is still found over the whole extent of Germany, and especially in those parts where the savage outrages of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, the so-called reformation, did not penetrate. Foreign travelers who visit Germany are often surprised by the novelty when, in the middle of a thick forest, far distant from any human habitation, they happen to find a little chapel, or a small *Bildstock*, that is, a pious picture or a statue

placed upon a short pillar, or in a hollow tree and protected against the influence of the weather by a primitive roof made of boards or sticks gathered in the woods. The country people never omit to say a short prayer before it when passing by, and on the Sundays of the fine season young people have the custom to take a walk to their humble sanctuary. After having performed a short devotioion they return home chatting and singing, combining thus the pleasure of a walk with pious devotion.

Another peculiarity of the Germans described by Tacitus and still prevailing in the northern part, the so-called Low-Germany, is the situation of their homes. The farms in this part are not united to villages as in the South and Centre, but are separated one from another; each stands in the middle of its fields; and although this custom is connected with many inconveniences in regard to social intercourse, still the inhabitants adhere to it, because their fathers lived on that spot, and, as their common saying is, they are the sons of their fathers.

The customs spoken of so far are, for the greater part, only proper to the rural population, but there is still one existing which, although not a laudable one, prevails among the so-called higher classes. The old Germans were known as the most warlike people, who, as Tacitus tells us in the fourteenth chapter of his *Germania*, not being content with the defense of their own and the attacking of foreign countries, offered their services for war to other nations. The same writer already in his *Agricola* related that the final overthrow of the Britains was especially due to the valor of the German auxiliaries, who brought the battle to close quarters and drove thereby the enemies to flight. Later on, in the decline of the Roman empire, the emperors were accustomed to take whole tribes into their service, who afterwards became so powerful that they overthrew the old regime and caused the origin of the present divisions of the European states.

This warlike spirit is still found both among the officers of the army and among civil officers, and also among the students of the universities. This class of people consideres it an indispensable duty of honor to wash away every offense with blood; the merest trifles, a sharply spoken word will suffice to cause the offended

person to send to his antagonist a challenge for a duel. Although this custom is against ecclesiastical law, as well as against civil law, yet it is considered a duty of honor by the parties engaged, and seems to have its patrons even among the highest nobility of the state.

These few examples are instances relating to peculiarities of the Germans which, even at our present time, strike the eye of every attentive observer. But when we take this nation as a whole and compare it with the description of the old Germans as given by Tacitus, we find at the first glance that indeed both correspond in their general character, with the only difference which naturally accompanies the change from barbarism to civilization. During the course of the past centuries foreign elements have tried to overrun Germany and to change the character of its inhabitants, but always without any lasting result. The French renaissance which during the sixteenth, seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century established its rule over almost every country of Europe, and left more or less everywhere its traces, seemed for a short time to attain a certain supremacy over Germany; but in reality it affected only parts of the higher classes, and was entirely unable to penetrate to the hearths of the multitude, and on that account it soon vanished. After the conquest of Napoleon in the beginning of our present century the ancient character of the German people buoyed up again from the suppression of foreign fashions and foreign customs, and brought forth as its golden fruit a regenerated literature which was free from all imitations of others and which spreads out rigorously its branches up to our present time.

C. X. RUDOLPH, '99.



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## Editorials.

### The Peace Conference.

We are certainly in the midst of a wonderful age. The gloomy clouds of war have not yet subsided when tidings of universal peace and disarmament pierce the darkness. The sounds of shot and shell still re-echo on one horizon, while the dove of peace hovers on the other.

The conference being held at The Hague in behalf of universal peace is attracting no little attention. Representatives from thirty governments have assembled to promote a better international feeling; to inculcate the idea that war is a barbarous and irrational means of redress; to induce all nations to settle all their disputes by arbitration, and for this purpose to establish a permanent tribunal to which all differences might be referred and thereby adjusted.

Universal peace and arbitration are certainly the ideals of every Christian nation, as well as of every individual. It would, therefore, be a fitting close to this, the nineteenth century, if these ideals could be made real, or, in other words, if we could be assured that nations would never again resort to the force of arms. But ardent as is the desire for such a condition, equally great is the fear that it will never, or at least not for some time to come, be realized. War has been the arbiter of nations almost since the beginning of the world. Even to-day, while representatives from all nations are assembled in behalf of peace and arbitration, hostilities are still carried on, even by nations actually represented at the conference. Extensive preparations are still being made for war. Even in the realm of the Czar, to whose initiative the joint assembly is due, the army and navy are not yet abolished, but are still being improved. As long as this state of affairs prevails, as long as the cannons are in readiness and thousands of troops await the command to fire, the people will not be persuaded that peace is nobler than war.

Public opinion, at a moment of sudden excitement, appeals to the arbitrament of war, for it is too weak to refer grievances to the mediation of neutral powers. It is led by a false idea of honor and glory. Our own country affords the best instance of this. The minds of our people, after the destruction of the *Maine*, were aroused to such a state that they were deaf to all entreaties for an amicable adjustment and consequently plunged into the mad orgies of war.

Arbitration among nations is as it is among individuals. When one knows that his cause is right and that he can gain more by a peaceable settlement he 'll favor that method, but if he thinks he can win re by brute force he will resort to force of arms.

But in spite of all these difficulties which impede the purpose of this conference it is more than probable that it will be productive of some good. It will undoubtedly help to spread the principles which its members are advocating, and thus, at least, in some degree, diminish the evils of war. This will perhaps gradually influence common sentiment and thus make possible the ideal state—peace and arbitration—for subsequent ages.

### Baseball.

The poor support that our professional as well as our amateur Baseball teams have received so far this season, would lead us to believe that the national game is becoming more and more unpopular every day. Whether this be the reason, or whether our Baseball cranks are too deeply absorbed in their business affairs to take an interest in the game, it is certain that during the past season our teams have not been sufficiently supported to keep them on the field. Perhaps the college man's game—Football—has so deeply aroused the spirit of our lovers of sport that they care no more for such a tame play as Baseball. Football has, it is true, taken first place in the line of college sports, because it is far more interesting and exciting, and in it alone are found occasions to display the heroism and loyalty of a college student. Yet, though Football has taken such a deep root in the hearts of all lovers of athletic sports, nevertheless they should remember that Baseball is a national game, and that it deserves to be supported as well as Football. Indeed, if the weather would permit it, I know our young warriors would prefer fighting on a gridiron than on a diamond, but we cannot play Football during these summer months, and the only game that can possibly be taken up in which the athletic standard of our Alma Mater is sustained is that of Baseball. Our friends should, therefore, remember that the maintenance of a good ball team is necessary to brighten the prospects of a good army for the gridiron. We must make use of some sport for developing our young athletes as well as for sustaining the reputation of the teams that have so nobly worn the red and blue. If we receive no financial support during these months, a debt will remain to be paid in the fall, and thus we would be unable to make any headway in Football. But if we have a good Baseball season; if we succeed in equalling the excellent records made in past years, and, above all, if we are free from all debts, we can safely begin the next Football season with assurances of success, both in financial matters and in the winning of games. For this we need support, and we ask it both of students and friends.

### Some Uses for Surplus Wealth.

We are slowly but surely learning that all is not well in America. It is a well known fact that in the best of times workmen receive but poor remuneration for their toil. There are vast armies of men whose very bones and sinews actually melt away before the furnace fires of our mills and factories, and these toil-worn men do not receive enough wages to live comfortably and happily. Their lives are spent amid hardship and privation, and worn out by unremitting toil. Often while yet in manhood's prime they are compelled to retire in shattered health and with broken-down constitutions to the haunts of poverty and despair. And this sad spectacle is increasing from day to day. On the one side we are confronted by shining heaps of gold, on the other we are brought face to face with destitution and want.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn"

But it should not be thus. The majority of the upstarts who have suddenly become rich owing to the high tariff laws, or by some other happening live lives of seeming ease and contentment, utterly indifferent to the sad condition of the workmen. These upstarts are continually striving to keep others from bettering their condition in life. The noble suggestion which Horace makes for the use of money is spurned by them.

*"Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? Quare  
Templa ruunt antiqua deum? Cur, improbe, carue  
Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?"*

There should not be such an abuse of riches; there should also be a more equal distribution of profits. Those who have amassed large fortunes would do well to pay back to the poverty-stricken workman with interest what they have received from the latter. Those who have a surplus of the goods of this world would confer a great benefit upon humanity by ameliorating the condition of the poor working classes, by saving the honest workman from the pangs of hunger in his old age, by training the fatherless and motherless in knowledge and industry.

J. A. G.



### Improvement of Memory.

“Man,” as Sophocles remarks, “is the most wonderful creature.” God in creating man distinguished him from all other creatures and made him king of all the realms of the earthly creation by endowing him with that celestial gift, a spiritual and immortal soul.

Among the many faculties of our soul, memory performs a very important function since it is that retentive faculty which has a power to retain all that has ever presented to it by the external or internal senses, by our intellect or imagination. Memory is a faithful custodian of our greatest treasury, for it is a guardian of our accumulated store of knowledge; as an obedient and faithful servant it brings forth to the imagination, by the request of intellect and will, all those ideas which it had previously received through the aid of the senses and of the inward faculties of our soul. The function of the memory is so important that without its aid our intellect can not by itself alone perform its duty. A child, which first perceives, distinguishes and realizes objects through the aid of its external senses, stores at the same time its mind with new and strange ideas of those objects which it had first perceived; then in later years memory performs its function by bringing back those ideas to the imagination. Hence it is evident that the improvement and development of memory must be the essential and important duty of every educated man. For, a man, no matter how great genius he may possess or how intellectually developed he may be, cannot without proper development of memory become a deep thinker, an eloquent orator or a great writer; in fact, he can never become famous in arts and sciences, because memory and imagination, although being two distinct faculties of our soul, co-operate with one another, and one cannot perform its proper functions without the aid of the other.

Our memory can be improved and developed, not only in the bloomy days of our youth but also in the time of our manhood. It can be improved by studying and memorizing every day a few lines of standard poetry, and then by psychological recollection and reflection of all those studies, which a person has pursued during the day. This habit of psychological reflection and contemplation wonderfully strengthens

our memory and at the same time vivifies and develops our imagination. Developing our memory in such way we can expect to receive as a reward for our labors a well-developed, unfailing memory on which we can depend in the hour of need.

M. A. K.



## DAY STUDENTS.

Harry Smith is opposed to the removal of the "Hump," and says he will pass bills to that effect.

Who is the Day Student who forgot to get a season ticket? He ought to get what the tickets get (punched).

The Philosophers are making good use of their philosophies.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the day students of the Senior Class are musically inclined. At present the audience is extremely exclusive, only the chosen few being permitted to witness the entertainments. The orchestral accompaniment consists of a "Grand" piano, a bass drum and cymbals. There are other instruments in the hall, but they are usually under lock and key, and no one has courage enough to break the glass. The vocalists whose voices resound on these occasions are wonderful exponents of their art. Mr. Meyer sings woefully, Mr. Garrigan, awfully, Mr. Brady, terribly, Mr. Finney, dreadfully, and Mr. Krupinski, horribly, and all under the miserable leadership of Mr. John Enright. The programme is usually as follows: Song, "Wearing of the Green," by Mr. Krupinski, accompaniment, "Die Wacht Am Rhein," by Mr. Meyer. This is followed by Mr. Brady's "Just A Little Slow," with the accompaniment of "The Chariot Race," by Mr. Enright. "She Was Bred In Old Kentucky," by Mr. Garrigan, and "Down in Dixie," by Mr. C. Dennis Finney, complete the programme.

"Major" Gearey intends to rest on the laurels of the recent war, during the next vacation. "O wonderful wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!"

August Kossler has taken a week's vacation on account of the marriage of his brother.

Mr. Brennan is afraid of the threatened Barber Trust.

"Senator" Finney is now catching flies for recreation. He has abandoned all the honors of the senatorial field.

Turnblaser never brought back that cake.

"Tom" Shannon is becoming a close student of Botany and of Socialism. It is needless to say, however, that "Tom" does not endorse all the theories of Herr Most.

How's corn down there now, Oesterle?

W. McLane is the star pitcher of the second team.

Michael Krupinski is the symbol for Iodine.

## SENIOR BOARDERS.

A "date" that will taste sweet to all,—June 23rd.

The "business course" has some "witty" persons among its members. The boarders are well represented amongst them. These "Bill" Nyes are sure to make their mark some day, if some one doesn't make a "target" of them.

What's the matter down stairs? Voice: Oh, Carlo and Dash just had a set-to and they are Stillwagen at each other.

A "professor" on the fourth floor, speaking to a student who was indulging in some unnecessary talk, said What's up! What's up! The student, a business scholar, very wittily exclaimed, "The Business Course!"

The seventh age of Man, according to Shakespeare, is fully exemplified in our laughing "Tim" Staudt. For further particulars, consult "As you like it."

P. A. Gillespie thinks that "executive" business is very hard on the "constitution." By the way, he is a very good sleight of hand performer, especially with "quarters."

William Walker takes to Horace like a fly to fly-paper. Never mind, "Will," "there are others."

A handsome statue of our Lord, supported on a beautiful pedestal, adorns the Seniors' Study. It is the work of our sculptor—Brother Ammon.

"Stoudt" slides down into the cellar very much of late. He is looking for a razor around the baking department.

"Joe" Murphy takes a deep interest in base ball, especially when the "Bostons" win a game. I wonder why!

"Tom" Mullen is working very hard for the coming exams. These final tests mean much to "Tom," and he still thinks that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

After a few weeks, John McVean will leave his dear "Alma Mater" in person but not in spirit. His years of college life spent here will long remain, when he is gaining new laurels in other quarters.

"Murty" Flannigan, one of the shining "stars" of our Business Course, is working very diligently for the coming examinations, which are to decide his fate.

Two students going to Mt. Washington—

Junior Boarder: Let's go up the en-Klein. (incline.)

Senior Boarder: No, I would rather Walker. (walk her.)

## ATHLETICS.

### THE 'VARSITY BASE BALL TEAM.

At the beginning of the base ball season, the prospects for a good team were not very bright. The loss of our favorite twirler, Burns, was a sad shock for all, but to our great surprise, the material from which we had to choose our 'Varsity team contained several promising young men, who, with training and constant practice, were developed into a sturdy lot of players. From the candidates, the following players were chosen to represent the College on the diamond: Pitchers, Gapin and O'Toole; Catcher, Curran; Short Stop, Minton; First Base, Pfeifer; Second Base, McNichol; Third Base, King; Left Field, McVean; Middle Field, Kane; Right Field, T. Hanlon.

Though the team has succeeded in winning only four games of the ten which they have played, nevertheless the creditable showing that they have made against some of the best professional teams would, by some persons, be almost considered as victories. To lose a thirteen inning game to the strong West Virginia team, who came here after making an excellent record with the Eastern University teams, was, by no means, a disgrace, nor was the loss of the second game at Homestead, the score of which was 2-3.

On the whole, all the members of the team have been playing a gilt-edged article of ball. Gapin, especially, has won renown as a pitcher. In the three successive games with Rochester, Homestead and D. C. & A. C., he allowed his opponents but twelve hits, a record which any twirler can be proud of. Curran, who played third base on the 'Varsity last season, has won the admiration of all base ball enthusiasts by his clever work behind the bat. King, on third, and Pfeifer, on first, have both distinguished themselves by their fielding and batting. J. Hanlon, on second, has done some very clever work in the few games in which he participated. Minton, at short stop, has likewise creditably covered his ground. The left field is ably covered by McVean, as brilliant a fielder as ever wore a College uniform, while centre and right field are well taken care of by Kane and T. Hanlon.

Too much cannot be said of the batting of the team. Several of the players are still weak at the stick, and such should avail themselves of every opportunity to strengthen their efforts in this particular line of work.

Following is the team's record thus far: Pittsburg High School, 3, 'Varsity, 15; New Castle, 12, 'Varsity, 2; Homestead, L. A. C., 18, 'Varsity, 3; Beham A. C., 3, 'Varsity, 27; Washington & Jefferson, 7, 'Varsity, 4; West Virginia University, 14, 'Varsity, 13; Rochester A. C., 0, 'Varsity, 10; Homestead L. A. C., 3, 'Varsity, 2; D. C. & A. C., 5, 'Varsity, 0; Typos, A. C., 2, 'Varsity, 22.

### THE RESERVES.

The Reserve Team has been more successful in the winning of games, at least, than the 'Varsity. Of the five games played by them, three have resulted in victories. The team is composed of the following players: Captain Mullen, McLane, W. Ryan,

Murphy, Davin, Flannigan, Gillespie, J. Ryan, Hagan and Roeber. Mullen has very proficiently discharged his duties as captain, besides playing a good game both at and behind the bat. McLane's pitching has been of the highest order, while his stick work was far above the usual batting average of a pitcher. W. Ryan, on first, has surprised his friends by his fast fielding and accurate throwing. His home-run drives were often responsible for winning games. Davin, at short stop, and Hogan, on second, have covered their positions very satisfactorily. Flannigan's work at third was occasionally of the sensational kind. Right and middle field were ably covered by Ryan and Gillespie, but the brilliant all-around playing, the dumb-founded catches and the heavy hitting of Murphy, who took care of the lawn, was the particular feature of the team's work so far.

The Reserves record is as follows: American A. C. 10, Reserves 6; Pittsburg Academy 14, Reserves 7; South Side High School 4, Reserves 9; Softies 7, Reserves 27; Pittsburg Academy 11, Reserves 13.

#### THE JUNIORS.

The record of the Third Team is one of which the Juniors may well be proud. They have played five games and the success that crowned their efforts in every case was due to their team work. The confidence which they displayed in very trying positions was alone sufficient to win a game.

Capt. Couzins always led his team to victory. His playing at the initial bag was of the cleverest kind. Wm. O'Connor and Harry Brown worked together as pitcher and catcher in National League style. But it was not merely in the box that Wm. O'Connor distinguished himself. Occasionally W. McLane was on the rubber and O'Connor was given a chance to display his fielding abilities at short stop. C. Cullinan played a good game at second but he was particularly strong at the bat. At third base Sidney Brent was a sure fielder, an accurate thrower and a very speedy base runner. The out-field was in charge of Geo. McLane, F. Miller and John O'Hare all of whom deserve great praise for their coolness and all-round good work.

Their record: S. S. Juniors 3, Third Team 23; Crafton Juniors 4, Third Team 14; Schenleys 5, Third Team 17; Scholastics 13, Third Team 20; Conklins 5, Third Team 14; Scholastics 6, Third Team 11.

Managers Comerford, Maher and Retka have excellent schedules arranged for their respective teams and the College Campus will undoubtedly be the scene of many interesting struggles before the season closes.

W. O. W.



## ALUMNI.

We extend our congratulations to Rev. Richard Hamilton, '89, and Rev. Joseph Meyer, '96, both of whom were ordained on Friday, May 26th, at St Vincent's Abbey, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan. Rev. Father Hamilton celebrated his first Mass at St. George's Church, Allentown, on June 4th; and Rev. Joseph Meyer at Holy Name Church, Troy Hill. Rev. Fr. Griffin acted as Deacon at Holy Name Church, and many old comrades were present. We wish both *Ad multos Annos*.

At the recent graduation exercises of the medical students of the Western University Arthur Walsh, '96, and "Doc" Smith, '96, received the doctor's degrees. We feel confident that both will have a large practice in their respective locations and will be successful in their profession.

We are pleased to note that Messrs. Gavin, '92 Goebel, '93, Laux, '94, Retka, '94, Farrell, '96, Wietrzynski, '97, and Maniecki, '97, of the Holy Ghost Novitiate, near Philadelphia, received Minor Orders recently, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan officiating. They will receive Holy Orders next Christmas.

The Alumni extend their sympathies to Mr. Lawrence Heyl in the recent bereavement of a loving mother.

Rev. Michael O'Donnell, '93, is assistant pastor at St. Agnes' Church, Soho.

Mr. W. McCue is employed in the offices of the Distilling Co., on Water Street.

Mr. A. Geiger is connected with the Kirk-Petit Sheet and Tin Co., where he occupies a very lucrative position. Mr. Geiger is also Organist at St. Benedict's Church, and Director of the choir.

Mr. Christ Gibney, '93, is in charge of the books of the McCaffrey Sons, Pittsburg's leading grain dealers.

Mr. John Carney, '89, is one of the leading South Side Undertakers. John is also proprietor of a large livery and feed stable. Success to you, John.

T. A. W.



## EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have been received for the month of May: "The Viatorian," "Carmelite Review," "Fordham Monthly," "Abbey Student," "Loretto Magazine," "S. V. C. Student," "Cherry and White," "Aerolith," St. Vincent's Journal," "Agnetian Monthly," "Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian," "Beech Grove Oracle," "University Courant," and the "Transylvanian." Many numbers for April have been received during the past month also.

"The Sewing Girl's Vesper Hymn" is the title of the opening poem in the "Loretto Magazine." It is an excellent selection and one most appropriate for the month of our Mother in whose

honor it is written. An entertaining little story, "Bob's Dime" is also well worthy of mention.

Most of the articles in the May number of the "Agnetian Monthly" are contributed by members of the lower classes, and as the work of these junior-pupils they are certainly deserving of great praise and they predict a brilliant future for the "Monthly." "The Little Cuban Girl" writes some very interesting and at the same time pathetic recollections of Cuba, under the title "My Native Land after an Absence of Seven Years."

A writer in the "Viatorian" ably defends the Church against the charges of persecutions and tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. The article, entitled "Civil Penalties of the Past Compared with those of the Present," is deserving of great praise. Another able article is that on "Co-Education." The "Viatorian" is one of the few unpretentious papers coming to our table. Its editors are not constantly looking for some one at whom to bark, and consequently they have time to fill their paper with excellent and well written matter.

The "Cherry and White" is truly a high school paper. Its pages are always filled with notes and jokes. These are certainly all right in their own place but they should not be continued *ad nauseam*. There is but one high school paper coming to our table that shows any seriousness and that is certainly not the "Cherry and White."

J. F. E.

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CLASS OF '99,—CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOL. V. PITTSBURG, PA., JULY, 1899.

No. 10

## FOURTH TERM.

Another year has passed away, and another class, the largest that has been graduated for some years, has left the College. The final examinations for the graduates were held during the first week of June, and all the classical students were successful. In the Business Department the only four candidates passed the examinations. They are to be congratulated for having passed as the standard in their department has been raised considerably during the past two years. Two have already secured responsible positions, which they will take up after a short vacation. Those in the non-graduating classes who were entitled to honor cards received them on the day preceding the Commencement.

The Commencement Exercises were held in the Bijou Theatre and proved to be a great credit to all who were concered. The audience was pleased with the orations, and, needless to say, with the music rendered by the orchestra and choruses. The address of the Very Rev. Mgr. Conaty was received with great enthusiasm, which was displayed in loud and frequent applause.

Field-day was held on June 17th, on the College Campus, and some good records were made. In the pole vault Wm. McLane and John Murphy established a record of eight feet eleven inches, one that has not been equalled at the College during the past five years. And in the high jump P. O'Connor cleared the tape at five feet five inches.

St. Aloysius Day, the feast of our Rev. President, was celebrated with great solemnity at the College. In the morning there was a solemn high mass, at which the graduates, garbed in cap and gown, assisted. A Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. President. After mass all the students retired to the entertainment hall, where a programme, consisting of

an address by Leo L. Meyer, and music and singing took up the morning.

Patk. Gillespie captured the first prize in the elocution contest held in the early part of June, and A. Eschmann and John Hayes obtained second places. In the second division William Ryan won the medal, with Thomas Trudelle a close second. The selections delivered by the two winners were "The Progress of Madness" by P. Gillespie, and "Asleep at the Switch" by Wm. Ryan.

In time we may hope to have songs and music for all occasions, from the pen of some of "our own." Two of the songs sung at the Commencement were the work of some amongst us. W. O. Walker received another visit from the muse, and the result was an ode to the graduates, entitled "The Class of '99." Rev. Father Griffin found some sweet strains and put the words to music. Any one desiring a copy can get one by applying to the composer. Besides this there was another later one by the name of "Yours Truly." No one seemed to know who the author was. It may be that the song was not his truly.

The base-ball season came to a close on Field day, and we must admit, we are not so successful in base-ball as in foot ball. Still we should not expect the contrary, for the preference is given to the kickers. Already the diamond is destroyed to make preparations for foot ball. We hope to hear good reports of our team next fall. The boys themselves are confident of making the D. C. & A. C. team show up in their best form or lose the championship.

The College Chapel has undergone quite a change. It has been frescoed and now presents a new appearance. The walls are adorned with the symbols of the Holy Ghost, and of the four evangelists.

The boarders left for the homes on the 24th. Before going they were entertained in their dining hall and all left with deep feelings of gratitude for the manner in which they have been treated. Notwithstanding the fact that they went through a trying ordeal in the examinations, which were held during the very warmest weather, every one was in perfect health.

## SONG.

### Dedicated to the Class of '99.

Music by Rev. J. Griffin, C. S. Sp.

Words by Wm. O. Walker, '00.

Come gather round the merry board to-night  
And share once more the joys of College life!  
Come sing our cherished songs with fond delight,  
The morn may dawn with other cares full rife.  
So here's the health of those who firmly true  
In classic lore and science's deep mine,  
Upheld the honor of the Red and Blue—  
Ten stalwart youths—the Class of '99.

### CHORUS.

So here's their health—the Class of '99 !  
To their success in every field and line—  
To their success in every field and line—  
Then here's their health—the Class of '99 !

In friendships arms you've nursed your every thought  
O'er hills you've roamed and in deep vales of lore,  
Our victories with us you've nobly fought—  
But your brave fellowship we'll feel no more.  
So here's the health of those who everywhere  
Sent forth their light as e'en the stars do shine,  
Forgot their griefs our happiness to share  
Ten learned youths—the Class of '99.

Then fare you well, brave boys and comrades true !  
May friendship's star shine on in future time  
When memory's light recalls the Red and Blue,  
Or here at home or in some far-off clime.  
So here's the health of those who leave to-night,  
O'erruled by virtues sweet and all divine,  
Life's stormy battles gen'rously to fight—  
Ten manly youths—the Class of '99.

## THE TYPICAL COLLEGE: WHAT IT SHOULD TEACH.

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[ This is a copy of the paper read by our Rev. President at the recent Conference of the Catholic Colleges of the United States. As it was the first paper on the programme, it was the only one that was fully discussed; and the opinion of the many eminent scholars that were present coincided in every detail with the matter read, which, as Rev. Father Burns said, was "marked with lucidity, logical acumen, with completeness and thoroughness of treatment "]

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In undertaking, at brief notice, and under stress of other occupations, to speak of the "Typical College," I determined to dwell not so much on the matters concerning which there can be little or no divergence of opinion, as on those which seem to demand an interchange of views.

I understand by the "Typical College" not the ideal college which I would build up had I endowments at my command, and a right-thinking, well-to-do clientele. I shall rather consider it as the embodiment of what we Catholics may aspire to achieve for secondary education in our present straitened circumstances.

With us the word "college" is not accepted in the sense in which it is usually taken in this country. Here, the college is understood to be an institution of learning that begins where the High School or Academy leaves off, and ends where the technical or professional school begins. A certain number of these colleges have, in the course of time, and by the aid of ever-increasing endowments, added extra or post-graduate, as well as purely professional and technical courses to their proper curriculum, and have thus bloomed, in name at least, and, to a certain extent, in reality into universities. But this change in their purpose and methods has been made to the no small detriment of their proper work—the development of liberal culture. Four years of study, starting from the average standard of college entrance examinations, cannot lead the average youth further than the portals of true university work. If he is induced during those four years, as happens so often in American colleges, to go beyond the college sphere and pry into the university temple, he can do so only as a dabbler or curiosity-seeker, without hope of reaping solid advantage from such piece-meal work, and at the cost of neglecting forever

some of the essential branches of a liberal education. This ambitious blending of educational spheres that are of their nature distinct, is probably the cause of that absence of logical reasoning, originality of thought, and fashioned forcibleness of expression that marks most, if not all, current American literature. We are far behind the leading countries of Europe in the possession of those organs of deep thought and cultivated literary form that are such powerful instruments for moulding public opinion and advancing true civilization. Indeed, thoughtful Americans recognize the defectiveness of the system that proposes to give at one and the same time secondary and university education, but which can possibly give neither of them in a complete and satisfactory manner; and, accordingly, they flock in large numbers to European universities to receive the higher culture of which they got only a smattering at home.

The proper work of a college, as I understand it, is that of secondary education, that is, the educational field lying between the primary school and the university. This field will require for its full cultivation about seven years. It is an open question whether these seven years should be spent in close connection in the same *local*, under the same general direction, or should be divided into two periods, each spent in a different place, and under a distinct system of discipline and management. We find the separate system prevailing generally in the United States; the first three or four years of secondary educational work are gone through in the academy or high school, the last four in the college. The connected system is in vogue in the *Lycees* of France, the *Gymnasiums* of Germany, the *Public Schools* (as they are called) of England, and in our Catholic Colleges here. Speaking theoretically, I should favor the separate system. I believe that a good High School or Academy would give a better, more complete, and more practical education than what can be given in the first three of a seven years' course. It would supply, in a well rounded form, all the education that the majority of our boys need, and would furnish excellent material to the college. The system of discipline in such a preparatory school should be of the kind suited to the age of its pupils; and the college, being separated from it, would be free to adopt a more

rational and trustful method of dealing with those budding into manhood than is practicable in the connected seven years' system. Besides, in presence of the nomenclature that generally prevails in the United States, the reputation of our Catholic educational institutions suffers severely from the fact that mere young boys, or, worse still, over-grown lads, whose early education has been neglected, speak of themselves, and are spoken of as "students" of such or such a Catholic College; and the recipients of commercial diplomas in our Business Departments, who cannot be said to be educated in any true sense of the word, are blazoned as "graduates" of our colleges.

To speak in favor of dividing the seven years between the High School, or Academy and the College means, practically, to suggest the multiplication of the former, and the lessening the number but increasing the strength of the latter, Here, in the city of Chicago, before the Catholic Congress of 1893 I pleaded for the establishment of free Catholic High Schools as a necessary appendage to our Parochial school system. I showed how this could be done either in connection with existing colleges, or independently, by combination among the parishes of large centres. In the absence of free Catholic High Schools, numbers of our youth are either relegated to a lower position in the competition for livelihood, or, else, they are tempted to go to the public High School. In some places known to me they are not tempted but actually encouraged by the managers of the Parochial Schools to proceed to the municipal High School. Yet this policy is fraught with the gravest consequences. For, if there is any period of life which needs a thoroughly Christian education it is that between twelve or fourteen and eighteen years—the period usually spent in the High School.

But there is such general apathy among American Catholics at present with regard to Catholic higher education that the voice that pleads for it seems to waste itself in the desert air.

We have to seek, therefore, our Typical Catholic College not where and as I for one would like to find it, beginning where the High School ends, receiving only such students as prove themselves under strict examination fit subjects for higher education, sufficiently endowed to make it independent, for its teach-

ing, of students' fees or whims, conducted for the public good, under the public eye, the public patronage, and a reasonable amount of public control. We must rather seek it among those private, unendowed, for the most part struggling institutions of secondary education which the devotedness and zeal of religious bodies and individuals have erected throughout the land.

All our colleges are conducted on the seven year system. Some of them add even a few more either below or above. The Typical College among them is able to do efficiently the work of secondary education ; and the standard graduate from our Catholic Colleges would, I think, compare favorably, as regards the essential features of secondary education, with the average graduate of even the best non-Catholic colleges. Our Typical Catholic College takes in boys from the age of twelve to fourteen who are sufficiently advanced in elementary branches to give hope of their profiting by academic studies. I would consider it advisable not to take any boy older than fourteen unless he were able to join a class corresponding to his age.

The main object to be kept in view, during the three years of this boy's academic course and the four years of his college course, should be not so much the storing his mind with knowledge as the training him to think correctly and express himself gracefully and vigorously. In a celebrated lecture delivered at Oxford some years ago, the late Mr. Gladstone warned that venerable university of two dangers, or rather temptations, that beset educational institutions at the present day—the one to prosecute studies with a view to their commercial value, the other to prosecute research at the cost of intellectual discipline. These two dangers or temptations are far more marked in this country than in England. Many, if not most, parents in confiding their boys to our Catholic colleges wish to have them prepared as well and as speedily as possible to make a living. In view of the social condition of the majority of our people, their desire for a marketable return for their expenditure on their boys is not unreasonable ; and one of the greatest difficulties that confront us in the working of our colleges is to reconcile true educational ideals with the pressing needs of our patrons. I believe that the difficulty can best be overcome by combining with the traditional classical and

scientific course, in the academic department, a certain amount of business theory and practice sufficient to enable a boy who has to drop out of his course to find a commercial occupation. But I think we owe it to the best future interests of our people to insist on the classical and scientific course combined, as affording the best mental discipline, and thereby furnishing the best instruments of future usefulness. I shall not dwell here on the arguments in favor of what is called a classical training. My experience of some twenty-five years of teaching convinces me that no average boy can be trained to a competent knowledge and use of his mother-tongue without the study of the ancient classics.

With reference to this branch of study several questions, on which I can touch only lightly here, suggest themselves. For instance, should the study of Greek be insisted on as well as that of Latin? I hold that it should, notwithstanding the strong prejudices against it, for I am satisfied that Greek is the most perfect of all languages, and, therefore, supplies the best models for imitation. I don't know of any exercise more useful for giving a boy a true insight into literary method and form than the comparing idiomatic English with Greek through translation from the one language to the other.

Another argument in favor of studying Greek is that, unless one becomes well acquainted with the language in earlier years, the door is closed against intimate acquaintance in later years with its rich literature, both pagan and christian.

A second question that arises with reference to the study of the classics is, whether the aim should be to read rapidly a large number of authors and books, or to read a few thoroughly. There have been and there, probably, are advocates of both systems. I am decidedly in favor of "little but well" in this matter, which, it will be remembered, was the view sustained by the late Cardinal Newman in his essay on "Elementary Studies." This view is in accordance with the purport of secondary education which is, as I have already mentioned, to cultivate the mind rather than fill it with ill-digested knowledge. The reading of classical authors chiefly for knowledge sake I regard as the work

of the university and of maturer years ; and such work requires as a prerequisite the close study of form and structure which is the proper work of the school and college.

A third question connected with the study of the ancient classics is, whether Latin and Greek verse as well as prose composition should be practised. Very little of either is done in the United States, practically none outside some of our Catholic colleges. Yet, I hold that the practice of verse-writing is essential to become acquainted with the niceties of Latin and Greek, as well as to acquire a large vocabulary of words. Moreover, I don't think it possible for anyone to be sure of the accentuation of Latin words without having practised verse-writing. Such practice still forms part of the ordinary classical curriculum in the colleges of the old world. When visiting three years ago St. Paul's School, London, founded nearly four-hundred years since by Dean Colet, I ~~was~~ shown the work of the day in the Sixth Form or highest class, and part of it consisted of Greek iambics. A copy of Latin elegiacs or alcaics, or of Greek iambics gives a *cachet* to the classical training of a youth which nothing else can give.

A fourth question worth considering is, whether it is more advisable to teach both Latin and Greek on the same day, say for one hour each, or on alternate days, giving two hours to each. It seems to me difficult to do anything very satisfactory in the short space of one hour ; so my preference is for the alternating plan ; but I would like to have the experience of others in this respect.

A last point in this subject that I would like to submit to the Conference is the advisability of Studying Latin through Latin or, so to say, colloquially. I hold that the colloquial use of a dead language rather impedes than advances a right preception and appreciation of its strength and beauty. I am inclined to think that the Latin medium usually employed for conveying instruction on philosophy and theology blunts true classical taste.

The study of English should be carried on side by side with that of the ancient classics. At least as much time as is given to Latin or Greek, that is, an

average of one hour a day should be given to English. I shall not dwell on the method to be pursued in this study. I think it should be much the same as that recommended for the study of the ancient classics, namely, a thorough study of the form and structure of the language, continuous practice in writing, and, in later years, in speaking, combined with a study of the history of English and American Literature, and a clear, analytical study of a few great authors selected to suit the requirements of the students. In this way, and with the aid of his other studies, a graduate of our colleges ought to be able to write an essay, or make a speech correct and graceful in form, and as forcible as his native talent will permit.

Next to the study of English, that of pure Mathematics holds the most important place in a college course. The complaint is often made that Mathematics are neglected in our Catholic colleges. It is, indeed, difficult to combine a thorough course in them with a course in classics. Rarely we find a student who has equal taste or capacity for both; and the less agreeable study, which is, in most cases, Mathematics, is liable to be somewhat neglected. But there is no reason why as much attention should not be paid to Mathematics as to the other subjects. At least one hour a day should be devoted to them. This will suffice for mastering the whole of Arithmetic, and the greater part of Algebra, and Geometry in the Academic Department, leaving the completion of the last two subjects, and the addition of Trigonometry, Mechanics, and some Calculus for the college classes. This course, which can be mastered, is sufficient, whether for the purpose of liberal culture, or as a preparation for technical studies. More cannot be expected from the college.

To the study of Mathematics, should be adjoined that of Science, such as elementary Botany, Zoology, and Geology in the earlier years, and Natural Philosophy and Inorganic Chemistry, and Astronomy in the higher classes. The college cannot aim at imparting the complete instruction in any of these branches, which it is rather the province of the technical school, or of the university to give; but it can and should impart such accurate general knowledge of them as the educated man, who is not a specialist, is supposed to possess.

As regards modern languages, I would make the study of both German and French a part of the regular course. No one can to-day pretend to be a scholar whether literary or scientific who does not possess at least a reading knowledge of these two languages; and such a knowledge can be easily acquired in the course of seven years, by giving half an hour a day, or one hour on alternate days to each language.

History forms another very important subject of a college course. A rather special study should be made of the histories of Greece, Rome, England, the United States and the Church; and a good general knowledge of the history of other countries should be acquired. One to two hours a week is as much as can be given to History; but with that time spread over seven years the college student will find himself possessed of sufficient knowledge of the peoples and literatures of the world to form a guide for further reading, or a solid basis for the special epoch study which is the proper work of the university.

Music and Drawing should, I think, form a regular part of the curriculum of the first three years. I fear that Music is much neglected. The ancient Greeks considered it the substantial form, as it were, of liberal studies. All students should be taught the principles of harmony to the extent at least set forth in such works as Novello's Music Primers. But only those who show special taste for it should be encouraged to prosecute it during their college course.

Drawing also ought to be taught to every scholar of the Academic Department. Besides training the eye to the beautiful in form it is very useful in after life to everybody.

Rational Philosophy may be said to be one of the distinctive studies of our Catholic colleges. Nowhere else, not even in the very best institutions, is there given so comprehensive a grasp of this queen of human science. The whole field of Philosophy—Logic, Ethics, Metaphysics, and natural Theology,—is fairly well covered in our typical colleges. There is, however, variety in the way in which this is done. In some of our colleges, the course in Philosophy is spread over two years and is studied side by side with the ancient classics. In most of our colleges, I believe, the method prevails of devoting the senior year almost exclusively

to Philosophy. Much can be said in favor of both methods. That of the one year gives opportunity for more concentration; and that of two years seems to be better in these two respects, namely, in giving an earlier opportunity for the study of Logic which is so helpful to the student; and in safe-guarding the fruits of classical study which seem to be exposed by being dropped altogether for a whole year.

This is a point on which it may be well for the Conference to express itself.

Another matter, too, on which I would like to have the opinion of the members is, whether it is advisable to study Philosophy in our colleges in Latin or in English. There is much to be said in favor of Latin; but it seems to me that it has in view chiefly the needs of students who are preparing for Seminary studies in Philosophy and Theology. I should consider the Philosophy studied in our colleges not as a substitute for that required by the Ecclesiastical Seminary, but as a part of the liberal Christian education which our laymen have a right to receive. From this standpoint, I would favor the use of English chiefly in the teaching of Philosophy. I don't see why English cannot be pressed into service to express philosophical truths just as the Schoolmen clothed Aristotle in Latin. And I see incalculable advantages for the Catholic layman, and for the priest, also, to be able to express both human and divine truths in the current vehicle of American thought. A plan which would combine the advantages of the olden tongues with the modern would be to put in the hands of students a text-book containing on one page well selected extracts from Aristotle, somewhat like those in Professor Wallace's Aristotle, but better chosen, on the other page corresponding extracts from St. Thomas, and underneath an exposition of the whole of Philosophy in good English. I have often thought of the advantages of such a method, and longed for the day when such a book would be produced.

I shall not dwell on the most distinctive of our Catholic college studies, that of Religion. It permeates our whole curriculum; and it is certain that our typical graduates can "give a reason for the hope that is within" them. There is, however, one matter connected with it on which I would say a word. It is the study of Holy Scripture. I fear we don't do enough to en-

courage the study of Scripture by our youth. We seem to leave this branch of study to the Seminary, apparently losing sight of the needs of those students who will follow secular pursuits, and who certainly need a fair knowledge of Scripture. We want very badly such a work as the "Cambridge Bible for Schools;" but until we have it, we ought to make "Novum Testamentum Graece et Latine" a text-book in our classical course, to be learnt and commented on briefly every day.

Speaking of text-books, I may be permitted to say that we are in need of good ones in several lines of our college work. I would like to see inaugurated a series of Catholic College text-books suited to our wants. We are sufficiently numerous to supply a renumerative market for such books, and the publication of them under the supervision of a representative committee would strengthen our *esprit de corps*, and bring credit to our colleges.

There is only one other question connected with college teaching of which I shall speak for the present. It is, whether it is better to have a special teacher for the same subject in several classes, or to have one teacher for several subjects in the same class. Non-Catholic colleges in this country adopt the former method, that is, they have specialists to teach the various branches. The traditional method with us, as with all secondary schools in the older countries, is to have the same teacher for most of the branches taught to a class. There are many arguments for and against either method. For instance, the "collective" teacher, if I may so designate him, has better opportunities for knowing his pupils, and therefore for forming them, and directing their studies aright. But, as his opportunities for good are great, so too is his liability to do harm, if he is a defective teacher. The specialist may be expected to know and teach his subject better than the mere general scholar; frequent change of teachers imparts freshness of application to the student; but lack of uniformity in method of teaching and in personal manner distracts the attention, and the student fails to be moulded into that one, connected intellectual and normal whole which is the best result of a good education.

And now I shall not trespass further on your time

and attention. I have touched principally on subjects within the title of my paper, on which I consider it opportune to have an interchange of views. I bless God that the Rector of our Catholic University has been inspired to call this Conference together. In the educational edifice, the elementary schools are the foundation, the colleges the walls, the university the roof. It is to be hoped that this Conference will contribute to strengthen the walls, and cement them more closely with the foundation below and the roof above. Our Catholic Colleges in the United States are doing the same work as their sister institutions in other countries. In France they rival the government *Lycées* in preparing for the University *Baccalaureat*; in England and Ireland they compete successfully with the great Public Schools at the University-entrance, the Civil Service and other examinations. A boy from the Oratory School at Birmingham recently won an open scholarship at Oxford. Unfortunately we have here no opportunity of measuring our strength with others. But I am in a position to assert that the work we do is at least as good as that done elsewhere; and, if the occasion offered, our Catholic colleges of the United States would prove themselves as efficient as the Catholic colleges of other countries, where there is open competition for scholastic honors and state service. In the small college with which I am connected I have had, year after year, these past ten years, pupils as well equipped as those that went directly from my class-room elsewhere to win first honors at the Cambridge Locals or at the London University Matriculation, or at the Trinity College Sizarship examinations. Our larger colleges have, of course, still better material.

If, then, our hands were strengthened by an increase of the patronage which we have a right to get; if only a tithe of what Catholics who have means should give for higher education were given us we should be in a position to put ourselves *en evidence*, with still more clearness and force than we can do at present, as the bulwarks of the faith and the very best exponents of the college's proper sphere of liberal culture.

## TO THE ROSE.

Gentle flower that we press  
To our lips with fond caress,  
Let thy fragrance sweet and wild,  
Kiss the lips of nature's child.  
Weave thy fairy woven dress  
Round each heart, and ever bles  
With the charm we love to see  
Thine own presence wild and free.

On the morn of Summer's dawn,  
In the meadows o'er the lawn,  
Thy glad presence golden fair  
Thrills our souls and binds them there.  
Silvery dewdrop's fairy kiss  
Falls like sunbeams on thy bliss,  
Moulds with grandeur and pure grace  
Thy fair, charming Virgin face.

Queen of earth's grand floral climes  
Sung to sleep on evening's chimes  
Dream of us in thy sweet sleep,  
Who thy moonlit watches keep.  
Shed the fragrance of thy form  
Kissed with sunlight golden warm  
O'er the bower of our rest,  
Laid neath oceans' foamy crest.

Let sweet garlands drooping low  
Bathed in ocean's crystal flow  
Hang in silent grandeur there  
As fair jewels, priceless rare,  
That once more the sight may meet  
Those still eyes that loved to greet  
Thy fair form in youthful days  
Lit by grandeur's fairy rays.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

It can be said with much truth that all the questions which have to do with capital and labor, the production and the distribution of wealth, and with the laboring classes in general, constitute one great social problem—a problem upon the solution of which depends on the one hand the material welfare of the masses, and on the other the stability of our republic. We know that here in America a very unjust relation exists between employers and the employed; on the one side we behold shining heaps of gold and on the other utter want and destitution. After all, there is some truth in the assertion of the employed, when they say that the employers get more than a due portion of the fruits of industry. The division of profits in the past must have been very unjust, or else from whence comes such want and destitution as we everywhere behold. The abject condition of the working classes can not be attributed to their intemperance and idleness, for as a whole they are industrious and temperate, willing to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. The accumulation of wealth goes on in an ever-widening circle. The rich are steadily becoming richer, the poor are gradually growing poorer. It is maintained that half the wealth of the United States belongs to 30,000 persons, and the other half to 64,970,000, who have been prime factors in the production of the whole. What an immense difference between the two! The monopolist and capitalist count their wealth by the millions and yet the Creator has apparently given to them no higher mental endowments than he has given to the majority of the toiling multitude. If we ask how all the modern fortunes have been made, the answer is easy to find, the high tariff laws are responsible for some, the government itself for others, for many have been made wealthy by the gifts of government lands, mines and stocks, all of which were originally vested in the people.

The trend of the age is the accumulation of wealth. But the interests of capital and labor, are according to the laws of political economy, the same. The struggle which is now going on between capital and labor is an astounding spectacle. To establish a just and equitable division of profits between capital and labor, or,

more properly speaking, between the millionaires and the toiling masses without doing an injustice to the rights of either is the great problem which now confronts us. All was well before the so-called Reformation. The church guarded with a mother's care the poor and infirm. She it was that made provisions that the bruised reed should not be broken when its day of toil was over. She it was that warded off the cruel oppression of capital and under her blessed guidance the lot of the working-mass was a happy one. She it was that first ministered to the bleeding and agonizing humanity. She it was that healed its sores and wounds. And she it was that was ever ready to demand justice for the sons of toil and to point out to capital its rights and duties. But when the fell blast of the Reformation rent asunder and cast to the four winds that time honored and efficient system which was ushered in by the dawn of Christianity, well could the toiling masses cry out as the Jews of old who knelt beside the waters of Babylon that the fair night of their golden day had closed, for charity and fraternal love had departed and gone from the hearts of the Rulers of nations. Men made to the image and likeness of God, began to be looked upon and are still looked upon as beasts of burden or mere machines for the production of capital. Never since the dawn of society has the condition of the toiling masses been so utterly unbearable as in this our day. It is not surprising that a loss of faith should follow in the wake of such misery and injustice, nay, that even socialism should threaten to lay low the good order of society, for socialism is but the cry of despair from the masses who are oppressed by the cruel hand of injustice. In the days of old, pauperism, such as we have it, was unknown, the land was not covered with scheming upstarts who treated the human laborer as a brute machine for the production of wealth.

It was not always so and it should not be so. It was the church that first propounded the sublime idea that every man should have a home from the cradle to the grave, and under her loving guidance for upwards of 1,500 years, generation after generation of noble men and women were elevated and trained to love and revere charity, brotherhood, and liberty.

Our chieftain Leo XIII, whose heart throbings

are in sympathy with the age, has said and well said, that charity alone can solve the great problem which now confronts us. We must go down in sympathy to the suffering masses bringing to them charity, and, what is more needed and more rarely given, justice. We must whisper in loving and tender accents to liberty that religion cherishes it. We must let labor know that religion will ward off the oppression of capital, and teach capital that its rights are dependent upon the fulfillment of its duties.

J. A. GARRIGAN, '99.



## PHILOSOPHY OF THE FINE ARTS.

The domain of Philosophy presents itself to us in the form of a vast circle. Its limits are as broad as the universe itself, and its ultimate ends are such that they will not be accomplished until the end of time. Science began its reign when man for the first time looked up into the face of his Creator, and recognized the strange likeness of God's Own Being in himself, and it is destined to exert its influences over all that pertains to him until the earth ceases to be his dwelling place.

Art is the imitation of nature on certain prescribed lines, while Philosophy, the handmaid and mother of all science, and as defined by *St. Thos.* "*Divinarum humanarumque rerum tum initiorum causarumque ejusque rei cognitio*" contains in its comprehension not only the essence of all that is beautiful in science but also the foundation of the "Fine Arts." The relation that Philosophy bears to these arts is similar to that which the sun bears to the earth. Just as without the sun there would be no heat, no light, no warmth, no life in the physical world, so too, without Philosophy the world of Fine Arts would present but a word and desolate field of investigation.

Music that has powers to heal, and charms to soothe the savage beast, the first and sublimest of all enumerated in the catalogue of "*Fine Arts*" is very closely connected with Philosophy through the medium of the beautiful. The definition that describes it as a peculiar concordance of sounds producing, harmony agrees well

with the thought expressed by Pope in the following lines:

"In wit as in nature what affects our hearts  
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;  
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call  
But the joint force and full effect of all."

The beautiful in art arises from the beautiful in nature and it is by a true study of it in its natural sphere that we learn to recognize it outside of its particular domain and to introduce it into the arts and sciences. The artist moulds in his mind a picture of some soul inspiring scene that nature has represented to him in the golden light of morning dawn, or in the falling shades of waning eve, and strives to effect a true portrayal of it on canvass. The musician enraptured by the elegance of his art dreams of the sublime events narrated in the tale of man's creation, his fall, the coming of the Messiah, His death and immortal triumph, and he uses all his art and skill to effect a touching, though distant, realization of these realities in the minds of his fellowmen. The poet ever sensitive to the gentlest whisper of nature, rapt in her musing, and revelling in her grandeur takes his stand by the waters of some vast unending sea, where ceaseless, rolling waves are singing their strange requiems over the unknown graves of its victims and there pours forth the sentiments and feelings that arise to fill his mind and captivate his soul, in verses that still the angry passions of men and mould their minds to a kindlier disposition for nature's gifts and nature's teachings.

The beautiful that poetry contains is one that, in a sense, it is difficult to recognize, and that requires a certain effort to be fully conceived. But, because of this prerequisite disposition, its beauty is all the more resplendent. We can enjoy a beautiful piece of music and appreciate a well executed painting in almost any state of mind; but, to derive from poetry that pleasure which it is its virtue to give, it is necessary that the mind and all the cognoscitive faculties be in a state of absolute composure. This, however, is a proof of its perfection and the test which clearly demonstrates the degree of truth which it embodies. The failure of the mind to recognize peculiar attractiveness in a poem when distracted and influenced by powerful extrinsic forces does not justify the conjecture that it is wanting

in beauty, but rather convinces us that the order of its splendor is such that it cannot be appreciated by one who lacks the requisite dispositions. The degree of beauty in all these arts is proportioned to their correspondence with nature. Music may hold a higher place in the opinion of men than poetry and painting; it may be generally preferred to sculpture, but their true worth is not to be estimated by the amount of physical pleasure they afford but by the measure of truth which they express.

This is the great relation that Philosophy bears to the "Fine Arts" and to the beautiful that arises from them. All rational Philosophy is founded upon truth; all its principles arise from it; and all its axioms are formulated for the one purpose of strengthening and confirming it. Philosophy uses truth as its medium of procedure, and aims at the establishment of it as its final end and object. The true beauty of Philosophy arises from the fact that it is founded upon something immutable and unchangeable; and that its methods proceeding always in the same manner without severve or deviation arrive at the same unchanging truth. It was by reasoning upon these two essential qualities of truth that Keats arrived at the knowledge of the splendid sentiment which he has so well expressed in the very first line of his *Endymion* "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The pleasure that we derive from the beautiful in the philosophical sense, is one that time is unable to diminish. Its charm is as fascinating after the lapse of years as it was when it first came within the sphere of our cognition. Time and attending circumstances play important parts in the affairs of men and effect wondrous changes in all things susceptible of their strange influences, but beauty like the priceless jewel that shed its brilliant lights all round in colors perfectly blended, is impervious alike to one and all external influences. The light that illuminates truth is one that belongs to realms far above those of earth and nature. It is the inexplicable force that moulds the best incentives that move men to noble actions and raises their aspirations from things of the natural to those of the supernatural order. The light of truth is the guiding star that directs the course of the world down along time's darksome road to the golden land of promise,

where truth reigns supreme, and where the ‘lily of the valley’ and the ‘rose of Sharon’ bloom, kissed and nurtured by the fair warm sunlight of truth’s own realms.

J. L. BRADY, '99.



## PURSUIT IN LIFE.

One of our most important duties is the adoption of a pursuit in life; we all know that upon this depends our success or failure. It is ours to make our lives successful or otherwise. We must be guided in the selection of a pursuit in life by our parents and superiors whom an all-wise Providence has placed over us. Then, to a certain extent we must be guided by our own conscience and endeavor to embrace whatever state in life to which we feel ourselves called.

“Men at some time are masters of their fates;  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves.”

It is impossible to say how many lives have been blasted because wrong pursuits in life were adopted. It is our duty to strive earnestly to know for what vocation in life God has called us, and having once learned for what station in life we are destined, we should use our every endeavor to suit and fit ourselves for it. We should strike out boldly into life’s battle, making use of self-reliance with a firm trust that if we do our part to the best of our abilities God will look down and bless our humble endeavors and increase them a hundred-fold. And if we do this, we should be successful in whatever pursuit we adopt.

J. A. G.



## VACATION.

The Scholastic Year of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine is nearing its end. Soon we shall leave our Alma Mater, and journey to our homes where loving mothers, tender sisters and brothers are anxiously awaiting the moment that will usher us into their presence. The summer months are given to us for rest and pleasure; but the time is just as precious as our College

days, and, if the season is well spent, we can derive as much good as if we were in our class-room. To the country boy this time of recreation will be far sweeter than to those who are necessarily compelled to live away their lives in the busy streets of a city. But no matter what may be the situation of our homes; whether they are surrounded by the vast clouds of smoke that the lungs of our large factories breathe forth, or by the unpolluted atmosphere of a thriving little country town, all of us shall enjoy our vacation; and sweeter still will it be to those who have found pleasure in their books; and who have made their year's work a success.

Vacation is, indeed, a time of rest and enjoyment. Our youthful bodies are not yet fully developed, and, consequently, a year's hard study will tell on every diligent student. Those who have devoted all their time to their books, during the year, and who feel the necessity of rest should take advantage of every means whereby they may strengthen and prepare themselves for the opening of another term in September. Their minds as well as their bodies may need rest and it would, therefore, be advisable not to overtax their mental powers during this warm weather. Of course by this is not meant that the student should throw his books into the bottom of his trunk, there to remain till that precious box is once more safely lodged within the walls of his College room. If from the final examinations he finds that he is deficient in any subjects let him devote a small part of the day in revising those particular branches so that he can go on with his classes. For this purpose he surely can take an hour or two from the time he throws away in the haunts of pleasure seekers. The one who has been so successful as to obtain a high place in his class may lay his books aside for a while and employ his time better than if he were cramming knowledge into his head at a time when his brains positively refused to work. Any leisure time which he may have during his vacation days can be well spent. If he has many friends let him devote himself to the careful occupation of letter writing. By writing good, sensible letters he can test his proficiency in the subjects which he has learned during the year and also improve his style. He should read much but only the best authors; and it were also well to associate

and converse with learned companions, for "Reading maketh a full man; Conference a ready man; and Writing an exact man." And while he is at his home he should be an example for those around him. Let him show his parents by his kindness and good behavior, how well he appreciates the sacrifices they are making for him. So let us enjoy ourselves during these months of vacation; let us make all with whom we have to deal happy. By taking a good rest let us prepare ourselves so that with renewed vigor we may continue our studies when we return once more to enjoy the cool Bluff breezes of September.

W. O. W. '00.



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## Editorials.

### Teachers and Taught.

Next to the relation between parent and child there is perhaps none more intimate than that between teacher and pupil. The teacher stands in the place of the parent to lead the child along the path of education, guarding him against evil and pointing out the straight path of virtue. In order to do this, it is necessary that the teacher should know his pupil. He must endeavor by all means to learn his pupil's character, the evil that is in it as well as the good. The evil he must strive to eradicate and the good is to be fostered and increased. It is only by thus studying the pupil that a teacher can learn what studies are best suited to him and teach these studies in the most acceptable manner.

The part the taught contributes to this relation is as important in its way as is that of the teacher. The student must be willing to receive the admonitions and instructions of the teacher, and to give to him the same obedience he would give to his parents whose place the teacher fills. It is as important that the pupil know the teacher as that the teacher know the pupil, but not in the same way. The teacher must be thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the pupil's character, but in learning the character he should preserve always a dignified reserve, in order that the pupil may not develop an intimacy which very often has a tendency to lessen the reverence and respect due to the professor. It is not well, on the other hand, that the professor be too distant and that he display that distance with a harshness and severity of judgment towards the pupil. It is the fear of harsh and unfeeling answers that often deters the pupil from asking for needful explanations. But if the student does not make every effort to follow out and profit of the explanations and instructions of the teacher, and to correspond with his admonitions, it cannot be expected that the teacher will be otherwise than harsh.

It is very essential then that a student, in placing himself under a professor, be acquainted with the nature of the relationship that should exist between them. As for the professsr, knowing that he has once been a student himself, he can be depended upon to observe this relationship and to carry out all its requirements. But the student must learn his position in the home, and if the home-training has been lacking in this respect it will necessarily be displayed in the pupil's early demeanor. Without home-training the pupil will always be unwilling to submit himself to the discipline of the school or college, and as discipline is the foundation of education, his college life will be a burden to himself and he will be troublesome with all with whom he comes in contact.

J. F. E.

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### Profit of Studies.

“Studies,” as Bacon says, “serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.” The profit which we derive from pursuing studies is inexpressibly great. For

studies are the chief means for the formation of man's character. A man who forms his character according to the rules which he derived from studies is the most perfect type of man, is that happy, ideal man whom philosophers put forth as the great exemplar of a perfect man. But, besides the formation of character, studies develop also our mental faculties, and even what is more wonderful, they influence greatly the mistress of our actions, the queen of all our faculties and passions—our free will. Through studies man elevates himself far above the common state of the rational animal, for studies develop his reasoning power, through which he seeks and acquires truth.

But the greatest of all profits which a man derives from studies is his knowledge. Studies not only reveal to man a world of past ages, but also inform him about the present state of things, about their causes and natures. Without studies man's life would be most unhappy, for his mental and reasoning faculties would remain undeveloped and his mind would be in perfect darkness. What life more ideal and more happy can be imagined than that of a studious and wise man? Studies lead a man into the land of pleasure and happiness, where he can lead a true and perfect life. For the mind of a wise man, being informed about the things of past and present, wanders into the dim of antiquity, searching for itself an example of some great man whom it may follow in order to reach its highest perfection.

Studies not only make a man wise and moderate in happiness, but even when adversity and misfortunes arrive, they make him a brave, immovable and happy man, who even finds a jewel in adversity. For a wise man is the condensation of all virtues, is the chief production of man's aims and endeavors; is that idealized reality of every philosopher; is that glorified and idolized object of every poet; is that solid, immovable, charming and everlasting exemplar, which an historian sets forth as the great monument of past ages.

M. A. K.



### Christian Education.

The course of studies pursued in our College, which has attained a high standard through the efforts of well educated and devoted teachers enables us to look forward with great pleasure to a prosperous future for our Catholic Colleges and Universities.

The Catholic student strengthened by the history of the church and by the works and deeds of its holy men in by-gone ages, sees before him, as if depicted, the onward march of Christianity. He thinks over in his mind how the humble monk of centuries past, deprived himself of the pleasures and joys of the carnal world and, confined in a holy cloister, devoted his time to the writing of books, which were to enlighten the minds of the coming generations.

The beginning of christian education brought about the development of better civilization. Wherever Christianity gained a foot-hold the barbarian was enlightened in body and soul. Thus to our day, Christianity and Civilization the two strong supporters of the human race, both morally and intellectually, are spreading with great rapidity among those, who have not yet received the full benefits of these two opportunities.

The Catholic College of to-day guides the youth in the way of truth and perseverance. Like the guiding hand of a dutiful father, it prepares him for the higher branches of study, which are to be had in our Catholic universities.

These Universities, the modern temples of learning, have two sublime objects in view. On the one hand, the development of our moral traits, which have their infancy in our colleges, and on the other, the training of our intellect in the higher and more sublime branches of education.

At the present time, when the minds of all learned men are deeply absorbed in the various studies of the arts, sciences and languages, large fields for advancement are left open to the university graduate, who has reaped the benefits of a university education.

The necessity of a good Christian education is warmly felt and wherever it goes to lend a helping hand, rich harvests are reaped.

After ages of experience, in which the power of

the Catholic Church has enabled its defenders to meet and defeat all the abuses and wrongs of their adversaries, the present century has witnessed the onward progress of Christianity and the sublime and unique results obtained by a Christian Education.

D. O'H.

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### The Close of the Academical Year.

By the time this number of the BULLETIN reaches our readers, classes will have been dismissed and the students will be enjoying the long-wished-for vacation.

As a traveler gladly halts at every milestone to look back at the distance traversed, so too the thoughtful student should reflect at the end of the year on the progress he has made in the acquisition of knowledge. Another year has dwindled away. This very thought should conjure up many serious reflections in the minds of students.

The majority have, undoubtedly, profited of the many opportunities received during the past year. These will, therefore, recall with pleasure the many hours spent in the acquiring of knowledge, the many trials and difficulties which obstructed their course. They now have the satisfaction of having performed their duty well, and as the poet said,

“The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains.”

There are, perhaps, some few who have squandered many valuable moments in unprofitable works. Though these can never regain all that has been lost, still they can reap a great and rich harvest of wisdom.

For the greater part of the student body the close of the year means the beginning of another. Another spring and harvest will be theirs. New hills of unscaled knowledge are yet to be ascended. Some have reached their goal—the end of their college career, and the hour for their departure has been tolled. For these the end of the Academical year is of special significance. They are about to be called into other fields of labor. Some, perhaps, will engage in commercial pursuits, in the mechanical arts, or in the professions ; others will travel to higher fields of learning, there again to resume their course along the flowery path of knowledge. A dark cloud still overhangs their future

and obscures their distant prospects. But we feel confident that the same success which has crowned all those who have been reared by our dear Alma Mater will also attend those who have now bid her adieu.

T. A. W.

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### Adieu of the Staff.

With this number of the BULLETIN the staff of '98 and '99 discharges the onerous but pleasant duties that devolved on it at the beginning of the Academical year. We have reached the end, and now look back with pleasure at the many hours spent in our sanctum. When we call to mind the reluctance with which we assumed our difficult task, especially when it was decided to make the BULLETIN a monthly, it all looks like a dream. We still feel the grave fears we then entertained, that we were not capable of maintaining the high standard of excellence our predecessors had attained. Our success is best known to our readers. Were we to judge from the many testimonials of appreciation that have been heaped upon us by our exchanges—and college journals are sparing in their praise—we would say that the BULLETIN at least held its own. But when we take into consideration the firm stand-point taken by the BULLETIN, that it must be *a college journal* and that a college journal must contain *students' work*, we feel a still greater satisfaction. We feel proud of the fact that every line of our BULLETIN, except when otherwise stated, was the genuine work of our students.

The thought that we are about to yield our positions to our successors conjures up the many happy hours spent in the discharge of our duties. Many an hour was made pleasant by the perusal of our exchanges, and while to some we may have appeared somewhat harsh in our criticism, this was prompted by our zeal for real merit, absolute originality, absolute work by students only. We hope to meet many of the young lights with whom we have thus become acquainted, with still greater lustre, in higher fields. We cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude towards the students for the confidence they have had in us, and for the assistance they have given us on all oc-

casions. With these few words, we now bid them all farewell.

Like an old sage, who has reached the end of his career, we take pleasure in giving a few words of advice and encouragement to our successors. We trust that the students will appreciate the responsibilities devolving on the staff, and that they will choose able representatives to carry on the work connected with the BULLETIN. It was ever our aim to make the BULLETIN a leading college journal, but the sudden transition from a quarterly to a monthly impaired our efforts. But this difficulty has been overcome and the BULLETIN now has a clear field. We, therefore, expect great things from the next staff.

We trust that our readers will not judge us vain and conceited if we subjoin a few of the testimonials of esteem from our leading exchanges. It is done more for the purpose of encouragement to our successors, and of acknowledgment to our critics, than any vain or selfish motive.

*The Pittsburg Catholic*: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN is a first-class, up-to-date college journal." "The June BULLETIN is a number the students may well be proud of. It abounds in excellent matter."

*The Viatorian*, Bourbonnais, Ill.: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN is a praiseworthy paper. Its pages are not occupied with sentimental 'trash' like so many of our journals. Its contents are both instructive and interesting. Its criticism of Chaucer and the Refutation of Skepticism are its mainstays for February, and are both deserving of much credit."

*The S. V. C. Student*, Los Angeles, Cal.: "The March number of the Holy Ghost College BULLETIN is up to its usual standard. It contains a neat poem, 'Washington's Grave,' and several interesting articles, notably 'Roger Ascham' and 'The Morality of the Stoics.' The editorials are of a high order."

*The Aloysian*, Mt. Aloysius Academy, Cresson, Pa.: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN contains good student work in the last and previous numbers. 'The Morality of the Stoics' deserves notice, and 'Roger Ascham,' besides being interesting, contains many useful points and suggestions for the modern student. We wish all success to the intelligent staff."

*Central College Magazine*, Lexington, Mo.: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN pays a fair tribute to Chaucer in an article bearing the name of the great poet; another, beautiful and tender, to Music."

*The Mount*, Mt. de Chantal Academy, Wheeling, W. Va: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN is always welcomed by the students at the Mount. The article on 'Music,' in the February issue, and 'Roger Ascham,' in the March number, were particularly interesting."

*The Student*, . . . The articles contained in the Holy Ghost College BULLETIN are extremely varied and well written. The number before us has a scholarly criticism on Chaucer, a charming essay on Music and a philosophical treatise on Scepticism. Three sound articles that would be well worth the space in any magazine, the editorial, like that on Reading, are adapted to the particular wants of students. The editors have reason to be proud of the BULLETIN."

*Transylvanian*, Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.: "In the Holy Ghost College BULLETIN is an excellent article on 'The Morality of the Stoics,' and the author is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has balanced the fanatical over against that which appeals to the higher nature of man, that they may be seen in their true light."

*Loretto Magazine*, Loretto, Ky.: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN has a neatly written poem, 'The River of Life,' by J. L. Brady; thoughtful papers on 'Chaucer' by Leo L. Meyer, on 'Scepticism' by J. F. Enright, and on 'Music,' subjects quite dissimilar. The editorial on 'Reading' contains many useful suggestions."

*St. Joseph's Sentinel*: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN pays a glowing tribute to the father of Horace, in an article bearing his name. The article evidently shows that the author is not only familiar with the works of the great lyric poet, but that he is also conscious of the filial piety that pervades the works of that classical author. The pithy editorial on 'Genuineness' also shows that the editors of the BULLETIN are fully aware of the deception practised by many of our exchanges."

*St. Vincent's Journal*, Beatty, Pa.: "The Holy Ghost College BULLETIN contains a sensible and able paper on 'Liberal versus Practical Education.' "

L. L. M.



### OUR ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST.

A very interesting as well as instructive elocutionary contest took place in the College Hall, Monday evening, May 29th, and was well attended by the clergy, students and the friends of the contesting parties.

Although in the afternoon of that day a sort of an abbreviated Kansas cyclone had played havoc with the trees and fences surrounding the evening's scene of battle, nevertheless it had failed to put a damper on the feelings of the contestants, for at eight o'clock sharp some twenty chairs on the stage were occupied by modern Ciceros or future Bryans and each and every one with a determined face to "do or die," went through a series of gesture and stage manoeuvres that would strike these latter day "stump speakers," "patent medicine men" or "one night stand actors," green with envy.

As to their "doing without dying" was clearly manifested by the applause they received from the audience, after they had finished reciting the time honored rhymes of the immortal Bard of Avon, or of poets of lesser light.

The contest was divided into two divisions, (you know there must always be two sides to a fight,) both being judged by the following experts at that work, Rev. Fr. O'Connell of St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. Topham of the College and Mr. Smith, and as these gentlemen were stationed far away from the friends of the parties concerned whose object may have been bribery, their honesty of purpose and competency for rendering decisions was above question.

The college band under the able direction of Rev. Fr. Griffin, rendered some very enjoyable selections in the course of the evening's entertainment. Most prominent among these were the doleful strains of Richelieu's march. This play having been recently presented on the "Avenue" stage by the college students, the Reverend musician evidently choose this selection so as to re-awaken in the souls of the young actor-orators the same spirit which they manifested in the rendering of the great French play, and incite among them a livelier feeling in the evening's performance.

As to his ultimate success in this conjecture of mine, I am unable to state, as most of the recitations given in the hall were of a different character than of the roles in which the young actors starred on the 22d. of April. Especially so was the case of Wm. Ryan, the successful candidate for first honors in the second division. While playing with "Richelieu," he enjoyed the luxurious distinction as official spy to the French Cardinal, but "Huget," as he was called in the play, having fallen from grace, was compelled to seek a more difficult position, for Monday he told us, as a B. & O. switchman, he had slept at the switch and was instrumental in raising the price of coffins after the wreck, but afterward he told us it was only a dream.

Mr. C. L. Staudt, "Huget's jailor" in the play, after the latter's downfall, seemed to have been struck quite heavily by the hand of fortune, for on Monday evening, in a voice not unlike the roaring of Barnum's lions, he urged on the Irish troopers up the hills of Fontenoy, to the aid of good King Louis.

P. A. Gillespie, the recipient of first consideration in division one, spoke on the "Progress of Madness," and seemed to take especial delight in telling his audience "he was not mad." As far as I know no one said he was, but that evidently provoked Pat, and just to let those present know that they didn't know anything about it he concluded by exclaiming, "Yes, Yes I am mad!" (Perhaps he is, I don't know.)

Second honors in the first division were equally divided by Masters John Hays, and A. Eschman who recited, "Riengie's Address," and "How He Saved St. Michaels" respectfully; both did very creditable work and deserved the many congratulations they received.

"The Dutchman's Troubles with his Telephone," were told us by F. Schwab in such a manner as to convince us that if "Heer Fritz" did really experience such hardships with the "phone" it would not be to the financial benefit of a telephone company to use his description of his troubles as an advertisement.

While Edward Davin was describing to us, the terrors of the night on which Napoleon died, we were carried back to the scene

of the afternoon when the wind and rain bellowed and blew in just such a manner as it did on that eventful night at St. Helens, but happily no one was dying here.

That household and universally known poem, "Bingen on the Rhine," was well executed by John Whelan, and the soldier of the legion was compelled to live over his dying scene in Algiers for the benefit of the audience, who showed their appreciation to the German soldier by vigorous applause.

"The Collier's Dying Child," and Casabianca," two beautiful selections which, like old wine, grow better with age, (it is the writer's opinion, old wine would disappear with time instead of getting better,) were recited by John Malloy, and J. Lagorio, in a very pleasing manner.

When Thomas Trudell had finished telling how a brave soldier, rather than see his country fall, sought death, he so impressed the judges, (I know not whether it was D'Assa's brave act, or Tom's brave speaking) that "The Fall of D'Assas" secured for Master Trudell second place in division two.

The work of Frank Moody in reciting the "Huns' Defeat," evoked the general approbation of the audience,—now don't mistake me as saying his hearers were delighted at the humiliation of the Hungarians, but at Frank's work.

Chas. Cullinan did very good work with "Wm Tell to his Native Mountains," and his school-mates were taken forward to the 24th of June, when they expect to be at home among the trees and nooks as was Tell after having returned from his conquests.

"A scene of '98" was very enjoyable when recited by T. Dunn even though it was one hundred and one years ago. This completed the contest and Fr. O'Connell proceeded to award the decisions, at the same time congratulating the contestants upon their work. All present, (especially the winners,) declaring the awards to be just. Our Rev. President followed with a speech in behalf of the college, thanking those present for having braved the inclement weather and praising the work of the students intrusted to his care.

At the conclusion of Fr. Murphy's speech the orchestra began to play, and as the last strains of "Gallant Knights' March" died away the audience filed out of the hall, the lights were put out, and the elocutionary contest of '99, at Holly Ghost College was a past of history.

JOS. M. MURPHY.  
Business Course.



## FIELD DAY.

The annual field day was held on Saturday, June 17th. Everything went off in such a way that even the Committee's most sanguine expectations of success were more than realized. The crowd was excellent and the day ideal for the occasion. Everyone present seemed to be out for enjoyment and from the general behavior it is only fair to conjecture that they were fully satisfied.

The following is the list of those who kindly donated prizes for the events: The Very Rev. President, Pittsburg News Co., Arnfeld, Kaufmann Bros. J. M. Gusky, J. G. Lauer, Otto Helmhold, E. Maginn, J. G. Johnson Co. F. Bachtel, H. Terheyden, Jas. Phelan, B. Glorckler, Mrs. Kirner.

The Committee take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to those who so kindly favored them.

J. L. B.

**List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,**  
**AT THE**  
**FOURTH TERM EXAMINATIONS,**  
**HELD IN**  
**JUNE, 1899.**

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent. An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have got 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass, *i. e.*, obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

**GRAMMAR CLASS.**

BERNINGER CH. P.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.

\*BRIGGS BERN'D—P, History, Geography, Penmanship.

    D, Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.

\*CLOHESSY JOHN F.—P, History, Geography, Arithmetic.

    D, Religion, Bible History, Penmanship, Drawing.

\*CRAFTON PERRY—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.

    D, Bible History, Drawing.

\*DULLARD WALT.—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

    D, Religion, Bible History, English.

II-

\*KENNY THOMAS—P, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.

    D, Religion, Bible History, Penmanship, Drawing.

\*OESTERLE ALBERT—P, D, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.

\*VISLET VICTOR—P, Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.

    D, Bible History.

WARD CHAS.—P, English, Penmanship, Drawing.

    D, Bible History.

MILLER T. V.—P, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Drawing.

    D, Bible History.

**THIRD ACADEMIC.**

\*BEJENKOWSKI A. J.—P, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, French.

    D, Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

BOWES JOHN—P, Latin, English, Zoology, Penmanship.

    D, Religion, History, Geography.

\*BRUGGEMAN EDW.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra.

    D, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

CAMPBELL JOHN B.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

CHAEBERS JOHN A.—P, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

COLL CHAS. A.—P, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

    D, Book-keeping.

\*DAVIN EDW. L.—P, Religion, Algebra.

    D, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*DOOLY PATRICK J.—P, Arithmetic, Algebra.

    D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*GAST GEORGE J.—P, D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, German, Penmanship.

GERLACH EUGENE A.—P, Religion, Latin, English, Zoology.  
D, History, Geography.

GERLACH MORRIS J.—P, Latin.

GRiffin N. W.—P, Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D, History, Geography.

\*KANTZ FRANCIS J.—P, D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping, Algebra, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship, German.

KING FRANCIS J.—P, Penmanship.

\*LAGORIO JOHN J.—P, Religion, Latin, English, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D, History, Geography, Arithmetic.

\*MANSMANN FLORENCE A.—P, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

D, Religion, Latin.

\*MOODY FRANCIS H.—P, Latin, German, French.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

McCAFFREY JOHN A.—P, Religion, English, Penmanship.  
D, History, Geography, Latin.

NEGLEY WM. J.—P, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Algebra.

O'CONNOR JOSEPH J.—P, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping, Zoology, Penmanship.

O'CONNOR WM. J.—P, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.

O'HARE JOHN—P, Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

\*O'NEAL CHAS. J.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*O'NEILL JAMES A.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, German, French.  
D, Algebra, Penmanship.

\*ORLOWSKI FRANCIS J.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship, French.  
D, Arithmetic, Zoology.

\*SCHWAB FRANCIS A.—P, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, Algebra, Zoology, German.

\*STILLWAGEN EDW. L.—P, Religion, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra,  
D, History, Geography, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*SZUMIERSKI FRANCIS J.—P, English.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*WESLOWSKI ANDREW S.—P, Religion, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French.  
D, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.

\*WHELAN JOHN J.—P, English, German, French.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

## SECOND ACADEMIC.

\*DURA STANISLAUS—P, Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship, German.  
D, History, Geography, English, Greek, Botany, French.

\*HAYES M.—P, Penmanship, French.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Greek.

HENRY MICHAEL—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.

\*JANDA C.—P, Religion.  
D, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship, English, Greek.

LAMOTHE DAMIAN—P, English, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, German, French.

\*MALLOY JOHN—P, D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship, German, French, Drawing.

\*MURPHY JOSEPH—P, German, French.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.

\*MCLANE GEORGE—P, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, Latin.

\*PIETRZYSKI FR.—P, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Botany, Penmanship, French, English.

\*RELIHAN MICHAEL—P, Religion, Latin, Botany.  
 D, History, English, Geography, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship, German, French.

\*RYAN W. J.—P, Latin, Algebra.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship, Greek.

\*SMITH HARRY—P, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Penmanship, French.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Botany, English.

SHANAHAN THOMAS—P, Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra.

TRUDELL THOMAS—P, Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship, German, French.  
 D, History, Geography, English.

WECHTER HENRY—P, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship, French.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, German.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

BREENAN J. J.—P, Religion, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, Geology, Geometry, Arithmetic.

CONDRON MICHAEL F.—P, English, Latin, Greek, Geology, Geometry, Arithmetic, German.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, French.

CULLINAN CHAS. J.—P, Latin, Arithmetic, French, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Geology, German.

\*DUNN TIMOTHY A.—P, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Geology, Arithmetic, French, German, Penmanship.

ESCHMAN ALBERT J.—P, Greek, Geology, French.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Penmanship.

FANDRAJ WALTER J.—P, English, Latin, Greek, Geology, Arithmetic.

GEARY CHAS. J.—P, History, Geography, Algebra, German, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, English, Geology, Geometry, Arithmetic.

\*HAGAN JOS. D.—P, History, Geography, English, Geology, Algebra, Geometry, French.  
 D, Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

HAYES JOHN J.—P, Latin, Greek, Geology, Arithmetic, German.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, French, Penmanship.

\*HEHIR MARTIN—P, Algebra.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Geology, Geometry, Arithmetic, German, French, Penmanship.

JEROZAL F. J.—P, English, Greek, Geology, Algebra, Geometry, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, German.

MAJESKI ANTONY J.—P, English, Geology, Geometry, French, History, Geography.  
 D, Religion, Latin, Greek, Penmanship.

\*MALONEY FRANK A.—P, Latin, Greek, Geometry, German.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Geology, Algebra, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

STAUDT C. L.—P, Church History, Natural Philosophy.  
 D, History, English, Algebra, German.

\*TUREK LADISLAS—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Geology, Algebra, Geometry, Penmanship.  
D, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, German, French.

### SENIOR BUSINESS COURSE.

\*BROWN H.—P, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence.  
D, Religion, Commercial Law, Penmanship.

COUZINS R.—P, Religion, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.

\*FAHEY T. H.—P, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Commercial Law, English.

\*HUCKENSTEIN J.—P, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.  
D, Religion, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship.

KLEIN N.—P, English, Penmanship.  
D, Religion.

KUBLER H.—P, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Arithmetic.

\*LACKNER A.—P, English.

D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

MILLER F.—P, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, English, Book-keeping.

MCALLISTER R.—P, English, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Religion.

McCABE J.—P, English, Penmanship.  
D, Arithmetic.

\*MC GUIRE, J.—P, English.

D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

MCLANE WM.—P, Commercial Law, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.

\*MC LAUGHLIN JAS.—P, Religion, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Commercial Law.

ROEHRIG G.—P, Arithmetic, Correspondence.  
D, Religion, Commercial Law, English, Penmanship.

\*RYAN J.—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, English.

RYAN WM.—P, Religion, English, Penmanship.

\*TURNBLACHER T.—P, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Commercial Law, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

HEUTTEL JOHN—P, History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German, French.  
D, Church History, Natural Philosophy.

MURPHY JOHN—P, Latin, Greek, Algebra, French, Natural Philosophy.  
D, Church History, History, English, German.

MCMAMARA JOHN—P, History, English, Algebra, German, French, Natural Philosophy.  
D, Church History.

\*O'CONNOR PATRICK—P, French.

D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, Geometry.

\*RILEY JAMES—P, Church History, English, Geometry.

D, History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German, French, Natural Philosophy.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

\*BAUMGARTNER JOS.—P, Church History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Natural Philosophy.  
D, History, German, Geometry.

\*BRENT ALBERT S.—P, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Natural Philosophy.

D, Church History, History, English, French, Geometry.

GILLESPIE P. A. | P, History, French, Natural Philosophy.

D, Church History, Algebra.

\*FROST VINCENT—P, Algebra, Geometry.

D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Natural Philosophy.

\*KILLEMEYER H. J.—P, Geometry.

D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, Natural Philosophy.

\*MCCELLIGOTT WILLIAM J.—P, Geometry.

D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German, French, Natural Philosophy.

\*SCHALZ GEORGE J.—P, Latin, French, Geometry.

D, Church History, History, English, Greek, German, Natural Philosophy.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

\*COLLINS THOMAS J.—P, German, Chemistry.

D, Scripture, English, History, Latin, Greek, French, Trigonometry.

MAHER P. E.—P, Scripture, History, Latin, Greek, Chemistry, English.

KOSSLER A. M.—P, Scripture, History, Latin, Chemistry, Trigonometry.

O'HARE D.—P, History, Latin, Greek, Chemistry.

D, Scripture, English, French.

\*WALKER WILLIAM—P, History, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry.

D, Scripture, English, German.

N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI.

PITTSBURG, PA., OCT. 1899.

No. 1.

## TROUBLED.

O Lord ! My spirit faints and droops with deep  
Despair : for Life to me has been a long  
Dark wandering—a groping through a throng  
Of doubts and fears, which too oft make me weep.  
Still, thro' this drear, dread silence, on I creep,  
In search of light and rest—to catch a song  
Of hopeful strain : but, though I know 'tis wrong,  
I almost weary ; even long—to sleep.

O Lord ! Show pity to my troubled heart  
And to my soul so dark with doubt, give light.  
What wilt thou have me do ? Enlighten me  
I pray ! I strive, but should I e'er depart  
From Thy desire, keep not out in the night  
My spirit, bruised and torn, in search of Thee.

F. L.



### OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., after a number of years of hard and faithful work in the education of youth, spent at the Holy Ghost College, has been installed as president of Blackrock College, Dublin, Ireland, where he will continue his good work in education.

The departure of a friend, especially a true friend, to some other clime, is indeed a source of sadness.

The long hours, and I may say years, which one has spent in the company of that friend, pass away like the smoke, but the remembrance of that happy period remains fresh in the mind.

Father Murphy, our late President, who was taken from our midst to resume his duties in another college, far away from our shores, was indeed a true friend to all the students.

His spiritual instructions, that have won the unstinted and universal admiration of Catholics and non-Catholics alike, are still fresh in our memories.

He takes with him the best wishes of all the students of the old "*Alma Mater*," which was long under his guiding hand, and it is our most sincere and fervent wish that he may succeed in the future as well as he has done in the past.



### OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

Rev. Father Hehir, our new President, is well known to all. He is engaged this year as professor of Greek in the Junior and Senior classes; also as professor of French in the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

Father Hehir has been the Vice President of the college. He is, perhaps, less known to the public than his predecessor, but the college students of the past 15 years know and attest unanimously and enthusiastically to his zealous labors in the cause of education. The members of the faculty assert that he is the hardest worker that the institution has had since its establishment. A man of splendid physique—six feet tall and powerfully built—systematic, practical and fond of work, he has been invaluable to the college, and as

Vice President, has for years borne much of the burden of its internal management.

He was, at the same time, Director of the Scholasticate, a body of some 35 youths preparing to enter the ecclesiastical state in the Order.

Rev. M. A. Hehir was born in 1854, near Kildysart, County Clare, Ireland. He began Latin at a classical school before entering Blackrock College, of which Father Murphy is now President, in 1872. He graduated five years later, and was ordained at Paris in 1883. He became a professed member of the Order of the Holy Ghost in 1884, and was sent to Pittsburg, where he taught one year in the old college on Wylie avenue. He was appointed Director of Scholastics in 1891, Vice President in 1892, and last year was named First Assistant to the Provincial of the Order in the United States.



#### DEWEY'S RECEPTION AT NEW YORK.

The extent and magnificence of Admiral Dewey's reception, accorded by the people and city of New York, was something unequalled in either ancient or modern times. It is impossible to avoid speaking of it, since it has been made, as it were—the great event of the century in the United States. And though every magazine, even the smallest, has brought it in all its details to the most distant towns and hamlets of our country, yet it is fitting that a paper like ours, devoted to the interests of the rising generation, should have its share in heralding this great history-making celebration, as one which not only fittingly closes this 19th century in our American history, but can be appropriately held up to the younger men, the citizens of tomorrow, as a beacon light, and as the best, greatest and noblest incitement to that pure, self-sacrificing and simple love of duty, which is both the flower and the fruit of patriotism.

It is significant to note that this demonstration was national, being essentially a reception "by the people, of the people, and from the people." Every state of the Union had its representatives therein, mak-

ing, in all, a grand total of five millions of enthusiastic American, from far and near, that had gathered to worship at the shrine of our national hero—the one who “came, saw and conquered.” And the best proof of the breadth, depth and sincerity of the people’s esteem was that no single incident occurred to mar the perfect outpouring of deep-rooted patriotism, which fills the heart of every true American. The event passed into history without a hitch, a jar or so much as a suspicion of jealousy.

All that wealth could procure, all that invention could devise, all that genius could create, was called into play to make this festival the most complete, the most heartfelt and sincere, that the world has ever witnessed. Was it only for one man and for one personality, or for that one solitary though heroic deed with which his name is coupled? No; we are bound to say that this strange and almost exaggerated expression of a nation’s gratitude, esteem, and even love, for one man—was but the outward channel through which the powerful and healthy patriotism of the nation, pent up within its bosom and growing in intensity for the last few years, found a fitting and spontaneous outlet.

This reception was for the whole navy—officers and sailors, the cabin boy and the cook. Anything they could have done to show their hearty spirit of reciprocity would have been done with a will and in that inimitable fashion characteristic of the sons of Neptune. All this was embodied and personified in that one man, the simplest but noblest of them all, whose only word and proudest boast at the very moment of his apotheosis was: “I did my duty at my country’s call.”

*J. Hare.*



#### SOME OF OUR BOYS AT WAR.

We were very much pleased to hear of the important part some of our past students took in the recent war with Spain; we were especially glad to read the accounts given by their commanders of the courage and gallantry which they displayed under fire. These

young men were Michael Kennedy, of Youngstown, Ohio, who was a member of Company F., (14th) Fourteenth infantry, U. S. A.; Claude Duffy, of Washington, Pa., was a member of the heroic Tenth Penn'a; John Kennedy, of Parkersburg, W. Va., was a member of the Fourth U. S. A. infantry; Patrick O'Neil, of Youngstown, Ohio, was a member of the Tenth, Ohio.

Michael Kennedy, Claude Duffy and John Kennedy fought at the front, and, until the day they were mustered out, they braved all dangers and went forward fearlessly, on all occasions, with the most heroic spirit of youth, to defend the noble cause for which they enlisted. They were among the first to enlist when war was proclaimed, and burning with love for their country they stood ready to be sent to the various scenes of war, to far off Manila or Cuba, or to Porto Rico. Mr. Michael Kennedy was seriously wounded in one of the first battles of Manila, and for six months was an inmate of the hospital, but on recovering from his wound and not being able to serve his country any longer, he was honorably discharged. Mr. M. Kennedy was a member of the Senior Philosophy class of '97, and was a very talented and energetic young man. Claude Duffy and John Kennedy fought gallantly at the front also, and escaped without a mark; they were mustered out during the summer months. Patrick O'Neill did not go to the front, for his regiment remained in camp for some time till finally mustered out last March.

We are happy to be able to quote the following extract from a Youngstown paper of last winter :

"Michael Kennedy, a son of James Kennedy, the well known wholesale liquor dealer of this city, was wounded in the battle before Manila with the Filipinos on Saturday last.

Mr. Kennedy is a member of Company F, Fourteenth infantay, U. S. A., and it is known that his relatives have said that he is the one whose name the Associated Press list of wounded includes.

Youug Kennedy enlisted with the regulars about the time of the breaking out of the war and his regiment was one of the first to go to the islands of the Pacific. His relatives have heard from him occasionally, and then he has also written to friends here.

It was learned with great surprise and considerable regret of his misfortune in being wounded in Saturday's battle. It is believed and hoped that his wounds are not serious, for although his name is included in the list of wounded, a special mention is made of those who were seriously wounded.

Mr. Kennedy is a young man, who has lived in this city nearly all his life and was known by nearly everybody. He has enjoyed the advantages of a college education, going entirely through what is known as the classical course in one of the leading Catholic colleges of the country.

There are a number of other Youngstown boys either at Manila or on their way across the Pacific to the islands. It is certain that in any engagement which may occur they will acquit themselves with distinction and credit. Kennedy's sacrifice will be held in grateful remembrance by his townspeople, and all will unite in the wish that he may soon be fully restored to health."



#### THE FACULTY OF '99-'00.

Rev. Patrick McDermott is still professor of Philosophy, Scripture and English in the Junior and Senior classes.

Rev. John Griffin is professor of Latin in the Junior and Senior classes and also professor of music.

Rev. Father Henry McDermott has charge of the discipline this year. He is also professor of English in the business department.

Rev. William Stadelman is prefect of the scholastics and also professor of English and German.

Rev. Augustus Rumbach, who is a Spanish linguist, is in charge of French, German and mathematics in the lower classes.

Rev. Lucian Galette, a new addition to the present faculty, is professor of French in the higher classes.

Mr. Topham is still professor in the Senior business course.

Mr. Leo. Stock, who is a new addition to the faculty and a graduate of the Catholic University at Washington, is professor of mathematics and English.

**THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF '99.**

The class of '99 of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost graduated at the Bijou theatre on Friday evening, June 23. The friends of the college turned out in such numbers to witness the commencement exercises that the entire lower part and first gallery of the house were crowded. The young men receiving degrees and diplomas, composed the largest class ever graduated from the college, and in his address, Rev. John T. Murphy, president of the institution, declared that individually and as a class the college had more reason to feel proud of the graduates than of any class that has yet completed the course of study.

The class consists of members of the classical and scientific and the business, departments, and numbers in all 14. In the classical and scientific departments are James Lawrence Brady, John Francis Enright, Charles Francis Finney, James Aloysius Garrigan, James Francis Halaburda, Michael Anthony Krupinski, Leo Lawrence Meyer, John Aloysius McVean, Charles Ignatius Rudolph and Thomas Aloysius Wrenn. The business department contains Mortimer William Flanigan, Hubert Edward Gaynor, Joseph Matthew Murphy and Thomas J. Mullen.

The exercises were divided into an interesting program, every number of which was highly appreciated by the audience, and which merited the very liberal applause accorded. The time-honored custom of the salutatory, delivered in Latin, a German oration and a valedictory was adhered to, but these and the other orations were brief. Selections by the college orchestra and choruses by the glee club were interspersed in the program, all tending to the general enjoyment. The rise of the curtain revealed all the participants of the program. The graduates sat on the left, while beside them were grouped the Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D., bishop of the Pittsburg diocese of the Roman Catholic church; the Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., rector of the Catholic University of America, of Washington, D. C., and Rev. Father John T. Murphy, president of the college. On the right of the stage was arranged the college orchestra, and in the rear of the stage were seated the glee club and under-graduate honor men.

The address to the class, delivered by Monsignor Conaty, was particularly interesting from the fact that it was his first public appearance in Pittsburg, and that his presence at the commencement had been accomplished with the greatest difficulty. He is a man of striking appearance, with a fine intellectual head, crowned with crisp silvery gray hair, and possesses an unusually forcible and attractive style of oratory. After bearing the good

wishes of the university to the college, Mgr. Conaty spoke of what the college represents in the scheme of education. He said that there never was a time when college training has been more demanded as a condition of leadership than at present. College men, he said, are called upon to spread abroad among men the ennobling influence of a liberal education. College education, he said, is not given for the advantage merely of the men who receive it, but also that it may serve to lift the people to a higher plane of religious, social and political life.

Mgr. Conaty developed the thought that positive religion must have first place in the college of the future and combatted the theory that it matters not where a man makes his college course, provided he be grounded in the religion of the school of his early days. Passing to the question of science, which in some lines of thought to-day is made, he held, to usurp the place of God, he said that science, with all its present advances, should never cease to be regarded as other than the voice of God speaking through the forces of nature. The question of culture was discussed at some length as one of the means of education rather than the end of education. He further said: "There is a tendency toward a development of mind without soul, of culture without the gospel. The college graduate must be prepared to puncture the heresies of political life, as well as those of religious life. He should be a leader of thought, entering into the intellectual movements of the day. There is a vast element of uncertainty, as well as of falsehood, in the world of thought to-day, and it needs the strength of Christian faith to remove them from the minds of men."

Mgr. Conaty closed with an appeal to the young men, graduates of Holy Ghost college, to be true to the culture which had been developed in them by their college education—fearless defenders of the truth, loyal to the principles of sound philosophy courageous in the battle of manhood, bearing aloft the white banner of a spotless life, loving their church and practicing the Christian virtues.

The Latin salutatory was delivered by Michael Anthony Krupinski, followed by an oration on "The Genesis of the Constitution of the United States," by John Francis Enright. The other orations were: "The Consistency of St. Thomas's Doctrine," by Thomas Aloysius Wrenn; "Die Zwei Goldene Perioden der Deutschen Literatur," by Leo Lawrence Meyer; "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts," James Lawrence Brady; "Capital and Labor," James Aloysius Garrigan; validictory by John Aloysius McVean.

The announcement of honors and conferring of degrees and gold and silver medals were conducted by Father Murphy and Bishop Phelan. As the names of the fortunate winners of honors were proclaimed, the individual came forward, knelt on one knee before the bishop, kissed his purple ring of office and received the diploma or medal as the case might be. The graduate gold medalists were: Mortimer William Flanigan, winner of the gold medal for excellence in business course; Charles Ignatius Rudolph, for mathematics and science; Leo Lawrence Meyer, the Bishop

Phelan gold medal for general excellence, and John Aloysius McVean the gold medal for classics. Among the undergraduates the silver medal for elocution, division No. 2, was awarded to William J. Ryan, second academic; the silver medal for elocution, division No. 1, was awarded to Patrick Aloysius Gillespie, sophomore, and the gold medal for Christian doctrine was awarded to Francis A. Maloney, first academic. The diploma of master of accounts was conferred on the graduates of the business department, and the degree of bachelor of arts on those of the classical and scientific department.



### ATHLETICS.

Now that classes have once more been resumed, and the old students have returned, it is but natural to take a brief glance at the prospects for athletics at the college this year. For the present it is but needless to say that there will be a representation in all departments of athletics, and from the spirit shown by the students in their work a most successful year may be anticipated. A new feature will be the introduction of aquatic sports. Already preliminary steps have been taken in the matter, and from all indications Pittsburg College will be a strong factor in the regattas to be held in Western Pennsylvania next spring.

At present the great college game of football holds full sway over the minds and hearts of the students. Their enthusiasm augers well for a good team of kickers. Every afternoon scores of ambitious young men desirous of gaining football honors may be seen on the campus, under the able guidance of Mullen, the great quarter back. They are fast developing into speedy and promising players. Mr. W. Mullen, Sr., has already chosen the men who will represent the 'Varsity on the gridiron this fall, and in his opinion he has the strongest light team ever gotten together on the Bluff. Manager Gillespie has the schedule about completed. Among the games to be played will be two with the strong W. & J., and also a game with W. U. P. and Geneva College, besides games with all the Colleges and Academies in the neighborhood. The team will be composed entirely of *bona fide* students.

*J. W. Kraus.*

# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

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### DEWEY'S HOME-COMING.

The occasion of the home-coming of a relative, a benefactor or a friend from whom we have been separated for any length of time is one of great rejoicing. The feelings of two loving hearts estranged by the hand of fate, but now united again, are indescribable. Admirable Dewey was the nation's hero—the friend and benefactor of every American citizen, and who will dare to raise his voice in disapproval of the recent elaborate celebration accorded him on his arrival home? The thousands and thousands—yes, millions of voices that pealed forth the warm, boisterous shouts of welcome were but the exterior manifestations of the

sentiments of admiration, of appreciation, of gratitude and of love that were welling up within our breasts since the first report of the glorious victory in Manila bay was received on American shores. The many voices that echoed and re-echoed through the thoroughfares of the metropolis were but the expression of the sentiments of each and every true patriot. The many personal sacrifices of the Admiral, the courage that marked his every action, the brilliancy of his exploits, his wonderful skill, and, above all, the sublimity of the character that ever shone forth in the man, have won our admiration, our esteem and our respect. Our welcome was, therefore, but the expression of what we have inwardly felt, and have longed to breathe forth since the morning of the first of May, 1898. In thus signally honoring Dewey we also showed how appreciative we were of the indefatigable zeal and untiring energy with which the whole squadron under his command labored during the battle. The real meaning of the great celebration has been adequately given by Gen. Miles in his tribute to Admiral Dewey, in which he says: "The significance of this spontaneous, universal welcome is not local to the personality of Admiral Dewey alone, but the compliment comprehends the American navy—the men behind the guns and the men sweltering before the glare of the furnace fire as well as the master man upon the bridge. Each and all shared in the sacrifices, the fortitude, the heroism, defied the danger of the elements and the engines of terrible war, devotedly serving their country under every condition of hardship and peril."

W. O. W.



#### HAIL TO THE NEW YEAR—'99-'00!

It is true that we have great losses to deplore, such as the one occasioned by the promotion of our former beloved President to a larger and higher sphere of labor, in distant lands. But what is our loss, is others' gain, and we beg to congratulate the students and faculty of Blackrock College upon having, at their head, such an eminent man as Rev. J. T. Murphy, whose name has

long been, throughout the United States, a synonym for all that was best and noble and brilliant in education and Christian oratory. Withal, we have as his successor the one who, for years, had the practical direction of the studies under Fr. Murphy—and aiding him is what is claimed to be the best faculty ever possessed by Holy Ghost College since its foundation.

We have to deplore also the loss of the numerous splendid specimens of youthful talent, who graduated last June. But we have every reason to believe that in their respective spheres, wherein they are pursuing higher studies—or in the more active positions of the outer world where they are engaged in business pursuits, they will shed new lustre upon their Alma Mater.

They have been replaced by a fine crowd of aspirants to academic honors—and we rejoice to have to state that already, even though the year is still young, we have a larger number of boarders and day students than at any time last year.

The good spirit of discipline has also been retained, as if the graduates of last year had left behind them the mantle of exemplary conduct which they wore without stain or reproach during the year '98-'99.

We have every reason, therefore, to look forward to a happy and successful school year.



There are, again, war clouds on the horizon! Last year, at this period, we were anticipating valuable and lasting consequences from the Peace Conference held at La Hague. But it seems as if the old methods of settling international disputes will continue to prevail, in spite of the generally expressed hope that the close of this great century would witness the successful and universal adoption of that *panacea* for the world's great conflicts—arbitration.

It is difficult to believe that England is not somewhat actuated by a feeling of revenge for the massacre and ignominious defeat of Majuba Hill, at the beginning of Gladstone's famous administration of 1880. As it has been justly noticed by our professor of Modern

History, in referring to the smaller wars in which England has been engaged during the last quarter of a century, the policy of the Conservative party resembled somewhat that which is supposed to be the guiding principle of our present Republican administration. It was a policy of imperialism and of colonial expansion.

Strange also, is it not, that we should to-day in 1899, find President McKinley uttering the same expression—"Peace with honor," which was Disraeli's motto, when he returned in triumph in 1878, from the Congress of Berlin! That ovation in London was destined to be the climax of his career, when he was the most conspicuous man in the world with Bismarck! Little he thought that in such a short time as 15 months, his party should be hurled from power, and his favorite policy of imperialism so rudely shaken in the popular estimation. What lessons there are, in the changes and vicissitudes of modern politics!

W. O. W.



### OUR LAST YEAR'S GRADUATES

On our arrival back to College this year, every place looked familiar. But when we entered the class room our minds began to wander and to think of the happy hours we spent in days gone by with loved companions who bade us farewell in the fair month of June.

They left us for new fields in life, with the good will and affectionate esteem of all, as well as with the blessing of their *Alma Mater*, which we trust they will cherish as a golden treasure and as an incentive to success in all their trials and vicissitudes.

Naturally enough, since we were together for a long time we are deeply interested in their behalf, and we are always glad to hear from them.

At the time of issue we hear that Messrs. J. Brady J. Garrigan and L. Meyer have gone to St. Vincent's Seminary, at Latrobe, and Messrs. J. Enright and Ch. Finney have gone to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, while Messrs. F. Wrenn, Rudolph and Halaburda

have gone to the Holy Ghost Novitiate, Philadelphia, to complete their studies.

Mr. M. Krupinski has become a professor at St. Joseph's, Missouri.

Mr. J. McVean has gone to St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, to complete his studies.

*P. E. M.*



### THE ALUMNI.

LAST vacation the Alma Mater was honored by the raising of two of her old students to the dignity of the Holy Priesthood, Mr. Thos. L. Barry, '93, and Mr. Hugh J. O'Neil, '94. Thos. L. Barry was ordained on Sept. 8th, by the Right Rev. Richard Phelan at St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pa. He said his first Mass on the following Sunday at St. John's Church, South Side, on which occasion a very impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Thos. Devlin, on the "Dignity of the Priesthood." Many of the old students were present. Rev. Father Barry gave the students a great pleasure by saying Mass in the College on Wednesday, Sept. 27th., before going to pursue his studies for Doctorship at the Catholic University at Washington.

REV. FATHER O'NEILL is temporarily stationed at St. Mary's church, Lawrenceville, as assistant to the Very Rev. Father Tobin, Vicar General. Father Hugh is just as genial as he ever was during the happy days of his college life on the Bluff.

REV. M. O'DONNELL, '93, is the assistant Priest at St. Agnes' Church, City. He is becoming noted for his oratorical powers. Every man, woman and child in that thickly populated section of the city, so well known by the name of Soho, is attached to Father Michael. And why not? There is not a child whom he meets along the street that he does not salute with the sincere and respectful manner that indicates the deep interest he takes in their spiritual and temporal welfare. St. Agnes may well be proud of its pious pastor, Rev. Father McHugh, and his devoted assistants, Fathers Sweeney and O'Donnell.

DR. ARTHUR WALSH, of '96, who took out his degrees, with honor, at the West Penn Medical College, this city, last June, has settled down at Homestead, where he is securing a most steady and extensive patronage. We recommend all the Homestead families to call in Dr. Arthur, when sickness threatens to appear.

P. M.



### DEBATING SOCIETIES AND SODALITIES.

At the meeting of the *Literary Union*, whose membership is confined to the students of the Senior and Junior classes, held in the students' library on Sept. 10th, the following officers were elected: Moderator, Rev. P. A. McDermott; Pres., W. O. Walker, '00; Vice Pres., P. E. Maher, '00; Sec'y, P. A. Gillespie, '01; Treas., Wm. J. McElligott, '01; Librarian, D. O'Hare, '00. On this occasion several subjects for debate were suggested, and among those that were selected are some of the most important questions of the day.

There is every indication that this year, from a literary point of view, will be a very successful one for the Union. All the members are manifesting a deep interest in its discussions.

The members of the *Lyceum Society*, which comprises all the students of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, also elected officers for this year at their meeting, held in the College Hall, on Sept. 15th. The result of the election was as follows: Moderator, Mr. Leo. F. Stock, A. M.; Pres., J. O'Hare; Vice Pres., J. O'Connor, '02; Sec'y, A. Eshman, '03; Treas., F. Maloney, '03; Librarian, T. A. Dunn, '03. The Lyceum Society has several interesting subjects for its Sunday evening debates, and, as many of its members have in times past displayed promising oratorical abilities, some well-contested discussions may be expected.

J. A. R.

## OUR SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

It has always been a custom with us in former years to have Sunday evening entertainments. These entertainments are chiefly held so that every one may have an occasion to learn how to speak, or take part in entertaining others in public when called upon. All the students take great delight in these exercises.

They like to see their class mates get up to make a speech, or read a composition, or sing something; it makes them feel livelier and more cheerful. They like to see everyone in his turn stand up and display his oratorical ability. That is just the way the greatest authors of ancient and modern times have done.

The students not only learn how to speak, but also learn music. We have a good orchestra composed partly of boarders and partly of scholastics. We have an excellent music teacher, Mr. Ch. Weiss. We have music practice several times a week. There has been a wonderful change since he took charge of the brass band and of the orchestra. The boarders and scholastics take a particular interest in the Sunday evening concerts.

But let us again return to the subject of oratory. When a person for the first time appears in public he feels nervous, but by continual practice he gets over it. Cicero tells us, "that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern."

We read in the life of Demosthenes that the first time he went on the stage to speak he became so nervous that he had to take a hold of the table in order to stand properly, and by constant efforts he turned out to be a great orator, and probably the greatest one the world has ever seen.

We have a splendid teacher of elocution, one who has had plenty of practice. He takes the students through their pieces during the previous week. Besides preparing them individually for Sunday evening concerts he has general elocution class twice a week. By the end of the year we shall have some good speakers.

Besides the old members, some new promising musicians have been added to the orchestra.

The young musicians extend their hearty congratulations to Rev. P. McDermott, who still promises his usual interest in the success of the orchestra.

We can always rely upon the orchestra for a liberal contribution to the success of our Sunday evening concerts. Already they have aided us in the accomplishment of the following Sunday evening programmes and have splendidly performed their parts. The first concert was as follows: Overture, "Selection of Irish Airs," College Orchestra; recitation, "Marco Bozarris," Mr. Hub. Gaynor; waltz, "Over the Waves," Leo. and Jas. Coveney; composition, "Indians," Mast. G. Driscoll; recitation, "Somebody's Mother," M. Relihan; "The Star Spangled Banner," F. Hartigan; selection for cornet and clarionet, Fr. and Hy'th Hartigan; composition, "Glenfield," Mast. J. Malloy; song, "My Old Kentucky Home," Glee Club; essay, "Opposition to Inventions," Mr. E. Kenney; finale, "On the Veranda," College Orchestra.

*G. J. S.*



### EXCHANGES.

Up to the date of this issue we have not received any exchanges; but none were expected since this is our first issue of the year '99-1900. However, we expect before our next issue to see all our old friends of last year and many new friends visiting our sanc-tum.

We should like to include among our exchanges the journals and bulletins of all the high schools and academies in Pittsburg and the surrounding towns, and of all the Catholic colleges of the country.

Of course, it is well understood that this column is to contain comments and friendly criticisms on the exchanges we receive, and we hope that each of our exchanges will have a similar column.

*W. J. Elligott.*

### A COURSE OF DRAFTING.

One very important change that has taken place this year in the College curriculum, and that is destined to exercise considerable influence, is the establishment of a permanent Course of Drafting, which will include both Mechanical and Architectural Drawing. One of the chief features tending to give the course a more particular character of practical importance is the fact that the gentleman to whom it is intrusted, is one of the members of the able corps of Draughtsmen of the Carnegie Company. Mr. Robert S. Meyer, who has undertaken to give instruction in this important branch, is a most competent man, and is most highly recommended by the chief engineers of the Carnegie Co., in whose employ he continues.

The arrangements call for an hour's class every day except Saturday: on Tuesday and Thursday from 4 to 5 p. m., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.



### VACATION AT GLENFIELD.

About ten miles west of Pittsburg, near the village of Glenfield, on the side of one of those lofty mountains which form such a striking feature in the scenery of Western Pennsylvania, stands a white house, unsullied by city smoke, in the midst of the most charming scenes of hill and dale, field and forest. Above and below,, on the steep side of the hill, forest trees, the oak, the elm, the ash, lift their towering heads to a serene height, and wild vines twine in and out between them, giving the place the charm of wild and picturesque beauty, which no painter's brush can reproduce.

A narrow winding path, carefully made, leads up the steep ascent, from the road below; occasionally a flight of a few stone steps adds to the beauty and utility of this rustic by-way. The birds sing blithely in the trees all day long, the squirrels gambol o'er the stake-and-rider fences, and ever and anon, the sound of laughter, or the music of song, or the peal of a bell, is borne down faintly through the vistas of the trees

on the sighing wind of the forest, telling that there is life and merriment in that solitary white house on the hill-side.

It is in this sylvan retreat, surrounded by the most elevating influences—communing with nature in all her lavish beauty, replete with some of God's choicest gifts, some of His most inspiring works—where prevail that solitude and retirement for which every man's soul yearns at times, that the Scholastics spend a part, or, in some cases, the whole, of their summer vacation.

The beauties of the scenery which surrounded us, entrancing though they were, and the society of our brethren, though full of pleasure, were not the only, nor the chief attractions, among which we passed our days of vacation at Glenfield. There is another and very important point which must be touched upon, to give completeness to this description. It is the freedom with which all could perform their various religious acts. This came from the solitude in which we were, with the magnificent, awe-inspiring mountain scenery, and, above all, the fact that we possessed, in our little chapel on the hill-side, the Lord of all, the Good Shepherd who loves the little ones that come to Him. What could be more beautiful, more inspiring, than to sing hymns in Mary's praise, before her statue in the pretty grotto which was erected at the side of the mountain path—as we did on Sundays and festival days! The woods rang with our “salve's,” or the soft evening breeze wafted away the sweet cadences of the Litany.

Thus, the days of rest and recreation glided smoothly on, in peace and contentment, like the little stream which bubbles over rocky bottoms, whirls along in eddies, dashes foaming over precipices, or noiselessly flows on with almost unruffled surface, in the deep places along its ever changing, ever turning bed.

*J. F. Malloy.*



**WINTER INDOOR SPORTS.**

Once more the faculty of the College has shown its generosity and good will for the benefit as well as for the entertainment and physical development of the students, by fitting up in the most elaborate and comfortable manner, a Senior Boarder Lyceum Hall. Already, at present, Brother Ammon, the students' faithful friend, is building two standard size bowling alleys out of solid maple wood. An additional billiard table and pool table have been set up and included among the things destined to give the students indoor exercise, and to shorten the long and dreary winter days is a shuffle board, with plenty of chess and checker games, etc.

*A. M. K.*

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THOMAS J. CONATY, Rector.

# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI. PITTSBURG, PA., NOV. 1899. No. 2.

## IMMORTALITY!

There is no Death; what we call Death  
Is but a shroud for Life.  
The Soul, released by one short breath,  
Returns from Death to Life.

F. L.

## A PRAYER.

My Soul, O Lord, is tempest-tossed,  
And in its anguish turns to Thee !  
Direct me, then, or I am lost,  
O grant a surer guide to me;  
And give me singleness of mind  
And true simplicity of heart,  
That, Heaven assisting, I may find  
And never from Thy truth depart.  
Of human fear restrain the voice  
And quell the murmurings of pride,  
Let nothing influence my choice  
But love for Thee, the Crucified !

F. L.

## A TRIBUTE TO MARY.

From the Old Catholic Bard, Chaucer.

Thou Maid and Mother, daughter of thy Son,  
Thou well of mercy, sinful soules cure,  
In whom that God of bounty chose to *won* (dwell);  
Thou humble and high over every creature !  
Assembled in thee magnificence,  
With mercy, goodness and such pity,  
That thou that art the sum of excellence,  
Not only helpest them that praisen thee,  
But often time of thy benignity  
Full freely, e'en that men thine help beseech,  
Thou goest before, and art their lives leech !

**ASSOCIATION OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.**

The 25th of October will long be remembered by the students of the College. At 8.45 A. M., Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp., Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood for the United States and Canada, celebrated the weekly Mass in the neat little chapel. Immediately after the Mass, the Reverend Father delivered a very interesting and instructive discourse to the assembled faculty and students, on the apostolate of the Church and of her members, and on the special apostolate established in connection with the Association of the Holy Childhood. In introducing himself, Father Willms said that this was his first opportunity of addressing the students of any college in the United States on the subject of the Holy Childhood, and that he owed this privilege to the kindness of the Reverend President. The blessing and protection of Heaven have ever been with the pious Association and its zealous Director. Only last year he received a signal proof of this. Early last summer he was sent to Paris and Rome in behalf of the Association in America. As he was going to travel at the expense of the Association, he would not take first-class passage and made arrangements for second-class on the French liner "La Bourgogne." But when he arrived in New York, he found that he had been forestalled—the list of second-class passengers was already completed. Only one first-class cabin berth still remained open, and his friends insisted on his taking this one. He, however, persistently refused, saying he would take second-class or none. The ship sailed—its sad fate has passed into the history of ocean disasters. Hundreds more were added to the long list of the victims of Neptune's fury. Father Willms took passage on a German steamer and only heard of the wreck of the noble French vessel, when he landed in Hamburg. Later on, he was not a little surprised, when he saw his own name among the missing of the "Bourgogne's" passengers; and still more so, when he heard that Requiem Mass had been said for the repose of his soul, in several places in the United States, and he sent up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the "Star of the Sea," and to the Guardian Angels of the Holy Childhood, for his wonderful preservation. After this brief introduction, Father Willms continued: "*Euntes, ergo, docete omnes gentes, baptizantes eos in nomine*

*Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*” “Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

It was on one of the hills of Galilee, that gently slope down to the banks of Genesareth, that the risen Christ appeared for the last time on earth. It was the only apparition of which time and place were known beforehand, and over five hundred disciples were present. Jesus approached them, and in solemn terms affirmed His sovereign, universal power and the mission reserved for His disciples. “All power is given to me in Heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.” Every word of Jesus risen is a creating word. When He says: “Receive ye the Holy Ghost,” He creates the sacerdotal power, which judges and sanctifies. When he says to Peter: “Feed My lambs, feed My sheep,” He creates the primacy in the hierarchy of His Kingdom. And now, whe He says: “Go ye and teach all nations,” He creates the apostleship, He imposes on His followers the duty to continue His mission, and promises to abide with them always: “Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.”

The Church is the extension, throughout the ages, of Christ and of His mission. The members of the Church must be other Christs, their work must be the continuation of the work of the God-Man on earth. Now, Christ’s mission was to save the world. He tells the Jews that He came not to judge but to save. And who were the special objects of the Savior’s care? Their names are written on every page of the Gospel story. They were the poor, the wretched, the publican, the sinner, the Samaritan, Magdalen, Levi, Zacheus. If, then, we wish to continue Christ’s mission, we must become saviors of souls, and, in preference, of the most abandoned souls. We must all become apostles. We must all follow the injunction of Jesus: “Go ye and teach all nations.” But for this end we need not all travel into foreign lands, instruct the heathen and baptize. There are those who never left their native place and are none the less apostles. St. Theresa, the humble nun of Avila, by her prayers and penances is said to have converted more souls than St. Francis Xavier by all his labors and travels and preachings, Hence, we must distinguish two kinds of apostleships: the direct

and the indirect, the immediate and the mediate; the apostleship of those who leave home, parents and friends to travel into foreign lands in search of souls, and the apostleship of those who supply the missionary with the means, spiritual and temporal, to bring his labors to a successful issue.

This twofold apostleship has ever flourished in the Church. Three distinct stages mark its progress through the ages. In the first the spiritual power stood alone; single-handed it combated idolatry and its defenders. The apostle was outlawed and hunted down; he depended wholly on the charity and devotion of the faithful for his subsistence. The two apostleships were most intimately joined together—indeed, at times were almost merged into one.

The second stage is marked by the close alliance of the two powers, spiritual and temporal, in the endeavor to spread the Kingdom of Christ on earth: emperors and princes broke and prepared the soil for the seed of the Gospel. But, by and by, this harmony was marred; indeed, it had never, at any time, been perfect; and the third stage shows the temporal power in open rebellion, or in secret hostility against its legitimate superior. For a time, the wheel came full circle: the first age was lived over again—the apostle was again outlawed; the faithful once again were his sole support; and this is the stage which the apostleship of the Church has attained at the present day. Unaided by the secular arm, the Church, faithful to her divine commission—to teach all nations—continues to send forth brave men and women to catechise and civilize the barbarian, and she calls on the apostleship of prayer and alms-giving to join itself generously to the missionary, the lay-brother and the nun.

To accomplish this end, to bring the two apostolates into closer alliance, to join them together by some lasting bond, the Church has sanctioned, blessed and encouraged by word and deed two institutions, whose avowed aim is to sustain the modern apostles by prayers and alms-deeds. I mean the Association of the Propagation of the Faith, founded in 1819 by a pious and noble young lady of Lyons, and the Association of the Holy Childhood. Of the former of these Associations it is not within my province to treat to-day, but a sketch of the origin, development and present condition of the

latter will, no doubt, prove both interesting and instructive.

This Association was founded in 1843 by the Rt. Rev. Charles de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, in France, as a means to support the missionaries in their arduous task of christianizing the heathen, but especially to redeem pagan children, to baptize them, when cast away by their unnatural parents, and to bring them up as children of the Catholic Church. Catholic children, in all parts of the civilized world, make up the membership of this Association. They are formed into groups of twelve each, in honor of the twelve years of our Lord's divine Childhood, to help by their prayers and alms the modern and popular apostolate carried on by thousands of missionary priests, brothers and sisters, who leave their country, homes and friends and the comforts of civilized life in order to spread the Gospel of Christ beyond the seas, to teach His law by word and holy example, and to bring the benighted heathen within the reach of Christian civilization. All that the Association asks of its little members is to say a *Hail Mary* every day, with the added invocation: "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and the poor pagan children!" and to give *one cent a month in alms* to the Association. \$20 is the fee for a life membership.

Many privileges, including plenary and partial indulgences, both for directors and simple members, have been attached to the Association by various Popes. Three Popes have successively approved this Association—Gregory XVI., immediately on its foundation; after him, Pius IX. and the gloriously reigning pontiff, Leo XIII., have repeatedly given it their apostolic encouragement. The feast of the Holy Innocents is the Patronal Feast of the Association.

The work of the noble Bishop is little more than half a century old, but in this short time the little seed sown at Nancy has grown to be a large tree, with branches extending to the four quarters of the globe. The total receipts since its foundation amount to over one hundred and ten millions of francs. Last year alone the Association helped to support 192 missions, 898 orphan asylums, 5264 schools, 550 industrial workshops, etc., 1219 dispensaries; 427,358 children were baptized and 335,772 educated. Since 1843, through the exertions of the Holy Childhood, about

fifteen million heathen children have been baptized, of whom the greater number went straight to heaven, dying almost immediately after receiving the saving waters of regeneration. Behold here a work that deserves to be aided and encouraged. Every Catholic child in the whole Catholic universe should enlist in this army of gallant young saviors of souls !



#### LETTER FOUND IN A BOTTLE AT SEA.

As little Paul Escalier trudged along the shore of the Mexican fishing village San Pedro, picking up snowy pebbles, fingering the filmy sea-weed, and keeping a sharp lookout for stray abalone shells, his eye was arrested, as a wave receded, by a bright blue object. Waiting his opportunity, he made a bold dash and secured the prize, when low and behold! it proved naught but a bottle.

To be sure, an ordinary druggist's bottle—but, then, it was sealed, and appeared to contain some closely written papers. So that after all, he decided to fetch it home, to show the papasita.

Before going any farther, it would be well to state that San Pedro lies on a point of land, at the southern extremity of what is generally known as Lower California—though it forms a good part of the westernmost boundary of old Mexico.

Homeward, then, did Paul bring his find to his father, who, though of French extraction and living amongst people speaking a sort of garbled Spanish, could still, with little difficulty, read English. He unsealed the bottle, and drew forth what resembled a manuscript, written in a neat and legible hand. The following is an exact copy, and will speak for itself :

HERMIT'S ISLE,  
Southsea, West.

To whomsoever this letter shall pass, should it reach the shore, I trust it will convey a warning if not a moral. Here am I, Mortimer Plane, a bachelor of thirty-six, on an unknown island in the Central Pacific Ocean, living in the world, but not belonging to it in any other sense. The events that caused this voluntary exile of mine, follow.

Sixteen seared and barren years agone, I wooed a maid of as

fair a form and soulful face, as ere befel the lot of man. She was at once the Celestial joy and Stygian blight of my existence. I knelt to none but my God ere I met her, but to know her was to love her, and my knees bent in unison with my soul, when in her presence. "Stern to the haughty I might be, but ever humble to thee;" thus I thought and thus I acted. And e'en then the pall of gloom o'erhung, and invisible, well enveloped me. Methought she loved me, but lived to learn—another *more*. A quarrel, silence, another wooded and won, and I, who would have bartered my soul to save her pain, was left lamenting.

The marrow of existence passed from me—and life ceased to hold an object, worthy the striving for. Religion sufficed not to heal my anguished soul, for I was intensely human, and melancholy held despotic sway within me. Then, indeed, I realized the truth of Lacordaire when he wrote, "Melancholy is the great queen of souls that feel deeply; it possesses them so strongly at times, that even God himself seems powerless to displace it." It was then I resolved to exile myself from the rest of my kind, and live in durance solitaire.

Familiar with yachts and craft of all kinds from my youth, and a lover of the majestic sea, I resolved to cruise and search for an island, uninhabited and unknown. The great South Sea afforded the best opportunity of gratifying my project, and thither in my twenty foot dory, the Minerva, I started shortly after the preceding event. I stored my snug little craft with all manner of food, clothing, utensils and tools, such as I thought would be necessary for the voyage, and for life, after arriving at my destination.

I also brought what were to be my companions in exile, my faithful greyhound, Duke, and his consort Vy; my violin, tackle, Winchester and choke-bore, with their accessories. And so, unknown to friends or relations, I sailed one morning early from the city of St. Francis, and as the Golden Gate faded from my view, I thanked the Omnipotent that I had left the world well behind me.

After thirty-eight days of continuous sailing, encountering a few hurricanes and stiff blows, which my staunch little craft out-rode manfully, I finally sighted, about noon, the outline of a large island, which my chart informed me, was one of the main South Sea group. Here then I took my bearings, and heading north-west by north, I passed many islands with nodding palms reaching to the shore, and natives disporting themselves on the strands. For three days, I was always in sight of some island, but after that they gradually melted into the dim horizon. On the seventh day after first sighting land, I saw to my great joy, an island some ten miles in circumference, looming up ahead, apparently uninhabited.

Here then was my bourne, and here I effected a landing in a small protected cove—moored my craft and at once released my hounds, who with howls and whines, and bounds of mad delight, evinced their joy at being once more on land. That day I rested, and the following, made a survey of my new domain.

The chief characteristic of the island was a high bluff, coming down to within fifty feet of the shore, and forming almost a complete circle of it, excepting for the space of half a mile on the south side, where the ground rose gradually from the cove to the level above. Several hills rose near the center, and on the top of them,

pretty waving plateaus of grass presented themselves to the eye. And scattered here and there, in clumps, were the plaintain tree, the cocoanut, the fig, and several other varieties of tropical fruit trees.

The island abounded in the smaller kinds of game, and had several flocks of mountain sheep and a large band of antelope. The first day after my arrival, I knocked over a noble young stag with my Winchester, and tasted fresh meat for the first time in many moons. Of course, my first care was to look for a permanent shelter, and in this I was so fortunate as to discover a large cave, not far removed from my place of landing. To this I moved my worldly effects, and in it I have lived from then till now.

\* \* \* \*

In the still night, I sit and look at the stars, and think of the vast infinity of space, the insignificance of man, the omnipotence of the Creator, my own dead past, and solitary future. And then again I take my violin and walk my cavern, whilst 'neath my touch it sobs and moans, entreats, becomes vehement, passionate, —then gradually passive and resigned. The dead echoes of past ages sound their weird alaums, and recount, with mournful cadence, the sorrows of one who has "loved and lost." And still this speaking solitude soothes me, and lifts my thoughts to mankind's destined heights, "where sorrows may not enter in."

So it is, my life wears on in a land of plenty, and day by day, I draw nigher to my long, yea, Eternal home. For, them that have suffered on earth, God will not, in His infinite mercy, allow to suffer hereafter. My tale is done, and as I lay down my quill, these words burn in my brain: "Of all sad thoughts of word or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been."

MORTIMER PLANE."

*J. S. M. Hare.*

[To be continued.]



### MON "ALMA MATER."

Astre charmant, qui doras mon enfance,  
Qu'il fut beau, ton lever !  
Frères, aux jours embellis de l'innocence  
Je me plais à rêver.

Je vous connus à l'heure où notre vie  
S'entrouvrait au bonheur;  
Bientôt mon âme à votre âme chérie  
S'unit dans le Seigneur.

Car Dieu nous dit que l'union sincère  
 Est l'image du ciel,  
 Qu'elle descend du trône de lumière  
 Sur le séjour mortel.

Et seul, dès lors, Dieu régna sur nos âmes;  
 A l'heure du matin  
 Nos coeurs brûlaient de ces célestes flammes  
 Qu'allume un feu divin.

Les ans ainsi coulèrent sans tempête;  
 Et le ciel toujour pur  
 Resplendissait au dessus de nos têtes  
 De lumière et d'azur.

Jours trop heureux ! Comme un éclair rapide,  
 Je vous ai vus briller !  
 Je vous ai vus, comme l'onde limpide,  
 Vers l'océan couler !

Reverrons-nous l'antique monastére,  
 Chers à nos premiers ans ?  
 Douce abbaye, en ta clôture austère  
 Fuyaient des jours charmants !

Reverrons-nous et le parc solitaire,  
 Et le riant jardin,  
 Et le bocage et cette onde si claire,  
 Miroir d'un coeur serein ?

Dans les détours de la forêt celtique,  
 Pourrai-je m'égarer ?  
 Et sur tes bords, ô lac mélancholique,  
 Irai-je encor rêver ?

Ah ! que la fleur d'une si belle vie  
 Ne brille-t-elle encor !  
 O temps ! pourquoi l'as-tu sitôt ravie  
 Dans ton fatal essort !

Séchons nos pleurs, Enfants de l'espérance,  
 Regardons vers les cieux :  
 L'âme immortelle à chaque heure s'avance  
 Vers ce point radieux !

P. C.



### AROUND AND ABOUT A RAILWAY STATION.

To linger around a railway station—to be pushed and jostled by the traveling masses, to hear the loud, stentorian tones of the train announcer as he calls the destination of the various trains, then to see the scurrying to and fro, the joy (and grief) depicted on the faces of those coming and going—is for me an attraction peculiar in itself.

I was at one time employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., and as the position was connected with the routine work of the depot, I had splendid opportunity for “the proper study of mankind” and for noting the characters and incidents of the traveling public.

Let a careful observer take his position in one of our large stations at any time of day (or night) and he will acquire a wealth of material for thought and reflection. Whether his mood be gay or sober, he can there indulge it to his supreme satisfaction. Here, too, the novelist may learn “to hold the mirror up to Nature,” for here, better than any other place, may be studied those causes and effects of man’s struggling emotions which have their realization in the scenes and incidents of life’s real drama. The scattered rice on the floor or the silent coffin carried to the train, speak too eloquently of life’s motley of lights and shadows.

Analyze that stream of travelers which, like Tennyson’s ‘Brook,’ “goes on forever,” and in it will be found representatives of all classes and colors whose presence there might form the nucleus of an interesting story.

The casual onlooker scarcely ever turns his attention to the inner workings of a railway station. He sees the employes performing some piece of work, but he does not think of the systematic division of the work, thereby avoiding any confusion. The men are divided into squads and each man in a squad has a certain amount of work to do, a certain train to control, special baggage to ship and many other odd jobs which keep him constantly busy. The mail, which forms a great factor in depot work, is superintended by a chief clerk employed by the Civil Service. It is his duty to see that each pouch reaches the right train. He has about twenty-five men under his direction and each man has charge of certain mail trains. Thus, the mail service has a regular system controlled by the chief clerk.

The traveling public, too, is well looked after. There are men employed by the company to attend to the comfort and wants of its patrons.

There is, also, a man whose business it is to consult the welfare of the immigrants. The gentleman, who now holds this position, is about sixty-five years old and has been in the employ of the company for about forty years. He can speak five or six languages, and although questions may be put him at once in the entire six, he manages to give satisfactory answers to all. Every noon, when the immigrant train pulls into the depot, he goes through the coaches, questions all the passengers, finds out their destination, supplies them with food and attends to their tickets and wants in general. He always has a kind word for all and is a general favorite. Certainly, he is an agreeable character and his supply of anecdotes is as interesting as it is inexhaustible. It is a laughable sight to see him surrounded by representatives of all nations—Germans, French, Irish, Italian, Arabians, Jews—all speaking at once, each in his native tongue. One moment he is speaking German, then French, again Italian, until he has completely satisfied their babel of questions.

These, and many others, are the sights to be seen around and about a railway station, where millions of people come and go annually, from and to the utmost bounds of the globe.

*William J. Ryan, '03.*



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ATHLETICS: J. Kraus, '00, G. J. Schalz, '01, F. A. Maloney, '03.

ALUMNI: D. O'Hare, '00, T. A. Dunn, '03, C. Halleran, '03.

SOCIETIES: James A. Riley, '01, A. Eschman, '03, M. Hayes, '03.

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VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

## ...EDITORIALS...

### SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

We are glad to find that the roll-book shows a marked increase since last year in the number both of boarders and of day scholars.

A course of Mechanical and Architectural Drawing has been added to the already ample college curriculum, and a special professor has been engaged to instruct young men and boys who wish to make a specialty of drafting. Afternoon and evening classes have been organized, and terms have been made most moderate for those who desire to join.

The business course also has been developed. It now comprises three departments: commercial course,

commercial with shorthand and typewriting, and shorthand and typewriting alone. A special room has been fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of students who wish to make a specialty of shorthand and typewriting.

The boarders' recreation hours have been made very enjoyable. Billiard tables and parlor games have been introduced into the Seniors' and Juniors' Hall; and ten-pin alleys and shuffle-boards are being placed in the gymnasium.

The second term begins with November. New students can be enrolled now.

W. O. W.



### THE ART MUSEUM.

THE fourth annual opening of the Carnegie Art Museum surpassed all other affairs of its kind in the history of this City. Prominent men from all over the world came to assist in the exercises, and, incidentally, to pay their respects to the great and generous founder, Andrew Carnegie. Pittsburghers were fairly living in an atmosphere of art, music and literature.

The event demonstrated one important fact, of which all Pittsburghers may feel justly proud—that the much abused and ridiculed “Smoky City” is fast becoming the centre of Art in America. This is more fully appreciated when we notice with what enthusiasm French and Italian artists enter the prize contests; for their talent naturally directs itself wherever it is most thought of, not, indeed, for its pecuniary value, but from its true worth as a work of art.

The library department compares favorably with any in the country, while the musical programmes of the entire week are the greatest features of the social year in Pittsburgh.

Other cities might follow Pittsburgh's example if they had such a generous patron as the Iron King, Carnegie!

J. W. K.



## MECHANICAL DRAWING AND TECHNICAL TRAINING.

Every young man of to-day must recognize the importance of training, and of thorough training, in the details of whatever work he purposes to undertake, be it a trade or be it a profession. To the average man who intends to devote his life and his energies to the sphere of the manufacturing industries, it is all important that his training should embrace a considerable amount of work along technical lines.

Now it is unquestionable that the nucleus of such a training is embodied principally in the art of mechanical drawing. A sufficient proof of this assertion would arise from the very extensive and growing demand for competent draughtsmen, as may be readily noticed from a casual perusal of our trade journals, or even of our daily newspapers.

To obtain a thorough education in this particular branch, a theoretical as well as a practical knowledge is essential. The former is the result of study and teaching, while the latter is assured by either simply working out the theoretical data, or applying the principles laid down, or by the aptitude acquired from actual and habitual performance of a certain operation. Skill may be the result of practice, but to be more perfect and serviceable it must be the result of theory and practice combined. This is where science and art complete each other.

It is true, that no amount of theoretical instruction will make an efficient workman, and it has been often said that "an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory." To a great extent we must admit the force of this popular maxim. Because a man who is possessed of the knowledge and not the ability to execute, has no adequate realization of the many intricate problems which a practical man cannot fail to discover in the course of his experience. On the other hand, however, a merely practical man is at a disadvantage from his ignorance of the theory pertaining to the work he is accomplishing. His chief reliance is the consciousness that his execution is right, because he has tried it and succeeded on previous occasions. But, if he adds to all this the theory, the knowledge and the principles of his trade, he multiplies his advantage—he will not only

take therein a far greater interest, but he will become a much superior craftsman. It is in this way and with this happy combination that all our chief inventions have come from practical men who were skilled in the above sense. It is also in this respect that a well-educated man has a hundred chances to one against the uneducated workman.

Just now, foreign nations are taking a deep interest, and are making very great strides, in the matter of technical education. The Germans, the Belgians, the French, and others have voted large sums of money to found and equip polytechnic schools. In England, also, a good deal has been done in this direction, although many of the more philosophically disposed writers fear that they are being speedily outstripped in this educational race by us Americans or by the more calculating Germans. In 1890, the chancellor of the Exchequer created a new tax, the proceeds of which were to be handed over to County Councils to promote technical instruction in "the principles and practice of domestic, commercial, agricultural, and industrial work."

The Royal Commission, held recently in England on Depression of Trade, said in their report: "In the matter of education we seem to be particularly deficient, as compared with some of our foreign competitors; and this remark applies not only to what is called technical education, but to the ordinary commercial education which is required in mercantile houses."

It is in furtherance of this demand, and as an answer to this increasing necessity, that here in our own midst, we have this year established the class of mechanical and architectural Drawing, of which we shall have more to say in a future issue.

R. S. M.

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## OBITUARY.

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### JAMES J. QUINN.

On Tuesday, October 3rd, a solemn requiem high mass was offered up in the college chapel for the happy repose of the soul of the late James J. Quinn. Mr. Quinn had spent many years of his too brief life in our midst, and had endeared himself to professors and students alike, by his amiable and manly qualities of mind and heart. He came to the college when he was but seven years old, made his first holy communion here, and, after graduating in the business department in '87, pursued the classical and scientific course until he received his diploma as B. A. in 1892, and the Bishop Phelan gold medal for excellence in studies.

For many years he had resolved to devote his life to the service of God and the sanctification of souls in the holy ministry, and, on leaving college, selected the Sulpician Seminary of St. Mary, Baltimore, Md., as the scene of his theological studies.

After an illness of four months he died September 3d, at the family residence, Forbes street, near Murdoch, and was buried from St. Paul's Cathedral on the following Friday.

At the requiem mass there were present, in addition to numerous relatives and friends, the faculty and students, many of his classmates, including Rev. Thomas Gillen, Natrona, Pa., Rev. L. O'Connell, St. Paul's Cathedral, Rev. A. Wigley, Holy Cross Church, S. S., Rev. R. Hamilton, St. Peter's, S. S., Rev. W. A. McMullen, lately returned from Rome, Rev. W. Drum, New Castle, Pa., Rev. B. Strelczok, C. S. Sp., Im. Heart Church, Smallman and Preble streets, Rev. H. O'Neil, St. Bridget's, Rev. Father Martin, Greensburg, Pa.

The mass was sung by Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., assisted by Father Gillen, deacon, Father Wigley, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. Laux, C. S. Sp., master of ceremonies. The sermon of the occasion was preached by the Rev. M. A. Hehir, President. Substantially the Reverend Father spoke as follows:

"The mass and religious service we have offered up to-day is a tribute of respect and maternal affection to the memory of James J. Quinn, whose death has brought with it no ordinary sorrow—

sorrow to everyone who made his acquaintance, sorrow to the companions of his childhood, his boyhood, his manhood, sorrow to the professors of his college and seminary life, sorrow to his many friends, but sorrow, above all, to his loving parents. They bewail him as the best of sons. In him they had centered all their hopes and affections; on him they had lavished every care; on him they looked as the solace, the glory and the honor of their advancing years. But in his death there is much, also, to console all who knew and loved him. Whether we consider him as a son, a college student, or a seminarian, we find him a model deserving of imitation.

All good education begins at home, begins in the arms and at the feet of our mother. Few of us realize, as we ought, what we owe to her for moulding our character, for forming us to the habits of goodness and virtue. James Quinn was blessed in a special degree with good parents. They lavished on him every attention that good Christian and Catholic parents can bestow on their children. And well did he respond to all their solicitude in his behalf. A more obedient, a more docile, a more submissive, a more respectful son than he, it would be hard to find.

I made the acquaintance of James Quinn in October, '84. He was then in my class, and, for the following eight years, I had him for one subject or another. I have to admit, as all his professors admit, that he was a model student. He was most diligent and painstaking. His conduct was always beyond reproach, and in '86, merited, by a unanimous decision, the gold medal presented by the faculty to the student whose conduct was deemed most excellent. Graduating in the Commercial Department the following year, he was in a position to begin life with the fairest and most encouraging prospects; but he felt within himself an attraction for something higher and more noble, and to that end began his classical education. Faithfully did he labor till he secured his B. A. diploma in '92. During the twelve years he spent in the college he was a model student in every respect. He was also a manly student, taking part in the usual college games even to a degree which one would scarcely expect from a boy of his disposition and temperament. In him there was no softness, no effeminacy. His word, as well as his example, prevented many a violation of college rules and even many a sin. After twelve years spent with us, he was given back to his parents with his mind developed, his judgment ripened, as innocent, as spotless, as pure as the first day he entered the college portals. It has been our happy mission to turn out, year after year, many good and worthy youths, some of whom are working in the Lord's vineyard in this and other dioceses—many, I hope, destined to the highest ecclesiastical offices, others honoring the various professions and the business world, but I know of none whose views, intentions, and aspirations were nobler, more charitable, more self-sacrificing than James J. Quinn's.

In September, of the same year, he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. For four and a half years he lived there, a model seminarian, preparing himself by study and by prayer for the august dignity of the holy priesthood. Here, too, his words encouraged and consoled many a doubtful soul, and those who needed advice confidently sought it from him. In February, '97, he dis-

continued his seminary course. He hesitated to advance to the priesthood through the most praiseworthy sentiments. He entertained, and justly so, a very high idea of the exalted dignity of the priesthood, and of its awful responsibility. At the same time he had a very humble opinion of himself, and considered himself unworthy to become an anointed minister of God. Notwithstanding his hesitation, however, he did not discontinue his studies. For when he finally decided to advance, and returned to Baltimore, he had not only reviewed his treatises in theology, but had even completed his course. With his usual earnestness he entered upon immediate preparation for the holy priesthood. God, in His own wise and inscrutable decrees, had not destined him to ascend the altar of sacrifice. He soon contracted a disease which brought him to an early death after a sickness which he bore with the utmost patience, and during which he was a subject of the greatest edification to all who visited him.

To speak of him, as I have done, may appear exaggeration, but this even if so inclined, I dare not be guilty of, in the presence of so many who knew him and lived with him for years. All who knew him admit, with me, that he was an exceptionally good boy and a very saintly young man, of a gentle, amiable disposition, with a manly character, of studious habits and sound judgment, with no worldly views despising fashion and style, looking on riches as something unworthy of serious consideration for ecclesiastical students especially. All who knew him are ready to admit that his views were most disinterested, that he desired to become a priest from the most supernatural motives, in order to preach the gospel to the poor, in order to save souls, in order to labor in the poorest missions, the Indian and Colored Missions being those for which his heart most panted. With all this so well known to us, with the knowledge of his innocent, holy life and the missionary spirit which animated him, assuredly no words of praise can be exaggerated in his case.

In conclusion, I have merely to add that most heartily do we sympathize with his sorrowing parents, and well have they reason to regret his death. But whilst grieving for his death, there are reasons for the parents of the late James J. Quinn to be consoled and to return thanks to God—thanks for having given them such a son, a son greatly honored by men, a son most pleasing to God. There is one thing, especially, that must console his parents now. It is that they made a sacrifice of him to God, it is that they never at any time, by word or act, put the least obstacle in his way to avert him from the vocation which God seemed to have given him.

I feel happy in being able to give this testimony of their true Christian, religious and Catholic spirit, this spirit of generosity in behalf of priestly vocations; and I thank God with them that they allowed their only son to follow out what he considered God's will in his regard.

Whilst scarcely doubting of his present state of happiness, we know that the holiest souls are not stainless when brought face to face with the God of infinite sanctity. Hence we ought to extend to him the charity of our prayers. Pray, also, that God may mitigate the grief of his afflicted parents; and pray, too, that God may grant you, the students of the Holy Ghost College, and your suc-

cessors in years and ages to come, to imitate his example, to lead pure and holy lives as his was, to follow God's inspiration as he did, to die as he died with all the marks of a predestined soul, his last act being an act of complete submission and perfect resignation to God's adorable will, an offering into the hands of his Creator of his young, generous, pure and saintly life in behalf of the sanctification and salvation of his fellow men."

Mrs. James B. Hern, formerly Miss Tillie McLaughlin, sister of our old and late comrade, P. McLaughlin, of Rochester, Pa., died Saturday, October 28. The family has the sympathy of a host of friends in this their sad bereavement.

Master Thomas Trudelle has the heartfelt sympathy of all the students and the assurance of their prayers in his grief over the death of his beloved father, Mr. Joseph Trudelle, who departed this life October 22, at his home in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Rev. Father Owen P. Gallagher, Rector of St. John's Church, Southside, and a constant friend of the College, died on Tuesday afternoon, the 24th of October, at the parochial residence. His health had been failing for the past twelve months and he gradually declined until death came. Father Gallagher was greatly beloved by all who knew him, but in an especial manner by his Congregation, who respected and admired him for the simple and unpretentious manner and the many other virtues which characterized this esteemed and learned priest.

Mr. Michael O'Connor, father of Joseph and William O'Connor, died at his home in this city, Sunday evening, October 1st. The bereaved family have the deepest sympathy of their many friends in their hour of affliction.

Another loss, that we must chronicle with the deepest regret, is that of Richard Carey, of 30th and Smallman Streets, who graduated from the Business Department of the College in June, '87. Born February 7th, 1872, he attended school at St John's, and in 1884, entered the Holy Ghost College, where he took a three years' course. After leaving school, he learned the pattern-making trade with Totten & Co., cor. 24th and Railroad Streets. For several years he worked with Mackintosh & Hemphill. Richard was always a delicate boy, especially during the last five years, during which time he had to undergo some severe operations, to one of which he finally succumbed on Sunday, September 17th. We extend our deepest sympathy to his sorrowing family.

## SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

The College Orchestra renders efficient service to our Sunday Evening Concerts. Our musical resources this year are uncommonly abundant.

A violin selection from J. Coveney always elicits great applause. Neither are Professor Stock's vocal solos slightly to be

passed over. They are executed in a masterly way and always encored. The members of the orchestra also find in Professor Stock an excellent pianist. The musical programmes, thus far, have been of a rather high standard. We hope the young musicians will continue the already well-commenced work.

Our Sunday Evening Debates, too, have commenced with hopes of great success. Among the debaters, William Ryan and Michael Hayes are worthy of special mention. Mr. Ryan surprised the audience in an excellent speech on "The Advocacy of an Eight-Hour Day." As Mr. Ryan is quite an orator, he was received by the audience with great applause.

Mr. Hayes' abilities as a debater were also strikingly manifested in his well-sustained speech in opposition to the advocacy of an eight-hour day.

We anxiously await the appearance of these two excellent debaters on the stage in the near future.

The following were the programmes of our Sunday evening Concerts :

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8TH.

Overture, "The White Queen," Orchestra; Recitation, "Somebody's Mother," Master M. Relihan; Essay, "Peru," Master L. Coveney; Medley, "A Night With Harris" (Clauder), Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, "That the Press contributes more for the education of the people, than the Platform." Chairman, Mr. P. Maher; Affirmative, Mr. W. Walker; Negative, Mr. D. O'Hare; Finale, March—"Our Heroes," (Rev. J. Griffin) Orchestra.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15TH.

Overture, "Leona Polka," Orchestra; Essay, "The Cabots," Mr. James Coveney; Song, "The Church Across the Way," Mr. P. Gillespie; Essay, "Postage Stamps," Mr. G. McLane; Violin Solo, "Alpen Lieder," (Scheuer) Rev. John Griffin; Debate, Resolved, "That an Eight-Hour Day be Advocated." Chairman, Mr. Charles Janda; Affirmative, Messrs. W. J. Ryan and C. V. Halloran; Negative, Messrs. F. Jerozal and M. Hayes; Finale, "Jet Black March," Orchestra.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22ND.

Polka, "Coeur de Lion," Orchestra; Recitation, "Rock of Ages," Mr. T. Trudelle; Trombone Solo, "Just Break the News to Mother," Mr. A. Majeski; Recitation, "The Maiden Martyr," Mr. John Hartigan; Violin Solo, "6th Air de Beriot," (N. B. Weiss) Mr. D. O Hare; Recitation, "Erin's Flag," Mr. L. Staudt; Debate, Resolved, "That Trusts are Detrimental to the National Welfare." Chairman, Mr. James Riley; Affirmative, Mr. Patrick Maher; Negative, Mr. Joseph Baumgartner; Finale, "Vaudeville Whiffs," Orchestra.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29TH.

Overture, "Potpourri of Popular Airs," Orchestra; Recitation, "Bingen on the Rhine," Mr. J. Whelan; Song, "Lullaby," Mr. F. L. Stock; Recitation, "The Little Boy's Troubles," Mr. L. Coveney; Violin and Pianoforte Selection, "Alpine Melodies," Rev. J. Griffin and Br. Tertullian; Debate, Resolved, "That a Universal Language can and ought to be Adopted." Chairman, Mr. J. Murphy; Affirmative, Messrs. O'Connor and Fandray; Negative, Messrs. Hehir and Neville; Finale, "Heimwaerts," Orchestra.

## DEBATING SOCIETIES AND SODALITIES.

The debates, that took place at the Sunday evening concerts during the last month, were a source of pleasure as well as of instruction to all who were fortunate enough to be present at them.

The first debate was very warmly contested by Messrs. W. O. Walker, of the affirmative, and D. O'Hare, of the negative. The question was: Resolved, "That the Press exercises more influence than the Pulpit." So forcible and convincing were the arguments of both speakers, that the honorable judges decided to call the honors of the debate even. Mr. P. Maher officiated as Chairman of this debate.

Resolved, "That the Eight-Hour Day should be Advocated," was the question that formed the theme of the next debate. The speakers were Messrs. Ryan and Halloran, affirmative, and Messrs. Jerozal and Hayes, negative, Chairman, Mr. Charles Janda. The debate was replete with forcible arguments as well as with witty sayings on the part of the respective speakers. The arguments of the negative side were thought to be more convincing by the honorable judges, and, therefore, the debate was awarded to Messrs. Jerozal and Hayes.

The next debate took place October 22nd. The proposition was: Resolved, "That Trusts are Detrimental to the National Welfare." Mr. Patrick Maher, who defended the affirmative side of the question, delivered an eloquent and scathing rebuke to Trusts and Corporations. The arguments in favor of the negative side were put forth in a masterly style by Mr. Joseph Baumgaertner. Mr. J. A. Riley acted as chairman of this debate. The judges considered Mr. Maher's arguments the stronger, and consequently awarded to him the honors of the debate.

The next question that came up for discussion read: Resolved, "That a Universal Language can and ought to be Established." The speakers were Messrs. O'Connor and Fandray, affirmative; Messrs. Hehir and Huettel, negative; Chairman, Mr. J. Murphy. The speeches were all very well delivered, and the arguments put forward were very convincing and much more interesting than was expected, for such an apparently dry subject, by a majority of the audience. However, the laurels of the debate were secured by the speakers of the negative side,

The Sodalities connected with the College recently held their annual election of officers and the choice of the members fell upon the following:

### SODALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Director, Rev. Martin A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, William O. Walker; First Assistant, David J. O'Hare; Second Assistant, Patrick E. Maher; Treasurer, Augustus M. Kossler; Secretary, William J. McElligott; Librarian, Jacob J. Kraus; Standard Bearer, Patrick A. Gillespie.

### SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

Director, Rev. Henry McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, M. J. Hayes; First Assistant, Ch. Huckenstein; Second Assistant, R. J. Couzins; Treasurer, George H. Roehrig; Secretary, John Sackville; Librarian, F. A. Maloney; Standard Bearer, James Hare,

## INFANT JESUS SODALITY.

Director, Rev. Father Galette, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, A. Berner; First Assistant, F. Hartigan; Second Assistant, F. McNally; Treasurer, H. Hartigan; Secretary, Jos. Corbett; Librarian, O. Price; Standard Bearer, John Moesler.

## HOLY ANGELS' SODALITY.

Director, Rev. Wm. F. Stadleman, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Harry Smith; First Assistant, John O'Hare; Second Assistant, F. Mansmann; Treasurer, Hubert Gaynor; Secretary, Thomas McCaffrey; Librarian, Leo Coveney; Standard Bearer, Joseph O'Connor.



## ALUMNI.

MR. HUBERT GAYNOR, who graduated last year from the Business Department, is back in the Classical Department.

MR. M. FLANIGAN, '99, is at present one of the chief clerks in the Dispatcher's office of the United Traction Co., Allegheny. Mr. Thomas Shea, '96, is in the employment of the same company.

MR. JOSEPH MURPHY, '99, is in charge of a large store in Parkersburg, in which his family has no small interest. There is a rumor that he intends to return to the Classical Department about Christmas.

MR. FRANK A. LAUINGER, '95, was married to Miss Helen Boyle, of Oil City, October 11th. May the sunshine of life be always theirs without a single cloud to mar their joys.

DR. G. E. SMITH, '95, has completed, with great honors, his Medical Course at the West Penn. University. He has lately been appointed Assistant Resident Physician of St. Francis' Hospital, this city.

MR. THOMAS MULLEN, '99, paid us a short visit last week and was heartily welcomed by the Boarders, among whom he was such a favorite last year. He had been confined in the Hospital for the past five weeks but is now convalescent. He expects to obtain a position in Pittsburg as soon as his health is sufficiently restored.



## ATHLETICS.

Greater attention has been devoted, this season, than heretofore, to the development of the younger element in regard to football. At the same time, the representative College team has not been neglected. We shall, this time, give a brief review of the work done by the Junior teams, leaving to our next issue an account of the First College team.

## THE SECOND TEAM.

The students of the College—especially those interested in foot ball—are at present filled to the brim with enthusiasm for the Red and Blue, or account of the unique position attained by the College Second team.

The Sophomores are not at all as heavy as they were last season, but what they lack in weight is amply compensated for by good team-work. Last year the team was considerably handicapped, owing, in the first place, to their tardiness in organizing; secondly, to their want of the necessary material, and, finally, to their lack of team-work. These obstacles prevented them from taking part in many games, which they ought to have played in order to lay claim to the title to which they aspired—namely, the inter-scholastic championship. Thus the season was not as successful as it would otherwise have been. But, at the very opening of school this year, it was evident that the Sophomores would have an excellent team in the field. The material, from which the players were subsequently chosen, was not plentiful, but it was also of a high grade. Another thing that greatly contributed to the successful organization of the team was the great interest displayed by those who presented themselves as candidates for positions on the team. Surrounded with such advantages and encouraged by the Faculty, it was not very difficult to secure good team-work. By good, hard, faithful practice every Tuesday and Friday evenings, the Sophomores have become such a formidable collection of players that they are compelled to tackle teams superior to them in weight in order to secure games. This, undoubtedly, concedes their leadership of the 115 pound teams. Up to the present they have participated in four games, all of which were played on the College campus.

The first team to encounter the Sophomores was the Second team of the Central High School. The game was played on Wednesday, October 11th, and in two short halves, the High School team was defeated by the score of 28 to 0.

The next team to engage their attention was no less a team than the West End eleven, of Braddock, who came to the Bluff on Saturday, October 21st, determined to carry back with them the laurels of victory, as they had done from many a team during the last three years. But the Sophomores were a match for them and by their good, fast playing and their excellent tackling, they defeated the visitors by the score of 6 to 0.

The Monongahela A. C. Juniors came next, on October 28th, and being aware that they were going to meet foemen worthy of their steel, they took every precaution to have their team in excellent condition. The game was well contested, but the superior playing of the Sophomores secured them another victory, the score being 12 to 0.

On November 4th, the Boquet A. C. tackled them, but with disastrous results. The grounds were quite muddy, but the wind was brisk and a large crowd gathered to witness the game. In two twenty minute halves the Sophomores scored 17 points to their opponents' 5.

Judging from the above record and looking forward to the games yet to be played, it will not, perhaps, be too much to say that this year's Second team is the best one that has represented the College in many years. In such a noble team it is a difficult undertaking to praise only particular players without, at the same time, commending the other members who all do their utmost in their respective positions to make the issue of the game successful.

Mr. Huckenstein captains the team and Mr. J. Ryan is Secretary. The team is composed of the following students: Tackles, Kubler, Hartigan and O'Hare; Ends, Ryan and Huckenstein; Guards, Smith, H., Whalen and Barker; Center, Smith, A.; Half-backs, Mullin, Gaynor and Sackville; Full-back, McLane, W.; Quarter-back, Couzins.

The Junior Boarders' Eleven of '99, are keeping up the fine record made by their predecessors of former years. Averaging about 100 pounds, the Juniors have already tackled teams considerably superior to them in weight. On no occasion was this more evident than when they met the Company L team of the Boys' Brigade on the College campus, and defeated them by a score of 11 to 0.

The other games in which they participated were the following: P. C. Juniors 17, Stanton A. C. 11; P. C. Juniors 38, Moorehead A. C. 0. The team is made up of the following players: Center, Bolus; Guards, Price, Roehrig, or Crofton; Tackles, Convey, J., and Berner; Ends, Willis and Robinson; Quarter-back, Relihan; Half-backs, McLane, G., and O'Connor, J.; Full-back, O'Connor, W.



To our great regret we have been obliged to crowd out of this issue the list of Exchanges received, as well as some interesting notes about the Boarders.

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Write the General Secretary for a Year-book giving full description of the University and its work.

Correspondence invited.

THOMAS J. CONATY, Rector.

# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI. PITTSBURG, PA., DEC. 1899. No. 3.

## HIS NEW-MADE GRAVE! \*

Ah Time! how ceaseless do thy light wheels roll,  
On broken gold dreams swiftly ringing!

At each new round of thine the mourning soul  
New funeral dirge is sadly singing!

Thou callest hence the young, the good and kind,  
Or spreadest thy clouds darkling o'er us,  
In casting all our earthly joys behind,  
And all our trials and griefs before us!

There's one quiet grave, in yonder nook, still green—

—The dust of one loved friend involving—  
Of which thou hast but gently dimmed the sheen,  
While o'er thy cycle fast revolving!

His friends oft visit this lone bed of rest  
And gather there still sad and weeping,  
The while fond mem'ries in their sorrowing breast  
His name, with love enshrined, are keeping!

Alas! that, ere we thus the depths can show  
Of our affection grieved—and endless,  
So soon should Winter with his rude blasts blow  
And sweep o'er earth with breath relentless!

Now mantling-o'er the sod with driven snow,  
And to our thoughts alone the loved one leaving,  
Forbidding e'en the humble flower to grow  
Upon the grave—while we are (absent) grieving!

But soon again we'll hail the balmy Spring,  
Whose dews will raise the sweet flow'rs blooming;  
So, Mem'ry's showers, then, will o'er us fling  
New hopes, the joys of friendship's days resuming!  
And, as above the stream the lilies sway,  
Now drooping one, and then another,—  
'Twill not be long ere, after our brief day,  
We droop alike, and join our brother!

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\*Lines written after a visit to the grave of Jas. J. Quinn, '92, who died September 5th, 1899.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom."—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in a little village called Pallas, in the County of Longford, Ireland, in 1728. In the "Deserted Village," one of his most charming writings, he leaves us a beautiful description of his home. The lines are so familiar that they do not bear quotation. His parents were poor, his father being a Protestant Clergyman, who had an income of forty pounds a year. In the "Deserted Village," Goldsmith sums up his noble father's virtues in this manner :

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

His father, too, is the antitype of the "Man in Black," in the *Citizen of the World*, and of the "Dr. Primrose," of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It was impossible for Goldsmith's father to afford him the advantages of a liberal education, as he was the fifth in the family of eight children; but his uncle Contarine kindly supplied his nephew with money for this purpose. After passing through several schools in succession, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1745, as a sizar, a fact that tended not a little to humble his pride. At the University, his career was idle and irregular. He detested the studies prescribed, and was ever getting into debt, scrapes and difficulties generally, and so the purse of his uncle had to be opened more than once to assist his thrifless nephew. Nay, even at one time he had to sing street ballads to keep himself from starving. In 1749, he left Dublin and spent a year or two in idleness, for he was not in any hurry to acquire either wealth or fame. He settled down, first as a schoolmaster, then as a lawyer, but persevered in neither profession. His uncle sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine, and from there he went to Leyden, where he stayed one year and then set out to make a tour around the continent on foot, with a guinea and a flute as traveling resources. In this manner he traveled through France, Switzerland and Italy. Though far away from home and the pleasant scenes of Lissoy, still the wanderer, "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," cannot forget old loves and dreams. His brother Henry, a poor clergyman, is the special object of his affections. Thus his poem, "The Traveller," which he could have dedicated to some rich nobleman, he inscribed, instead, to his brother Henry, the parson with forty pounds a year. Surely, a fine touch of tenderness! In the opening lines of this poem, he gives us a touching proof of his love for his brother, for he declares,

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Here may be inserted another incident, which is one of the many that

account for the love that the English people have for Goldsmith. One day while an English nobleman was calling on the Lord of Northumberland, he found Goldsmith, the author of "The Traveller," waiting in the outer room. The nobleman, having finished his own business, went up to Goldsmith and asked him if he had received a pension from the Duke. But Goldsmith answered, "I have a brother in Ireland who is a poor parson and so I asked the noble Duke if he wished to do me a kindness he should help my brother." No wonder Thackeray could write of Oliver Goldsmith: "His benevolent spirit seems still to smile on us, . . . to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor!"

(To be continued)

*Edward H. Kempf,*

Third Academic



### A NOVEL ASPIRANT FOR POETIC LAURELS!

Some time ago, I picked up a book entitled "Labor Lyrics," by the "Puddler Poet, Michael McGovern," which was published at Youngstown, O., 1899. I would have been, quite naturally, attracted to such a volume from the mere fact of its being issued from my native town, and would have, in any case, been rather proud to peruse its pages for that reason alone; but, furthermore, the unusual and strange-sounding title determined me to give it a still more close and careful inspection—the partial results of which inspection and perusal I desire herewith to communicate, in accordance with the time-honored philosophical axiom: "*bonum est communicativum sui.*"

It is no wonder that I was surprised—and almost shocked—at the odd title of the book! For it might be asked if any critic could find a more prosaic and paradoxical title of a book of poems than one which embodies "Labor" combined with "Lyrics"? It would remind us of what our Professor of Logic calls the "insociable ideas of a complex term." Could anything, indeed, be apparently more removed from poetry than the seemingly vulgar occupation of puddling, which, especially to Pittsburgers, is so familiar, in its ruder forms, and so full of associations with smoke and

"The buzzing of the busy mill?"

Yet it does not take us long to find out that this "Puddler Poet" has got somewhat of the poetic vein, and that he can "knock" some splendid and pathetic "poetic fire" from the furnace of the mill, just as Longfellow did in his "Village Blacksmith" from the anvil of the fiery forge. Surely, there is not a little descriptive power, mingled with pleasing rythm, in one of his opening stanzas:

Above the sooty battlements  
The steam-clouds softly rise,  
As labor's pure distilled incense  
Ascending to the skies.

Oh, every valve beneath control  
 Of man's progressive skill  
 Unlocks the music of my soul—  
 The puffing of the mill.

And though the modern aspirants to the Laureate's crown would scarcely condescend to borrow the profane terminology of the dancing school, we cannot but recognize the depth of feeling with which the laborer, resting from his wearying toils can say :

I love to see the rays of light  
 That from the furnace flow,  
 Like phantoms in the arm of night  
 Quadrilling as they go;  
 Parading o'er the valley when  
 The slumbering town is still.  
 Oh ! then I think there's beauty in  
 The shadows from the mill.

Mr. McGovern was a puddler in rolling mills for thirty-three years, and received but very little schooling in his early days; in his own words, he says his life's school term might be measured by some few months. He admits that puddlers are a boastful class of people, and, that he might not break this link he deemed it proper to make the boast that "he is the only puddler that ever stood on the top of earth who had the daring to issue a volume of poems." He says he will be a veritable "Hayseed" for the critics; but of this class of humanity he wants nothing but twenty-five cents from each in the purchase of a copy; then they may say whatever they wish. His ambition is very modest, and he has exercised his judgment in desiring to have, as critics, only his peers.

Let workingmen my critics be  
 Let those who criticise the great  
 Not pause to waste a thought on me,  
 For planet-gazers seldom see  
 The grub they trample 'neath their feet.

Even at the outset, in stating, in his unique preface, what he proposes, he manifests so strongly the power with which the talent of versification, or should we say rather the Muse, has seized him that he cannot resist the temptation and the instinct to tell us a part of his purpose in verse, describing himself modestly as one

"Who dares to tell in simple rhyme  
 The little things which through his mind  
 Have ebbed and flowed from time to time;  
 And though he lacks in flights sublime,  
 And snail-like crawls far, far behind,  
 He fain would for his weakly chime  
 An audience of workmen find."

As he has toiled the greater part of his life in mills, becoming thoroughly acquainted with every department, and fully understanding, as it seems from

the theme of his poems, every delicate point connected with "mill" life, he has devoted the first pages of his book to a series of poems pertaining to these industries.

Immediately following, he has a series of "Labor Growls," as he styles them, and again another series of miscellaneous trifles. Now, he desires it to be clearly understood that if their radical tenor displeases those who earn their living through less physical exertion than that of a puddler, it would be better for them to visit the various rolling mills or other such similar works, and hear the complaints of the poor, suffering laborer, who toils from early morn till late at night, for a very meager day's pay.

It is not our purpose to criticise—nor is it our purpose to find flaws, which, at a poetic and rhetorical point of view, will most naturally find room in such a series of compositions. On the author's part there was no attempt to follow the exacting rules of Pope, nor any great attempt to rise to the poetic flights of Longfellow or Tennyson. In fact, our chief impression is one of admiration after being assured by him, at the outset, that "in issuing this curiosity he has no excuse to offer, except that it is the product of a Puddler of thirty-three years' standing in rolling mills, and whose life's school-term might be numbered by some few months." On the other hand, the subject matter, on the whole, is one of which the thoughts and the terms, habitual to this field of human activity, are of an order that would be usually considered too far removed from the general themes of inspiration to stimulate the imagination or even permit the use of figurative language, so essential to true poetry.

Yet where there are, otherwise, so many excellences and so many evidences of true poetic taste and judgment, as well as of a sound and extensive knowledge of the niceties and proprieties of the English language, which he often times puts to such a good account, it is to be wondered at that he did not take more pains to avoid some of those needlessly harsh and grating lines that produce upon our ear an effect somewhat similar to

"The jar upon one's feelings when  
The charging whistle blows."

It is, however, astonishing, when we consider the little time the author had for reading and studying, and the very few opportunities he must have had to come in contact with the more refined and correct pronunciation of the English language—at all times so difficult and sometimes so intricate—it is astonishing how seldom he falls into such errors as the one so noticeable in the following couplet :

"My choicest sounds of sweetness flow  
From where industry dwells."

He has not, we think, omitted a single one of the various classes with which the working man has to deal, or of the persons with whom he sympathizes, or with whom he has occasional grievances. In this respect, of course, it could hardly be expected that the writer should have avoided the

usual slang so familiar to the working man, and so well understood by the large audience to whom these compositions were addressed, or for whom they were written. No wonder, therefore, that we find the "Gold-bug Democrats," the "A. P. A's," the "Silverites," the "Blacksheep," and a host of other classifications frequent in the working man's vocabulary.

His language is, occasionally, very strong and violent; his views, also, are frequently pessimistic, as must appear natural in one who takes the radical and extreme side of the labor problem in opposition to capital—though, in judging such language, we must weigh in the balance the many things that cause friction and provocation. He assures us, himself, however, that it is "the system, not the man," that he desires to kill. He is, therefore, particularly hard upon combines and trusts, as evidenced by many a telling couplet, such as

"The men who toiled with brain and hand,  
Who made of this the richest land,  
In sorrow now stand face to face  
With systems born of golden lust,  
Which tolerate the lawless trust,  
And crown it in the monarch's place."

We regret that space does not allow us to quote more than a passing line or two from the lighter strains from the pen of this untutored but talented son of Dame Nature. Here, for example, is how he describes the favorite resort of a certain local poet, to whom he alludes:

For there, away from sounds but those  
Of birds and busy bees,  
Where Nature seemed to court repose  
Beneath the shading trees;

The distant sky and mountain track  
That seemed to join in one;  
The tranquil lake reflecting back  
The glances of the sun;  
The trees that make the friendly shade,  
The foliage and its hues,  
The whole by Heaven's Artist made  
Would much inspire his muse.

His conclusion is as modest as his preface was unpretentious. For he asks *Reason* as a lenient judge, to

Pass through the portals of my soul;  
Sum up each throb my heart is giving;  
If evil thoughts therein may stroll  
Reflecting on the dead or living,  
Award to injured ones what's theirs,  
And, oh, I'll gladly pay what's owing,  
For I would gladly shun strife's cares  
And walk where rosy peace is glowing.

*P. A. Gillespie.*

## LUCTAMEN ACERBUM. \*

Stat juvenum duplex acies certare parata.  
Quisque sodalis adest loricam indutus opacam,  
Corporis immani pugnae tutamen in aestu.  
En pila robusti subito pedis evolat ictu;  
Atque omnes rapiat quis praedam primus ab hoste  
Praecipites certant. Fugit unus, pignus honoris  
Dum gerit; atque viam felici pandere tutam  
Conantur socii juvenes hostile per agmen.  
Sed raro facilem praebet fortuna triumphum;  
Et cui major erit labor, et laus clarior ipsi.  
Raptor humi pulsus nervosâ labitur ulnâ;  
Moxque premunt omnes ingenti mole jacentem  
Quem grave membrorum pondus defigit arenæ.  
Surgunt: quisque flagrat diro certaminis aestu,  
Frontibus adversis, intenti, lumine torvo,  
Acrius expectant ineundi praelia signum  
Quod, notum sociis, aliis dux voce recondit  
Insolitâ. Proni stant, extensisque lacertis.  
Ast omnes iterum pugnâ miscentur acerbâ.  
Aspice! Nunc humeri juvenum, nunc crura premuntur.  
Instant raptori citius, nunc brachia miscent.  
Ludo quemque juvat proprias ostendere dotes:  
Ille celer pedibus; sociis hic robore praestans;  
Hic membris et mole valens et pondere vasto;  
Dum valet ille pilas ictu jactare potenti.  
Hostem quisque suum certat conamine magno  
Sternere; sed, lapsi simul, atro pulvere campi  
Omnes volvuntur. Sudor fluit undique rivis.  
Haurit corda pavor pulsans laudisque cupido.  
Adstat spectator trepidus; ferit aethera clamor.  
Hortantur comites: "Nunc illas promite vires,  
Nunc animos olim quibus estis lusibus usi!  
Devictos pudeat rediisse! Hos vincite, fortes  
Et prohibete nefas! Optatas carpite lauros!"  
Ecce locum rursus capiunt, signoque docente  
Prosiliunt; ollique pilam deferre rotundam  
Impavidi certant, alii dum sistere tendunt  
Incursum. Fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.  
Ardet pugna furens: nunc his illisque vicissim  
Fausta favet fortuna. Pilam tunc abripit ille!  
Heu! . . . Juvenis, rapido melior vestigia cursu  
Praecipitans, titubat luto et miser incidit atro,

Dum pila—turpe nefas—disjunctis evolat ulnis,  
 Quam cito corripiunt alii. Conamen inane !  
 Nam nequeunt densam sociorum frangere turmam.  
 Tum pudor incendit juvenes et conscientia virtus;  
 Nec mora, nec requies; vires his suscitat ira,  
 Terque viam coeco procursu rumpere certant;  
 Sed ter, congerie magnâ, cecidere repulsi.  
 Sieque pilam manibus casu amisere nefando.  
 Aegra sed infelix accepto vulnera crura  
 Ille trahit; crasso maculantur sanguine membra.  
 Aequales properant circum; curisque refectus,  
 Caesariem excutiens, plagaque oblitus acutae,  
 Acerior ad pugnam redit imperterritus heros.  
 Attulit optatum tandem fortuna triumphum :  
 Nam subito motu, promptoque favente sodali,  
 Ecce pilam socius robustis subripit ulnis.  
 Insidias cursu superans, nisusque catervae,  
 Victor ovans, juvenis per fulvam erumpit arenam,  
 Extremosque petit fines cum pignore laudis;  
 Atque solo, praedam deponens, stratus inhaeret.  
 It clamor coelo, plausu fremituque juventae !  
 Mox pila trans altam justo pulsu insilit hastam;  
 Sieque deus clarum socii meruere triumphi,  
 Quem cito fama volans festinat spargere yulgo.  
 Adsunt luctificae cladis solatia victis :  
 "Ostendant iterum solidas luctamine vires."

*Spectator.*

\*It is somewhat after this fashion that a FOOTBALL match might have been described in the time, and language of ancient Rome.



### ST. MARTIN'S FEAST, NOVEMBER 11th.

It was only on the afternoon of the eve itself of St. Martin's Feast, that the members of the Senior Class remembered that this was the Patron Feast of the Rev. President of the College. No sooner was the happy thought conceived than they set to work and prepared a brief, but excellent programme for the occasion, which they intended to be a surprise for the unsuspecting Father.

Accordingly, just before the noon recess, the day students and the boarders assembled in the new College Hall, while the Orchestra, under the able leadership of Professor Ch. Weiss, occupied the stage. Then the Rev. President was sent for, and to his great surprise found the entire Faculty ready to accompany him to the hall, where he was greeted with cheers and where the programme as arranged was carried out successfully.

Mr. W. O. Walker, representing the Senior Class and the whole body of the students, presented the Rev. President with a brief address, to which the latter responded in a few well-chosen terms, expressive of the sincere emotion with which he listened to the address, and of the sentiments of attachment and absolute devotedness which he entertained and which he hoped to manifest towards them at all times and in all his relations with them.

Following is the address presented by Mr. Walker :

"As each recurring date brings boldly before the mind some of history's names, the mind, with pleasure, recalls the instances that are therewith connected. To-morrow, the Catholic Calendar recalls to her children the name of one who, by his charity, won her applause—who, by his dignity, won her respect, and by his virtues was dear to the heart of God—St. Martin. Living at a time when the Church was harassed by internal feuds and external hindrances, this great Saint proved to his fellow-man that virtue begets bravery, and heroism a saintly crown. He left to the children of the fold he cherished, a name that stands preëminent among those of the heroes of the Church of Christ.

In emulation of the laudable custom of giving to her devotees the names of those who have been inscribed on her martyrology, the respected and revered parents of our esteemed President have conferred upon him a name that was fitting to the life he has since led. Trained amid surroundings that beget piety—educated among men who fostered wisdom—our revered President stands, to-day, as a worthy disciple of the Saint whose name he bears.

We join with him to-day in sending to Heaven the tender orisons of living souls that he may live on—a reflection of the virtues of his Saint—that he may increase in virtue, as our love grows for him. We beg of God, through the great St. Martin, to grant to him abundant graces and a happy life. And as each recurring feast day recalls to us the memory of one of the brightest ornaments in the Church, we pray that our beloved President may live deeper in the hearts of his students not less than in the heart of God himself. We extend to you, Reverend Father and President, our cordial congratulations, and beg that in your prayers to your honored namesake, and to God, you will ever remember kindly the students of the present scholastic year.

We cannot allow this happy occasion—the first one that gives the student body the opportunity of addressing you, as the President of Pittsburg College—we can not allow this occasion to pass by without assuring you, that in the brief space of time in which you have exercised over us that high, important and difficult office, you have eminently succeeded in winning for yourself the sincere esteem, the entire confidence and the deep and earnest affection of every single student of this College—an esteem, a confidence and an affection which, we trust, will be only intensified as the years go by—and which, we also trust, will tend to lighten the heavy burden of your important office as President of Pittsburg College.. *Ad Multos annos!"*

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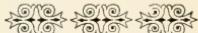
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DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 3.

## ...EDITORIALS...

We wish a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to our subscribers and advertisers.



### A Kindly Stimulus.

It is always gratifying to meet with genuine commendation, but it is particularly so, when the encouragement comes from such an authorized source as our venerable contemporary, the Pittsburg *Catholic*, which, still vigorous and youthful as in its prime, has merited such an honorable place among the Catholic publications of the United States, during the last sixty years of its existence. We shall ever strive to make the BULLETIN "contain the usual quantity of high-class reading matter." It is our ambition to make it be "always bright and never show any falling off in the high standard set by the students of the College."

## History Repeats Itself.

It is astonishing how accurately history repeats itself from century to century! This old hackneyed aphorism occurred to us most pointedly, a few days ago, when, in the course of our Modern History class, the Rev. Professor dwelt upon the details of the famous South Sea Bubble, of 1720. There was, then, a veritable craze for speculation, fomented by circulars promising enormous dividends. Everybody rushed to buy stock; men and women of all classes, statesmen and cobblers, ladies and laundresses, joined in the race for wealth by investing in the bubble companies that sprang into existence, in imitation of the South Sea scheme. No wonder there was a crash, and a panic!

One would think that the experience of history would suffice to warn at least those who could read. But such is not the case, if we may judge from the accounts given of the Franklin Syndicate of Brooklyn, N. Y., which has, like its famous antetype of the last century, just recently burst, after having absorbed the hard-earned investments of men and women from every city of the land, and from every condition in life. Truly, in this case, "History repeats itself!"



## Have We Progressed in Every Line of Art?

Intellect and ambition—the one keen and ever active, the other boundless and ever aspiring to higher things—are the great motive powers that have urged man onward in his progress through the arts and sciences. Each century has had its own obstacles, and at the same time its own triumphs, in this onward march. Not every century, however, has enjoyed or witnessed equally proportionate improvements and advancement. In some, the genius of man seemed, in a general way, brighter, and his ambition was correspondingly quickened—in others, he lay, as it were, dormant, inactive, listless and impervious to every stimulus.

The many changes which have taken place in modern times have given to recent centuries a character of more peculiar and pronounced intellectual progress, making them stand out prominently in the long and varied cycle of human history. Everybody knows what we mean when we speak of the modern era, or of the present age, which thus embraces the last few centuries during which man's progress in the arts and sciences has been more clearly marked. The general enlightenment of this modern period, the rapid advancement of civilization, the growing influence of Christianity, the increasing facilities of communication between individuals and countries, all these things have completely altered, for man's good, the methods and manners of civilized peoples.

This grand old century of ours, which is now coming to a close, resplendent with the many advantages it has bestowed upon man, must soon

vanish away, but not into obscurity as so many of its predecessors. Like the mighty oak of the forest, which must be cut down to make room for a younger plant, it has remained fresh, vigorous and full of growth to the very end, though destined now to be cut off from the world's calendar to make room for a younger age. What changes it has witnessed! What varieties of genius it has embraced within its bosom and nurtured to maturity!

It would be interesting to follow the bright career of every art, and every science, from the birth of this great century to its close, and study the vast improvements which each one has sustained. All seem to have flourished and grown as they never had done before.

But, alas! is there not an exception for one or two—and these among the greatest fields for the exhibition of man's intellect and genius? I allude to Poetry, to Architecture, and, perhaps, most particularly to Music. It is certain that this great art, whether in its separate and instrumental form, or when allied to words and poetry, as in the operatic form, has apparently reached its utmost development. We have no creations, in our days, equal to those of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn or Rubinstein, and even the great Wagner himself, in turning his talent into the channels of Opera, which owes so much to him, admitted that Instrumental music had seen its highest stage of evolution. To the lover of music, whose soul instinctively longs for something always more perfect, just as the will of man is made to sigh always after a greater good, this must necessarily be a source of regret.

But it only goes to show us, after all, that here below all things will ever be imperfect. There is no such thing as continuous evolution. Neither ought we, in a sense of pride in the age with which we have been accustomed to identify ourselves, laud the present century to the skies, to the forgetfulness of what its predecessors have given us in those great masterpieces of genius and art, which the most ambitious artists of to-day have long since despaired to surpass or even to imitate.

D. O'H.



*"Lose not thine own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks."*

—EARL SPENCER.

We beg to remind those of our subscribers who have not yet remitted for the past year, that by doing so at their earliest convenience, they will be relieving our Business Manager of a considerable burden of mental solicitude and preoccupation, which he would like to be divested of, during the coming Holidays. He desires us to say that he will be extremely thankful to those who, with due consciousness of their obligation in this respect, will take efficient cognizance of this editorial suggestion.

**TESTIMONIAL TO OUR FORMER PRESIDENT, REV. J. T. MURPHY**

The members of the Young Men's Institute, of this city and neighborhood, have always felt that they owe a great deal to the late Rev. President of this College, for his unceasing efforts in their behalf. He encouraged them at all times and in various ways, by his presence and by his counsels. In recognition of such signal and continued encouragement to the entire membership, the District Council has forwarded to Father Murphy, who is now President of Blackrock College, Dublin, Ireland, a beautiful testimonial in pen work designs, from the hand of Attorney William A. Golden.

It expresses their very deep and lasting appreciation of his labors and sympathy in their behalf, and their sincere regrets at his departure for other fields of apostolic and educational work. The design, which is on sheepskin, is in the form of an arch with columned portals, Corinthian in style; it is surmounted by the banner of the Cross, the keystone containing a fine pen portrait of the Rev. recipient. This is capped by a spread eagle bearing four furled United States flags; the whole work, from top to bottom, being entwined and overlaid with olive vines. United States shields adorn the arch's portals, while the motto of the Institute: *Pro Deo, Pro Patria*, is displayed in delicate encscrollment on each pillar; the Committee having inscribed their names in the centre of the pedestal.

**ATHLETICS.****THE COLLEGE FIRST TEAM.**

At the beginning of the football season the prospects were not very bright, and very few gridiron warriors responded to Coach Walker's call for candidates to fill the various positions left vacant by the graduation of several members of last year's 'Varsity Team. However, some good material was found amongst the newcomers, and, in a short time, the campus, as in days of yore, was the scene of many interesting struggles between the Scrubs and the 'Varsity. The best men were finally chosen, and on Saturday, October 14th, the first game of the season was played with the Lyceum Athletic Club as our opponents. Coach Walker underestimated the strength of the Lyceum Team, and as some of the regular men were suffering from bruises received in the early practice games, he put a weak team on the field. In the first half, the 'Varsity's offensive play was very strong, and time and again, the College backs broke through the line for large gains. But in the second half the defensive work of the College line was poor, and the Lyceum carried the pigskin to the College 20 yard line by a succession of mass plays. Here the College line took a brace and secured the ball. Mullen attempted to punt, but the line proved weak and the kick was blocked, the ball rolling over the

goal line, where a Lyceum man fell on it. Sheehan then kicked an easy goal thus making the score 6 to 6, the College having scored their touchdown in the first half.

The next game was played with the strong Swissvale Team and it also resulted in a tie, the final score standing 6 to 6. The game was fiercely contested throughout. The 'Varsity made their gains chiefly through the line, Comerford being especially conspicuous in this respect. He never failed to make from 5 to 10 yards when called upon. The tackling of the College ends was fierce. Phelan especially distinguishing himself. The running and interfering of the backs showed a great improvement in the work of the previous Saturday. For Swissvale, Robinson and Sterrett of W. U. P. played the best game.

On Saturday, October 21st, the 'Varsity, accompanied by a large delegation of students and noisy rooters, journeyed to Homestead with the intention of defeating the strong "Steel Town Team." The game ended in a very unsatisfactory manner before the close of the first half. Homestead kicked a field goal and the College scored a touchdown which the captain of the former team would not allow, claiming that it was made on a forward pass. Both officials, however, decided in favor of the College, whereupon Captain Lowry left the field, thus forfeiting the game to the College boys who at that time were putting up a great article of ball.

Owing to the inability of the management of the 'Varsity Team to secure good dates, the season of '99 came to a close without any further important games having been played with outside teams, such as would have successfully tested the full strength of the First eleven.

#### THE SECOND TEAM.

Since the appearance of the last number of the BULLETIN, the Sophomores have brought their season to an eminently successful issue. That they can lay claim to the 115 pound Championship of Western Pennsylvania has been conceded by their opponents, all of whom had excellent records.

As an account of the first four games has already been published, it has been deemed sufficient to mention only those which have taken place since then. Much to the regret of a large number of football admirers, who had braved the storm to see the Sophs "at work," the game scheduled with the strong Oak Leaf team for November 11th had to be postponed, owing to the muddy condition of the grounds and the unfavorableness of the weather. On Saturday, November 18th, the Second team played its first game of the season away from home, and by the glorious victory which they won at McKeesport on that occasion, they clearly demonstrated that no matter where they played, they always put up the same fast and steady game that has characterized all of their playing this season.

The following is the account of the game as it appeared in the "Leader" of Sunday, November 19th :

"Lovers of football were treated to a choice exhibition yesterday afternoon at McKeesport. The Pittsburg College Sophomores lined up against the representatives of the Carleton club, and so quickly manifested their marked superiority that their opponents, to stave off sure and evident defeat, incorporated, before the game was well advanced, upwards of six of the McKeesport Tigers. It was all to no purpose, however, for the students bucked their line, and pounded their ends at will for two touchdowns in short 15-minute halves. The home team had the ball three times only in their possession—twice from kick-offs and once on a fumble, and then, to their surprise, lost 20 yards. In the first half a brilliant run of 60 yards by O'Hare brought the pigskin to the C. A. C. 5-yard line. Mullen carried it over. In the second half C. A. C. lost the ball on downs on the 35-yard line. Mullen took the ball and, aided by timely interference, circled the wing with only one obstacle in front of him—Full Back Hatfield. With increasing speed and undiminished confidence he swept on toward the goal line. With equal confidence and measured stride Hatfield rushed to intercept him, but just as the latter plunged forward to tackle the runner low, the wily Tot Mullen made a record-breaking jump high above him, and left him lying on the ground, clasping thin air and wondering if he had not just witnessed a balloon ascension. O'Hare, Mullen and Gaynor made good gains 'round the end, McLane, H. Smith and Conway bucked the center hard, and Hukkanstein, Ryan and Barker excelled at tackling."

By far the best contested game played on the College gridiron during the season, came off on the afternoon of November 25th, between the Sophs and the strong Oak Leaf combination, averaging 130 pounds. The small score of 5 to 0 in favor of the students does not at all show their superiority over the Oak Leaf team. When the latter had the ball, and that was very seldom, they had but very slight success in advancing it, and aggregated not more than 35 yards during the entire game. Owing to Oak Leaf's superior weight and the speed of their ends and halves, the College boys had to be contented with short gains as a rule, but Mullen and Gaynor more than once found holes and wriggled through opponents for well-merited 30 and 20 yards.

Within five minutes after the start, the College made the only touchdown of the game and secured victory for the better team.

Oak Leaf kicked off. Barker caught the ball on the fly, and carried it 20 yards before he was downed. Mullen bucked center for 4 and then tried left end with better results. Good interference swept aside dangerous opposition, and a pair of swiftly twinkling feet carried him speedily over the 60 yards that separated him from the goal line. The shot at goal failed. When time was called at the end of the first half, the ball was in possession of the students within 18 yards of Oak Leaf's goal. In the second half, the stu-

dents' kicks sent the ball rolling over the side lines. Coyle, for Oak Leaf, kicked off at the 25-yard line. Gaynor secured it. Now the College boys began a series of magnificent efforts in which the rest of the team rushed Mullen, Gaynor, O'Hare and McLane from the College 30-yard line to within five yards of Oak Leaf's goal line. Mullen proved irresistible. He covered nine-tenths of that distance, and the College enthusiasts confidently expected to see him cross the line a second time. A gallant stand, however, was made by the visitors, and they were awarded the ball on downs. Three attempts to remove the pigskin from the danger point were unavailing, and the students once more set their teeth hard, determined to overcome all opposition. Mullen again got the ball and made a touchdown, but Mr. Taylor called him back and gave the ball and 15 yards to Oak Leaf, claiming that Mullen made the gain on a forward pass. Oak Leaf now made a final spurt, but it was of no avail. Time was soon after called, with the ball on Oak Leaf's 25-yard line.

The Sophomores did not play on Thanksgiving Day, as they were very anxious to witness the contest between D. C. & A. C. and W. & J.

The last game of the season was played on December 2nd. The Lyceum Second team, considerably reinforced by players from the First team, determined to play the Sophs to a standstill, if possible. And at first it looked very much as if they would be successful in their endeavors, as neither side scored during the first half. But in the second half the Collegians' hard and faithful practice helped them to overpower their almost 'fagged-out' opponents, and they were thus enabled to add the last link to their long chain of victories, by the score of 12 to 0.

Owing to want of space, no account of the great successes achieved by the Juniors can be given in this issue of the BULLETIN.

Robinson is anxiously waiting for the base ball season to open—as he intends to show what curves he has up his elbow. He intends to compete with the best of them in the pitching department. Though small, he has a fund of muscle and strength that require the gridiron or the diamond to give evidence thereof.

John McCaffrey is holding up the best traditions of his family—all the boys having passed through Holy Ghost College.

Relihan is the Boarders' time-keeper for the most interesting events of the day, namely, the morning and evening meals. You may be sure he is *there* at the exact moment. It is well, however, to state that Michael is among the most careful about using his study time properly.

Joe O'Connor is still among the Juniors. Wonder how many years ago it is since Skip began to make the R. R. conductors believe he was under age!

**AROUND AMONG THE BOYS.**

Let me see; it is just fourteen days, three hours, seven minutes and fourteen seconds until Christmas.

Talk about luck shots, I wonder if he will be as lucky when Christmas comes.

Well, really, it is laughable, when a "R——" will ask you if sand paper is better than chalk for a billiard cue. Smoke up old boy, you are going out.

Maybe the Boarders don't "bowl" of late; some of them "knock down" ten without the least trouble.

Harry—Was I really thrown out, or was I dreaming?

This is a very thin note for such a "Staudt" man as you.

Some "Souls" are larger than others. How about that, Will?

Gaynor made the last touchdown of the season, and McLane kicked the last goal.

Contracts were let this A. M. to the best barber in the city. Maybe "Hare" won't look scarce soon.

Notwithstanding various remonstrances and subsequent reminders in No. 14, tongues are Stillwagen up in No. 23 dormitory.

The three coming Billiard Champions are Tot Mullen, Walker and Stillwagen.

If a boy loses any time out of study, who is the Gaynor?

Staudt will soon belie his name if he continues to suffer from that wasting Cough!

How does our left end succeed in his examinations, and yet he's always Phalen?

The Seniors havent' got a monopoly of fashion! The Juniors have got their Willis!

Vislet is not always *Victor*—he is sometimes vanquished.

We've got a quartet of *tall* gents hard to beat, in Phalen, Staudt, Walker and Gillespie.

The Coveneyes have certainly added a great deal to the enjoyment of the fleeting hours among the Boarders by their musical talents.

The little Hartigans are a *trio* of musicians diffiult to *duplicate*! John plays the Clarinet, Frank plays the Cornet, and *Hyacinth* is a *daisy* at anything.

It is but natural that in all the Sophomore football games, H. Gaynor

should be half-back. He is the best ground-*gainer* the team ever had.

Will McLane and George are once more among the boarders! There are no more spirited boys in any line of work, either in the class-room, or the gymnasium, or the gridiron, or the diamond, than these two sturdy sons of W. Virginia.

Why is it that Kline keeps growing all the while?

What a pity that Mullen's leg bothers him yet, since he returned from Manila! Oh! what a terror he must have been to those Philippinos at Malate, to judge by his rushes on the gridiron!

Barker is a terror at tackle on the Second team. His opponents are dead scared, even before the game begins.

Perry Crofton surprised us all one day by coming back from "the old W. Virginia Hills." He told us that the Parkersburg Centennial couldn't get along without him.

All Titusville is following with pride the heroic deeds of its representative, A. Smith, in the halls of science and on the campus.

The Pine Tree State has two sturdy sons among the junior boarders, in the persons of Ahrens and Roehrig.



### THE FOOTBALL TEAMS' BANQUET.

The members of the various teams in Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost held a banquet Thursday evening, December 7, to which they invited the Rev. President, the Athletic Committee, some of the members of the Faculty, and several of the students. Mr. W. O. Walker, coach of the First team, was master of ceremonies. When all had done justice to the choice viands, an admirable programme was rendered, embracing music, song and speech.

The three teams were complimented on the unique and magnificent showing of the season. Not a game had been lost. The First team tied two, and won the rest; the Second and Third teams won all their games, and had but one touchdown, each, scored against them. All were encouraged to take an active part in athletic exercise as a necessary means to keep the body in a sound, healthy condition during the strain upon the mind by close application to study.



### OUR SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

We cannot but praise our Orchestra for the great success attained during the short time of their organization. Our expectations are now being some-

what fulfilled. We now enjoy at our Sunday Evening Concerts all that could be expected from such a young group of musicians. They have attempted the higher spheres of music and have already executed, in a creditable manner, several master-pieces.

The literary circuit, too, has been greatly augmenting. New speakers appear on the stage each week. At our entertainment of November 19th, we had the pleasure of enjoying the presence of Mr. W. Barr, one of our past students, who figured prominently in the class-room and on our athletic field in former days. Mr. Barr had the honor of deciding the debate, whether "The Strict Sabbath Should be Observed." Mr. J. Kraus was Chairman.

Lately the unusual addition of a character sketch, taken from Irving's "The Bells," contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The characters were taken by the following: President of the Court, Mr. P. Gillespie; Mesmerist, Mr. H. Gaynor; Clerk of the Court, Mr. P. Conway; Prisoner, on trial for murder, Mr. W. O. Walker. The chief incidents of the plot were briefly described by Rev. P. McDermott. The scene, however, fully explained itself. Mr. W. Walker, the principal character, performed the part of Mathias, the murderer, in a very admirable manner. The other characters were also very well taken. We hope that in the near future these sketches will become more frequent.

*A. Eschman.*



### SODALITIES.

The Sodality meetings are very well attended, and all the members manifest a deep devotion to the Holy Patrons under whose protection they have placed themselves. The Prefects and other officers of the Sodalities, perform their functions very regularly.



### ALUMNI.

Mr. Jas. L. Brady, '99, is at his home ill. He has the sympathies of all his former classmates.

From the latest accounts, we are pleased to note that our old friends, Chas. Finney, '99, and John Enright, '99, have both sustained the reputation of the *Alma Mater*, in a recent examination at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Mr. Alfred McCann, Freshman '97, is one of the most prominent members of the "Lyceum." He recently played the title role in *Louis XI.*, in a manner satisfactory to the lovers of Shakespeare.

St. Joseph's Church, Bloomfield, has a devoted Assistant Priest, in Rev. Jos. Meyer, '96.

Mr. N. Resmer is still at the West Penn Medical Institute pursuing his studies. He recently paid us a visit.

Rev. M. O'Donnell, '93, recently delivered an eloquent and impressive lecture, in the cause of Temperance, at the rally of St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society, Lawrenceville.



#### EN PASSANT.

Mrs. John Carson, of Boston, who was making a short stay at Wheeling, Va., during the middle part of last month, called at the College to see her two Boston nephews—J. and D. O'Hare.

Mr. Crofton, of W. Va., made a visit at the College during the last week to see his son Perry. Perry was very much elated over the paternal visit.

Mrs. Mayer is a frequent visitor to her two sons, who are staying at the College.

Fr. Cashman, of Bedford, paid a short visit to the Fathers of the College, a few weeks ago. On the same occasion we also entertained Rev. Fathers Cashman, Ryan and Deasy.

Rev. Prosper Geopfert, the author of the "Life of Venerable Libermann," founder of this Order, is stopping just now at the College.

Rev. John P. Barry, of Youngstown, while stopping in Pittsburg, made a brief stay at the College to see some of his Youngstown friends.

Rev. M. P. Kinkead, late of Defiance, Ohio, is now pastor in Youngstown. He made a visit to the College, where some of his flock are stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. Coveney, of Everett, Pa., were welcome visitors to the College during the last month.

Mrs. P. H. Gaynor, of Parkersburg, spent the greater part of the last week of October in our city.

Mrs. J. Sackville came up recently from Youngstown to spend an afternoon with John.

Mrs. K. Mullen, of Washington, Pa., comes up occasionally to see if Tot hasn't gone off again to Manila. But there's no fear of that. Tot has got enough of the Philippinos.

WE desire to congratulate the members of the Cathedral Lyceum, and their energetic Director, Rev. L. O'Connell, upon the very flattering success

attained by the Cast which represented Louis XI., on the Monday and Tuesday evenings of Thanksgiving week. Several of our old comrades took a prominent and successful part in the play, particularly Mr. Alfred W. McCann, who, in the character role of Louis XI., showed dramatic power of a very high order. The other past students of the College were Messrs. Joseph Cawley and J. F. Dunn, who were deservedly commended for their representation of the Count de Dreux, and Philippe de Commune, respectively.



#### CLASS OF MECHANICAL AND STRUCTURAL DRAWING.

The Class of Mechanical and Architectural Drawing has lately been enlarged in numbers by the addition of several new students. A new Professor has also been added for one of the departments, in the person of Mr. J. Briggs Haney, Chief Draughtsman for the Harbison & Walker Co. As the students increase in the knowledge of their art, their interest is daily becoming deeper, and under their able instructors they are making rapid progress. At present, a course of descriptive geometry is in progress, preparatory to entering on the drafting proper. The intricacies of lines, points and planes are clearly unfolded to the class, and great pains are taken to thoroughly inculcate every principle.

For the convenience of the members of the class, it has been found advisable to change the hours of class on Tuesday and Thursday from 4 to 5 p. m., to 1 to 2 p. m. The hours of class on Monday, Wednesday and Friday remain the same as before, from 7.30 to 8.30 p. m.

From present indications, the outlook is most promising, and before many months the College expects to send forth a number of able and successful draftsmen.



#### BOARDERS INCREASING.

The increase in the number of the boarders this year has been quite marked; every seat in both the Juniors' and Seniors' study hall has been occupied this long time past.

Nearly every week a newcomer may be seen either in the ranks of Juniors or Seniors; and if they keep on arriving as steadily as heretofore, additions will have to be made to both study halls and dormitories.

## EXCHANGES.

The "Victorian" is always bright, breezy and interesting.

The "Mount" teems with high-flown sentiments. We quote the following from "A Lull in Nature": "In the forest, the distant music of the brook making its way towards the mighty ocean is heard, and a zephyr of the woods gently touches the numerous leaves as Orpheus would touch the strings of his harp—."

The editors of many of our exchanges seem to be possessed with a biographical mania. There is scarcely one exchange which does not contain a biographical sketch.

We are indebted to the "Dial" for a description of the opening of the Oklahoma Territory; also for a biographical sketch of Father Baumgartner, S. J.

The "Sunset" is pleasing to the eye as well as to the intellect.

"St. Joseph's Collegian" contains several bright and interesting articles, including "The Typical American," a description of the "Labors and Successes of Benjamin Franklin," "A Parallel Study," and a treatise on "Poetry in Relation to Education."

Other exchanges received were: "St. Xavier's Monthly," "St. Vincent's Journal," "The Western University Courant," "Cherry and White," "The Weekly Boquet," "Le Petit Messager Du Très-Saint Sacrement," "The Young Catholic Messenger," "Georgetown College Journal," "The Beech Grove Oracle," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Ave Maria," "The Nazarene," "The Sursum," "M. H. Aerolith," "The Kalamazoo Augustinian," "St. Anthony's Monthly."



## List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

### FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

NOVEMBER, 1899.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have got 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass. i e , obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### GRAMMAR CLASS.

\*BERNER, ALOIS J.—P, Religion, History, Geography.

D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*CORBETT, JOS. L.—P, D, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*CROFTON, PERRY J.—P, Bible History, History, Geography, English.

D, Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*EBERT, CECIL A.—P. Religion, History, Geography.

D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*HARTIGAN, F. P.—P, D, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*HARTIGAN, H. M.—P, History, Geography.

D, Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*MACHNIKOWSKI, F. B.—P, Religion.

D, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*MADDEN, P. P.—P, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Penmanship.

D, English, Arithmetic.

\*MILLER, E. L.—P, History, Geography, Penmanship.

D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic.

\*MOESLER, J. M.—P, D, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*MCNALLY, FRANCIS—P, D, Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*POPP, THOS. J.—P, Religion, Penmanship.

D, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.

\*PRICE, OLIVER A.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship.

D, Bible History, English, Arithmetic.

\*VISLET, V. P.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

D, Bible History, Arithmetic.

### THIRD ACADEMIC.

BARLOCK, GEO. D.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, German.

D, Latin.

\*BRAUN, GEO. V.—P, Penmanship.

D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, German.

BRIGGS, BERN'D C.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.

D, Zoology.

BUBNIS PETER P.—P, Religion, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.

D, Zoology, French.

\*COLLINS, JAS. J.—P, Penmanship, Book-keeping.

D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*COVENEY, JAS. R.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

D, Latin, English.

\*COVENEY, LEO E.—P, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Algebra, Zoology.

CURRAN, THOS.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.

D, Zoology.

DIEMER, EUG. A.—P, History, Geography, Latin, Penmanship.

D, Religion, English, Zoology.

DILLON, JOS. P.—P, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.

D, Zoology.

\*DRISCOLL, GEO. J.—P, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship, German, English.

D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Zoology.  
DULLARD, WALTER C.—P, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D, Zoology.  
\*ENRIGHT, JOS. P.—P, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
FRANK, JOHN C.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Zoology.  
GORNEY, CASIMIR—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Zoology.  
Gwyer, Chas.—P, History, Geography, French.  
D, Religion, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
HARTIGAN, JNO. R.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Zoology.  
\*HAYES, RALPH L.—P, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
HOCK, FRED. W.—P, History, Geography, Latin, English, German, French, Zoology.  
D, Religion.  
JACOB, AUG. J.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Zoology.  
\*JASINSKI, EDWARD—P, History, Geography, English, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin, Zoology.  
\*JAWORSKI, JOS. L.—P, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin, Zoology.  
KEMPF, EDW. H. C.—P, Latin, German.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology.  
KORITKO, GEORGE—P, Religion, Algebra, Arithmetic, Penmanship, German.  
D, Latin, Zoology.  
KVATSAK, THEO. D.—P, Religion, History, Geography, German.  
LANAHAN, JOHN A.—P, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin, Zoology.  
MACHNIKOWSKI, C.—P, English, Zoology, German, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, Book-keeping.  
MADDEN, EUGENE M.—P, History, Geography, English, German, Zoology.  
D, Religion, Latin.  
MAYER, CHAS. M.—P, Religion, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D, Book-keeping.  
MICHALOWSKI, EDWARD—P, History, Geography, English, Algebra, French, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Arithmetic, Zoology.  
MICHALSKI, JOHN—P, German, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin, French.  
MUHA, ANDREW J.—P, Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, German, Penmanship.  
D, Zoology.  
MCATEER, HARRY F.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship, German.  
McCAFFREY, JOHN F. A.—P, History, Geography, Latin, English, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Algebra, Zoology.  
McCAMBRIDGE, CHAS. L. A.—P, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, Latin.  
\*MC LAUGHLIN, ALEX. H.—P, Latin, English, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
O'CONNOR, JOSEPH—P, Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D, Book-keeping, Zoology.

O'CONNOR, WM. J.—P, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Algebra, Zoology.

O'HARE, JOHN J.—P, Religion, English, French, Penmanship.  
 D, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

PATTERSON, JAMES P.—P, History, Geography, French, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Latin, English, Zoology

ROBINSON, JOHN L.—P, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping, Zoology.

ROZPARSKI, ANDREW—P, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Latin, Zoology.

SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER—P, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, German.  
 D, Religion, Zoology.

TEEMER, JOHN E.—P, History, Geography, Penmanship.

TRAGESER, RAYMOND A.—P, History, Geography, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion.

WILLIS, JOHN W.—P, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, Latin, Zoology.

\*ZAHRONSKY, LOUIS S.—P, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

### SECOND ACADEMIC.

\*ARENS, F. X.—P, Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, French, German.

BEJENKOWSKI, ANDREW—P, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French, German.  
 D, Algebra.

DAVIN, EDW. L.—P, Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, English, Latin.

\*DOOLEY, PATRICK J.—P, History, Geography, Botany, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, German.

HENNEY, MICHAEL F.—P, Religion.  
 D, Latin, Greek, Algebra.

KENNEY, E. J.—P, Penmanship, French, German.  
 D, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra.

\*LAGORIO, J. S.—P, Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, Algebra.

\*MANSMANN, F. J. S.—P, Penmanship, German.  
 D, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

MURPHY, JOSEPH F.—P, Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
 D, Latin, Greek.

\*NEVILLE, HARRY—P, Religion, History, English, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Penmanship.  
 D, Chemistry, Algebra.

ORLOWSKI, F. J.—P, Latin, French, German.

\*RAHE, ALBERT M.—P, Religion, English, Botany, Penmanship.  
 D, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra.

\*ROEHRIG, F. X.—P, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, History, Geography, Greek, Botany, Algebra, French, German.

SCHWAB, FRANCIS A.—P, Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, French.  
 D, History, Geography, Algebra, French.

STILLWAGEN, EDWARD L.—P, Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.

SZUMIERSKI, FRANCIS—P, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship.

WESOLOWSKI, ANDREW—P, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, Penmanship, French, German, D, History, Geography.

\*WHALEN, JOHN J.—P, Penmanship. D, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Algebra, French, German.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

DURA, STANISLAS—P, Religion, English, Latin, Arithmetic, German. D, Greek, Geology, French.

GAYNOR, HUBERT E.—P, Religion, English, Algebra, Geometry. D, Latin, Geology, Arithmetic.

\*HOWARD, THOMAS—P, Latin. D, Religion, History, English, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, French, German.

LAGEMANN, HARRY G.—P, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German.

LAMOTHE, DAMIAN N.—P, Religion, Latin, Geology, German. D, Greek, French.

\*MALLOY, JOHN F. A.—P, History, Geography, Arithmetic, German. D, Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Geology, Algebra, Geometry, French.

MCLANE, GEORGE M.—P, Latin, Geometry, Arithmetic. D, Greek, Geology, Algebra.

PIETRZYCKI, FRANCIS A.—P, Latin, Greek, Geometry, French, German. D, Geology.

\*RELIHAN, MICHAEL J.—P, Religion, English, German. D, Latin, Greek, Geology, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, French.

\*SMITH, HARRY J.—P, Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, French.

TRUDELLE, THOMAS J.—P, Religion, English, Geometry, French. D, Geology, German.

WECHTER, HENRY P.—P, Religion, English, Geometry, Arithmetic. D, Latin, Greek, Geology, Algebra, French, German.

### SENIOR BUSINESS COURSE.

BARKER, CHAS. A.—P, Correspondence, Penmanship. D, Religion, Arithmetic.

\*BOLUS, CHAS.—P, Commercial Law, English, Correspondence, Penmanship. D, Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

BRUGGEMAN, EDW. J.—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship. D, Arithmetic.

CONWAY, JAS.—P, Book-keeping, Penmanship. D, Arithmetic.

CONWAY, PARKER A.—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship. D, Arithmetic.

\*COUZINS, RICH. J.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic. D, English, Penmanship.

CURRAN, JAS.—P, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship. D, Arithmetic.

FLANNERY, S. A.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Penmanship. D, Arithmetic.

\*GAST, GEO.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship. D, Book-keeping,

\*HUCKENSTEIN, EDW.—P, Religion.  
 D, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*KAUTZ, FRANK—P, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence Arithmetic.  
 D, Penmanship.

KLEIN, NORTON—P, Commercial Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping, Correspondence.

\*KUBLER, HARRY—P, English.  
 D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

MAYER, FRANK—P, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Book-keeping.

MULLEN, TIMOTHY—P, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Arithmetic.

MCALLISTER, RICH.—P, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping.

\*MCCLANE, WM.—P, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

\*MC LAUGHLIN, Jos. W.—P, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

O'NEAL, CHAS.—P, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Arithmetic.

PHALEN, EDW.—P, Religion, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Arithmetic.

\*ROEHRIG, GEO.—P, English.  
 D, Religion, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*RYAN, J. W.—P, Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

\*SACKVILLE, JOHN—P, Commercial Law, English.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

SMITH, ALF.—P, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D, Religion, Book-keeping.

\*TURNBLACER, FRED.—P, Penmanship.  
 D, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

WHALEN, Jos. A.—P, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

\*DUNN, TIM. A.—P, D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

ESCHMAN, ALB. J. A.—P, Church History, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra.  
 D, History, English, German.

FANDRAJ, WALTER J.—P, Church History, History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Chemistry.  
 D, English, German, French.

HALLERAN, CARROL—P, Church History, History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Chemistry.  
 D, German.

HARE, JAS. S. M.—P, D, Church History, English, Latin, French, Chemistry.

HAYES, MICH. J.—P, Latin.  
 D, Geometry.

\*HEHIR, MARTIN J.—P, D, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

\*JANDA, CHAS.—P, Latin, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D, Church History, History, English.

\*JEROZAL, FRANK—P, Church History, History, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.  
 D, English, Polish, Algebra.

✓ **MAJESKI, A. A.**—P, History, English, Algebra, Chemistry.  
D, Church History, Latin, Greek, Polish, French.

✓ **\*MALONEY, FRANK**—P, Latin, Chemistry.

✓ **D**, Church History, History, English, Greek, German, Algebra, Geometry.

✓ **\*RYAN, WM. J.**—P, Latin, Algebra, Geometry.  
D, Church History, History, English, Geometry.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

\***HUETTEL, JOHN J.**—P, History, English, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.  
D, Church History, German, Algebra.

✓ **MURPHY, JOHN**—P, Church History, History, Greek, French, Chemistry.  
D, English, Latin, German.

✓ **\*O'CONNOR, PATRICK**—P, Algebra, Chemistry.  
D, Church History, History, Latin, Greek, English, German, French, Geometry.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

✓ **\*BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH**—P, History, English, Latin, Greek.  
D, Scripture, French, German, Philosophy, Algebra.

\***GILLESPIE, PATRICK A.**—P, Latin, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.  
D, Scripture, History, English, French, Philosophy.

\***MCCELLIGOTT, WM.**—P, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy.  
D, Scripture, History, English Latin, Greek, Conic Sections, Algebra.

✓ **\*RILEY, JAMES**—P, Conic Sections, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.  
D, Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, French, German.

\***SCHALZ, GEORGE**—P, Latin, Philosophy, Conic Sections, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.  
D, Scripture, History, English, Greek, French, German.

### SENIOR CLASS.

\***KOSSLER, AUGUST**—P, Latin, Conic Sections, Natural History, Algebra.  
D, Scripture, English, History, Philosophy.

*Eq.* **\*KRAUS, J.**—P, Scripture.  
D, History, English, Philosophy.

\***MAHER, PATRICK E.**—P, Latin, Greek, Conic Sections, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.  
D, Scripture, History, English, Philosophy.

\***O'HARE, DAVID**—P, Latin, Greek, Conic Sections, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.  
D, Scripture, History, English, French, Philosophy.

N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

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No. 4.

## VIRGINI DEIPARÆ.

¶ mmaculata parens ! O formosissima Virgo !  
¶ e tibi suadet amor fundere dulce melos.  
¶ ox, aurâ Boreae, marcescunt lilia vallis;  
¶ t, quasi flos vernans, usque decore nites.  
¶ asta parens Jesu, divino sola favore  
¶ leceris antiqui nescia, labe cares.  
¶ aus tibi ! Dum tenerae meruisti gaudia matris,  
¶ dfuit et matri virginitatis honor.  
¶ risti prima dolo mulier delusa gemebat ;  
¶ t nova serpentis conteris Eva caput.  
¶ ulpae flagitium morti nos subdidit atrae;  
¶ stia tu coeli pandere clara venis.  
¶ umine nata Dei peccati vulneris expers,  
¶ ustos filiolis tolle benigna luem,  
¶ luce dubio nautae tu stella coruscans;  
¶ raesens auxilium dum fuit ira maris.  
¶ u nebulas noctis radians aurora repelle,  
¶ nnocuam sobolem corde tuere pio.  
¶ mnes perpetua simul olim ut luce fruamur,  
    Virgo Maria, precor, sedula profer opem.

*Filiolus.*

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

*Second Part, "Foreign Travel."*

"Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend  
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend—  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own."

—*Traveller.*

Goldsmith's wanderings, after bidding adieu to Ireland for the last time in 1754, form a most interesting chapter in his career. And, first of all, it is important to know how he came to undertake his famous tour of Europe afoot. It came about thus. After having unsuccessfully attempted to settle down as a schoolmaster, and lawyer, Goldsmith thought he would like to study medicine; so his uncle, Contarine, sent him to the University of Edinburgh. Here he lived and studied for about a year and a half. He then told his uncle that he could increase his knowledge of medicine by traveling on the Continent. His uncle gave him twenty pounds more, and he reached Leyden in 1754. While at the University of Leyden, he studied very hard at first, but his old vice of gambling came back on him, and, although at first he won, he soon lost more money than he had and was driven to borrow some from a fellow-student to get himself out of the place. While he was going out of Leyden he passed a florist's shop, and seeing in the window the favorite flower of his uncle Contarine, he went in, and although he had but little money, he purchased some of the roots and sent them to his uncle. This incident is a clear index of the better side of Goldsmith's nature. And then, with a guinea and a flute, he started on his famous travels in 1755.

Very little is known of his wanderings from 1754 to 1756. It is thought that he went by himself, and some lines in "The Traveller" support this opinion :

"But me not destined such delights to share,  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own."

It is not known how he lived during his travels. Some people think he begged his way, while others think that by playing his flute for the amusement of the farmers, he earned his livelihood.

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring fire."

In one of his letters to his uncle he signed himself M. D., *i. e.*, Doctor of Medicine. It is a great mystery how he got the degree, and some people think that he never got it at all, but this is scarcely credible.

A good narrative of Goldsmith's various wanderings would prove most

interesting, but as all his letters of this period are lost, and as he kept no diary,—or at least none has been preserved to us—it is impossible to give a true account of the poet's career during the years 1755 and '56. Some echoes of his gypsy life have indeed come down to us in the "Vicar of Wakefield," for undoubtedly Goldsmith drew materials for George's adventures related in the twentieth chapter, from his own vagabond life while wandering over the Continent. Here it is related how he traveled through Holland, Flanders and France without settled employment, and at last was on his way home when he joined a company of strolling players. "In this manner, therefore," concludes George, "I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture." His own experience, too, enabled Goldsmith to sketch those beautiful pictures of foreign land in "The Traveller."

Strange to say, during his rambles over the Continent, Goldsmith failed to pick up even an ordinary knowledge of natural history. "Animated Nature" is a book valuable indeed for its gracefulness of style, but deficient in every other respect. The facts even are usually misrepresented.

The slight knowledge of nature displayed in "Animated Nature," a medical degree, and a deal of experience, is all that Goldsmith brought over the Channel with him, when circumstances obliged him to return to England (1756.)—And then began the real battle of life for Oliver Goldsmith.

*Ralph Leo Hayes.*

[To be continued.]



### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The snow-flakes falling fast  
 Tell mortals to prepare  
 To Christ, our God, a welcome here,  
 Whose glorious natal day is near,  
 With joys for all to share.

Two thousand years ago,  
 Within a humble cave,  
 A Mother heard her first-born cry !  
 The Earth rejoiced—the Lord was nigh  
 Who came all men to save !

Within—enwrapt in prayer,  
 From earthly things apart,

Was Joseph—while the Virgin Queen,  
The wonders she had heard and seen,  
Was pond’ring in her heart.

Without—amidst their flock,  
Environed with strange light,  
The shepherds left their lonely hill  
Where they had watched, while all was still,  
That first great Christmas night !

An angel from on high  
Came down, great Joy to tell;  
Bade them fear not, but come and see  
The Saviour, who had deigned to be  
Made Flesh, with men to dwell !

Three wise men, too, deep versed  
In science of the sky,  
Led by a star of special flame,  
Before that humble manger came  
To greet the Lord most High !

Above, the angel choirs  
Repeat their hymn of praise :  
“On earth, to men of good will peace !  
To Justice Mercy gives the Kiss ;  
All hail, the reign of grace !

O men, think well of this,  
And do all on this day  
To make those great words truer still ;  
With grace, be men of firm, good will,  
So peace be sure with you to stay,  
And you may never cease to say :  
“Praise, Honor to the Lord above,  
Hosanna to the God of Love !”

*Carroll V. Halloran.*

## READING.

[The following is a brief synopsis of the suggestions made and of the recommendations given, at different intervals, to the members of his English Class by Professor Enright, on the subject of "What we Should Read," and "How we Should Read."]

"The temptations to write in these days are many." Thus writes Charles Dudley Warner in *Harpers*, and continuing he says: "paper is wonderfully cheap, the facilities for publication were never so great; magazines, newspapers, occasional sheets of all degrees of extravagance and eccentricity in appearance multiply every day."

In another place he says: "What is wanted in this country, in this era of development, is not writers but discriminating readers."

These words cause one to consider for the nonce what he has been reading.

The subject matter may be loosely divided into three classes: that which elevates, that which debases, and that which is indifferent. To the first class might be attached all these works containing a moral, and directed to the elimination of some vice, or which tend to elevate the mind to a contemplation of things divine. To the second may be given those effusions on loose subjects, which ferment ideas and have questionable ends. To the last class may be added the works which have been written in a tone that does not affect the actions of man or his life mission. Bacon, that master of words, divides the science of reading in a convincing way—he says: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, *i. e.*, some books are to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

From these words it can with reason be concluded that great care and attention are prerequisites in the election of reading material. From the current reports of our booksellers it is evidenced that the light literature is in the greatest demand. The light literature referred to must not be confounded with reading of the "yellow back" species. A more proper soubriquet for that matter would be "trashy revelling." The light literature referred to, is found in the school of later day novellists, who have pictured life as it is, giving the evil side, that its brighter parts may shine forth more boldly, with the dark picture for a background. Others have in a *fin-de-siecle* manner drawn pictures of the days long since passed. They have clothed the past with the dress of the present. This style has captured many admirers. Having essayed to acquire a taste for classic lore, and felt unequal to the task, they fall back upon the class of books that occupy the public attention most. But withal the good that may accrue from a perusal of these, we cannot forget the old friends, Dickens, Scott, Lytton, Cooper, Wiseman, New-

man. These have withstood the onslaughts of the merciless critic and of ruthless time. The ones whose memory is still fresh, Brownson, Hawthorne, John Boyle O'Reilly, must not be overlooked. These have been our companions and comforting friends, and we should never abandon "the old for the new."

Pope has given us an idea on learning that might be aptly applied to reading :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring ;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again."

Some readers after having devoured, superficially, several books, feeling their intoxicating effects, reel off garbled sentences, misquoted quotations and the like, to the great pain of their listeners. This could be avoided if they considered Pope's last line :

"And drinking largely sobers us again."

In very truth, it is only after we have learned many things that we really begin to feel how very little we do know.

A word about the method to be employed in reading would not be amiss. Much that might be gained is lost owing to a systematic negligence, evinced by the majority of readers. The book is gone through with for entertainment; parts of the story, if it be a novel, are retained ; but the bulk is forgotten. In novels, the story is in truth an essential part, but by no means the only part.

The style, method of grouping characters, mode of expression, are some of the essential points of interest to the intelligent reader. The study is not an easy one, but then, "there is no royal road to learning." We should study to learn the character or characters ; discover whether the words and ideas expressed by the character are consistent with the person ; study the grouping—is it forced or natural, and such like. A well expressed idea, memorized here and there, is very beneficial: it assists us in expressing our own thoughts more perfectly. Such reading broadens the mind, quickens the power of perception, and makes us fair students of the character of those about us.

Another important, but neglected, subject for reading, is history. Everyone should be acquainted with the events of his own country ; and a more than cursory glance should be bestowed on the countries about us. Historians are legion; hence a difference of opinion is found anent many facts in history. Different interpretations are given on the same subject, and, as a result, the earnest reader should not be satisfied with the perusal of one book. Historiographers often give us a personal opinion that is valuable, but the consensus of judgment is always preferable. From these one can procure a liberal opinion, if not a learned one.

Lastly, a species of reading abused in our day, is poetry. Its votaries invariably read for the general idea, to the neglect of its beauties. The allusions of the author, the figure he indulges in, the sweetness of his voice, are all carelessly overlooked. A line should never be passed by the intelligent reader, till it has been mastered. In this method of procedure, many new thoughts are added to his store, and beauty of expression is often the reward. For, let it be remembered that it is not often what they say that impresses us, but how they say it.

In fine, then, the general rule might be suggested: read first what is necessary; secondly, what is useful; and lastly, what is ornamental.

*A Member of the Class.*



### TALE OF A MULE.

[The following verses were suggested by an amusing episode described in a recent issue of the Pittsburg Sunday "Post," as having occurred in a Western Mining Camp.]

#### INTRODUCTION.

Only a narrow mountain trail—  
So steep—to look down would make you quail !  
Just one at a time can creep like a snail—  
*This* is the opening of my tale !

#### CHAP. I.

Only an old and hardened mule—  
But, 'cause he's slow, don't think him a fool—  
Came down this trail, each day, as a rule,  
Thinking, no doubt, his masters were cruel.

#### CHAP. II.

Only a monstrous, grizzly bear,  
Just fresh, but hungry and fierce, from his lair,  
Came up the pathway, resolved to tear  
And devour whatever to meet him would dare !

#### CHAP. III.

"Only a step," cried the miners who stood  
Looking down from the crags, in an awe-stricken mood,  
(Indeed they'd have wished to—but dare not—intrude)  
"One step, and old Bruin 'll take Jake for his food!"

## CHAP. IV.

Only ten feet separated the twain,  
And with wonder, at least, if perhaps not with pain,  
They stared at each other with might and with main—  
As if about to excuse and explain !

## CHAP. V.

“Only a moment’s rush and a crash !  
And with his mighty paw Bruin ’ll smash  
Poor old Jake—or into the precipice dash  
His carcass!” . . . But all your conclusions are trash!

(for)

## CHAP. VI.

Only a pause and the mule, with a bray  
Of defiance that plainly was meant to dismay,  
Reared up, and without one moment’s delay,  
Made a spring at the Bear that had thought him his  
prey !

## CHAP. VII.

Only that long and unmusical wail !  
And the Bear, to the wonder of all, turned tail,  
Nor to run for his life in the least did he fail—  
While the men started off down the hill with a yell,

## CHAP. VIII.

Only to find that the lubberly brute  
(With the mule down the road-way in hot pursuit  
Still braying, as if the old coward to hoot)  
Had fallen—all bruised and all battered, to boot—  
'Way down to the foot of the treacherous *chute* !



## LETTER FOUND IN A BOTTLE AT SEA.

(Concluded )

As the elder Escalier finished reading this strange letter, he turned to see its effect on little Paul. But the boy was in an attitude of expectation, and the father recalled that he had been reading English, which was unintelligible to Paul. He explained to the eager child the gist of the story, whereat he became gleeful and plied his papa with questions, regarding the chance of finding this exile, on his lonely island in the Pacific ; expressing the wish

that when he was old enough, he might be allowed to go in quest of him. The father was amused at the venturesome spirit of his boy; but, while he smoothed the tangled curls back from his forehead, said that he hoped he would not part, for a long time, with his little Paul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifteen years have passed since the boy of seven years chanced upon that letter from the far South Sea, and found him a sturdy and vigorous lad of twenty-two, mettlesome, daring, and a thorough sailor. And as the child is father to the man, so the wish of the youth, to scour the Pacific in search of the hermit, still abided with him. Why he should want to start on this foolhardy expedition, he did not know, probably the love of adventure, alone, prompted him.

Affairs had prospered with the Escaliers, and Paul bought a neat fishing smack, with accommodations for three or four men, and stored it with trading goods; his idea being to stand the expenses of his trip by the profits of a few months trading through the islands. So the "Catalina," as he called her, was duly prepared for her voyage of trade and venture, and Paul, in company with two companions, Miguel and Juan, started on his journey in the spring of 189-, about the time the mocking birds were beginning to pair.

After an uneventful voyage of thirty odd days, they anchored in Honolulu harbor, and laid in a fresh supply of provisions. From thence they visited Maui, Oahu, and a number of the lesser islands, doing a profitable trading wherever they stopped. A few months passed by in this way, and Paul having traded all of his goods, and that at a handsome profit, determined to essay the finding of the hermit. He had little or nothing to guide him by, excepting the large island referred to in the letter, which he supposed to be Hawaii. Taking it for granted then, he kept his compass steady, northwest by north, as the little vessel cleared the western end of the island.

Steadily he held his course for six days, by which time he thought to be in the neighborhood of the island he sought; but he was doomed a while to disappointment.

On the morning of the seventh day a lusty nor'-wester arose, and forced our adventurers and their small craft to scud before the wind for several hours. When the wind and waves rendered it possible, Paul ascended to the look-out top, and scanned closely the surrounding horizon. Twice he repeated the operation, without noting anything to break the line of sky and sea, and he was on the point of laying the telescope down, when, off to the leeward, his keen eye descried what appeared to be a low lying fog bank, or perhaps an island. A moment later, and the sun coming out, he looked again, and uttered a shout of joy. "The island! the island!" he cried below; and hurriedly descending to his waiting comrades, he told them that he had indeed recognized the sought for island, its high bluff and cone, just

as described in the letter. They steered directly for it, and in a few hours ran their craft upon the sandy beach.

After making things secure, they started up shore, and were met by a pack of yelping hounds, behind which walked a man of middle age, dressed in a long coat of sheepskin, and wearing sandals. They stood still and waited his advance, and, as he came up to them, quieting his hounds, he extended his hands and said : "Welcome ! strangers, a thousand times welcome !" while his voice quivered and broke, and his eyes dimmed with tears.

Paul being the only one of the party speaking English, (he had picked it up from occasional tourists at San Pedro,) thanked him for his welcome, and returned the wringing handshake. Explanations were in order, and Paul, after introducing himself and companions, told how he had found the sealed letter so many years ago, and the resolve he had formed at that time. Then Plane, for it was he indeed who stood before them, led the way to his cavern, and entertaining, they seated themselves upon a few boulders.

For several hours they talked, Paul to Plane, and then to his companions. Plane was eager for news of the world, and marvelled at the changes thirty years had wrought. The time passed pleasantly until evening, when all ate heartily of the products of the island. Fruits, vegetables and dried venison, with rough corn bread, formed the main part of the repast, which was relished with a zest that only a sailor knows. Then they bethought them of sleep, and they slept until the sun was high, the following day.

A week had passed in seeing the sights of the island, among which might be mentioned Plane's patch of Indian corn and vegetables. He had brought seeds with him, and had climatized many of our native plants with success. The sheep and deer of the island allowed him to approach and fondle them without showing signs of alarm, they had become so used to his presence. In fact he had become part of the island; he looked upon it as his bride, while the hounds he treated as his children ; and if the eloquence of a dog's eye speaks for aught, they loved him, as he loved them.

Our friends roamed the island, day after day, and talked the evening hours away, until a month had gone by, and Paul thought of turning homewards. He used his best arguments to induce Plane to accompany him, but to no purpose. Finally, Paul set a day for his return, and having made ready, risked one final appeal to the islander. Plane meditated a while before replying, and then, as though speaking to himself, said slowly : "Life at best is but a lonesome thing, and when the star of friendship has been eclipsed, the outlook is trebly bleak. The sun of my life shone for a few short years, and while it lasted, life was indeed a joyous thing, but its bright light failed me at full meridian, and left me sensible I was but clay. No ; I am through with the world ; I despise its petty vanities, its hypocrisies and dissimulations, its mundane cant, and all the host of arch pretenders to humility and virtue, that know neither one nor the other, but so they gain their end, cast principle to the winds, and lo ! the world fawns upon them, and calls them

clever ; but to me, they are truckling sycophants—the leeches of mankind, from which a kind fate has forever parted me. Ah ! my life springs are dried up with burning pain, and I almost weary of my earthly lot. God forgive my harsh words, and let me judge not, that I be not judged 'Tis the world has made me misanthropic, and the dormant venom of its sting in youth still fires my blood, though my hairs are gray."

Paul saw the futility of further argument with this eccentric character, and with true sorrow bade farewell to one whose deep hidden qualities had endeared him, in a short month's intimacy. He saw no more of him, nor shall we ; let us think of him only as a man who, expecting too much, at one time, of this miserable earthly life, had placed therein the boundless hope of a heart that nothing but the Infinite can satisfy ; who felt, but knew not how to say, with Augustine, "O Lord, my heart is not at peace until it rest in Thee ;" and who knew not that word so full of consolation to despairing souls, laden down with earth's woes and vanities and disappointments : "Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

*J. L. M. Hare.*



THERE are always very interesting articles in the *Gael*, which is an Irish Monthly, published in New York City. Among the personages described in a recent number, is the present Lord Castletown, a member of the House of Lords, whose full name is the euphonious one of Bernard Edward Barnaby Fitz-Patrick. In the long line of ancestors to whom the noble Lord may look back are to be found two that have especial claims to a niche in the temple of fame.

The one upon whom the peerage was first conferred, was a most independent personage. In 1522, he was bold enough to send an Ambassador to the English Sovereign, Henry VIII. to demand the punishment of Red Pierce, the Earl of Ormonde. The envoy stopped the King, as he was going to Chapel, and addressed him in the following daring Latin : "Sta pedibus, Domine Rex. Dominus meus Gillapatricius me misit ad te; et jussit dicere quod si non vis castigare Petrum Rufum Comitem Ermohiac. ipse faciet bellum contra te." In other words, "Stop, my Lord King. My Sovereign, the Mac-Gillapatrick, sends me to you; and bids me say that if you do not punish Red Pierce, Earl of Ormonde, he will make war against you !"

The second famous and immortal Mac-Gillapatrick ( or Fitz-Patrick, as it is now anglicised ) was the son and heir of the previously mentioned turbulent Lord. The chief record we have of him—an inglorious one, however—is that he filled the role of whipping-boy to young King Edward VI. It was the duty of the whipping-boy to receive all the punishment, corporal or otherwise, which fell to the lot of his princely master. Alas ! how fallen from the lofty state of his belligerent parent !

*Quantum mutatus ab illo !*

# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### New Year's Greetings.

“Ring out the old, ring in the new.”

Once more the sweet pealing of the New-Year bells was wafted softly through the midnight air, as we bade a somewhat reluctant farewell to the Old Year and gently stepped over the threshold of the New. Our farewell was reluctant, for, after all, the old year was bountiful, though stealing from amongst us some of those that were most dear to our hearts.

With this issue, we inaugurate the new year, 1900. The past year, though not the brightest in our history, was a very successful one. Still, we feel that we can do far better. We believe there is yet a rich fund of undiscovered talent among the students; and it shall be our earnest endeavor, during this new year, to draw copiously from this “deep mine of knowledge.”

We hasten now to wish a happy and prosperous New Year—

To our readers and subscribers, promising that we shall do all that lies in our power to make this volume, the last of the Nineteenth century, as bright and interesting for them as possible;

To our parents and friends, assuring them that we will, as students, labor with all earnestness, since we know this to be the way in which we can afford them most genuine pleasure;

To our Faculty, whose untiring labors, in preparing us for the combat of life, we feel we can never sufficiently repay;

To our Exchanges that they may enjoy a year of unbroken success;

And lastly to all who have in any way contributed to the success of the BULLETIN in past years. This is the sincere wish of the staff of '00.

T. A. D.



## Emperor vs. Pope.

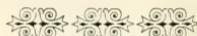
Emperor William, at the New Year's Parade, took it upon himself to settle, in his own abrupt and soldierly fashion, the disputed question of the twentieth century. His words, if correctly quoted, can allow no misgivings as to his idea and intention. "The *first day of the new century*," said he to the troops of the garrison, "sees our army, in other words, our people, in arms, gathered around their standards, kneeling before the Lord of Hosts. . . . In what condition did the *past century* at its dawn find our army?"

Side by side with this lofty and imperial declaration, we find the solemn but humble and devout decree of Pope Leo XIII granting special favors, and imposing special ceremonies for the *beginning* and the *end* of the present year, 1900, precisely for the reason that its close will but usher in the new century, which will, therefore, begin only with 1901. But our Holy Father's words are, themselves, the clearest and best expression of his mind in regard to this matter. "Since, moreover, at midnight of the last day of December of the *coming year* the present century will come to an end and a new one begin, it is very appropriate that thanks be given to God by some pious and solemn ceremony for the benefits received during the course of the *present* century, and owing to the urgent necessities of the times that greater favors be implored in order to begin auspiciously the new era. . . . Therefore, in order that the approaching year, 1900, may begin happily through the supplication of the assistance of God and His only Begotten Son, our Redeemer, and that it may end after a prosperous course by ushering in a still more happy century, as it is right for us to expect, and etc."

It is not difficult to say which of the two eminent and august potentates is the better and more authoritatively qualified to express an opinion on the subject. How small is the human voice, even of an Emperor, beside that

of the living mouthpiece, the uninterrupted custodian, and the only authorized exponent of the nineteen centuries of tradition! How solemn and clear and uncompromising are the words and decree of him who is the Vicar of the One from whom the centuries have taken their rise and in whom they will have their end!

J. K.



### Time - At the Student's Point of View.

If, at any period of the year, the question of Time could form an interesting and abundant theme for discussion, surely it is when the old year comes to a close, and the new one begins. Then it is, above all, that the subject seems as it were to force itself upon our attention. It will not, therefore, be necessary to offer any extended excuses for making it the subject of a few remarks.

It is, indeed, to say the least, remarkable that, though time is one of the most precious gifts God has entrusted to our keeping, there is, perhaps, none, of which man is more unmindful and regardless. The great fault lies in the fact that people are not sufficiently impressed with the necessity of making the proper use of the time given them. We often read pretty stories about the brief and fleeting character of time, but these make no more than a passing impression upon us. No one will try to improve his time unless he be first impressed with the necessity of so doing.

If, however, we were to reflect that, at the very best calculation, we have but a small amount of time in which to learn and to do all that is allotted to us, we would, undoubtedly, make a far better use of it than we are now accustomed to do.

That beautiful, though somewhat melancholy, thought, so well expressed by the able pen of Johnson, is well worth our consideration : "When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others ; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease ; or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor—we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice."

It is a wondrous thing to observe how much good we might do and to what a proficiency in various arts we might attain if we were to utilize the many spare moments which we now throw away in idleness or useless occupations. A miser will often become very rich, not by receiving large sums, but by hoarding diligently small sums and spending sparingly. *Gutta carat lapidem, non ri, sed saepe cadendo.*

There are many persons who waste their whole lives in comparative idleness, waiting for an opportunity to do something great. They do not seem to realize that no one can ever accomplish great deeds who has not first accustomed himself to exactness in minor occupations. Not a few from every calling in life are addicted to this erroneous way of looking at things in an improper light; but hardly any class of persons are more easily led astray by these fallacious ideas than students.

Not unfrequently you will hear a student remark when reprimanded for some defect: "None of the great men were studious in their youth," and then he will tell you the story of Washington Irving, who used to write compositions for his companions if they would do his mathematical exercises for him, or of some other genius whose love for study, while at school or college, was not the most ardent; but who, in after life, by some fortunate mishap, was roused from his lethargy, and rapidly ascended the ladder of fame.

There are in particular four great thieves of time, against which all students must be on the alert, viz.: sleep, sloth, reading useless books, and an improper method of study. Among the four, however, the last is chief. Directors can by some physical means strike a blow at the other three, but success in overcoming this last one depends almost entirely on the will of the student himself. I say *almost*, for even this defect is partly overcome by a rule of some colleges which is called a "division of time." This rule is a great help to the student, for, on entering the study hall, the one who is faithful to his rule will not lose a half an hour or more debating with himself what he should study first, but will at once take up the study marked in his rule for that part of the day and thereby save a great deal of precious time. This same rule is of incalculable value to the student in another way also. Almost every student has a special taste for one study more than for another, and would, undoubtedly, if left to his own inclination, neglect that branch of study which is least to his liking. This rule regulates the amount of time which shall be given to each study, and thereby obviates the said difficulty.

Good serious study is a faithful student's greatest pleasure. I have known some young college students to say that they never felt more contented or enjoyed better health than when they applied themselves most diligently to their studies.

There is still another valuable thought concerning time which must not be forgotten. Locke observes that "we get the idea of time or duration by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds; that for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time or the length of it, while we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance. And so, no doubt, it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind without variation and the succession of others; and we see that any one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing so as to take but little notice of the succession of

ideas that pass in the mind, while he was taken up with earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration and thinks the time shorter than it is." From this we may conclude that the student who gives his mind exclusively to study, must necessarily feel his time pass most speedily and agreeably. He never allows the time to drag upon him, nor does he feel at a loss what to do with it. He always has something to do, and he does it; and though this is no small secret of success in any condition of life, it is particularly so with the student.

T. A. D.



### THE NINETEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES COMPARED.

Now that we are drawing so near the close of the present century it seems but fitting that we should, while still journeying onward, cast a reflecting thought on the past.

It seems useless to try to persuade anyone, knowing as he does the wonderful progress which has been made during this century, both in invention and scientific discovery, that there have been periods in the world's history more glorious than the Nineteenth century.

It is true the present century has been marked by an advance in invention and scientific discovery unequalled by any other period in the existence of the world; but, in this branch alone has such progress been made, and even for this we must admit that the way was paved by discoveries made in former periods. For example, electricity, which is the branch in which most progress has been made—is it not to Franklin and men of the past centuries that its discovery must be attributed, and to this century, only its practical application?

The greatest literary productions of this century are merely reproduced thoughts of the master minds of the past. After the lapse of many centuries the feelings are raised to their sublimest elevation in the contemplation of the works of the past, while an author of the present day considers it a great victory attained if he can but rise to a level which even borders on equality with that reached in former ages.

The politicians and the statesmen of the present day do not seem to possess that sterling integrity which so strongly characterised our forefathers. It seems to be a rule with them to conform with the circumstances in which they are placed; hence, their path is often as zigzag as the most difficult ascent of the mountain Alps. One feature of political life to-day is too painfully evident and alarmingly frequent not to cause our most serious apprehensions.—To-day a breach of truth by a politician is scarcely deemed an impropriety, and it seems to be taken for granted by them that anything which will advance their own private interests is, perfectly legitimate, whatever, in other respects, may be its character or tendency. Yes, this is but

too true of the statesmen of to-day! How discreditably they contrast with the statesmen who founded this country! They were actuated by disinterested feelings and struggled for right; and were content to struggle, assured, that truth, which is ever mighty, must prevail.

After all, if we reflect seriously for a few moments, does it not seem ridiculous and the very height of vanity on our part, to make such an assertion as this: that the Nineteenth century has been the greatest in the world's history? If we are in the least acquainted with Ancient or Modern history, we cannot but recognize the insignificance of this century in comparison with those epochs known as the Golden Ages of Greece and Rome, or the Elizabethan period of modern times. The achievements of this century may seem great to us now, but what will they be after the lapse of a century or two? No doubt they will be succeeded by others that will far exceed, and entirely eclipse, them, while the attainments of those renowned periods, after many centuries, are still, and, from all indications, will ever remain, objects of admiration to men.

Let us contrast with this present century the Sixteenth century. There can be no doubt that the most brilliant period in the history of the English language coincides with the Elizabethan age. To convince anyone of this we need but mention the names of such well known writers as Lord Bacon, whom Pope styled the wisest and brightest of mankind,—with what truth I shall not pronounce,—Edmund Spenser, who is considered the most luxuriant and melodious versifier in the English language; Sidney, Southwell, Hall, Drayton, Fabian, Fairfax, Walter Raleigh,—a brilliant constellation in the literature of this period; “Rare Ben Jonson;” Roger Ascham, a most distinguished and instructive writer, John Leeland, Sir Thomas More; and among the dramatists, John Lily, Christopher Marlowe, the author of *Faustus*; Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakespeare, the greatest name in our literature,—“nature's oracle and interpreter,” who wrote forty-three dramatic pieces and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets. To these we may add the names of the illustrious Italian Epic Poet Tasso, and his contemporary, Casa, the Portuguese Shakespeare—Camoens—and the Spaniard Calderon. These are names so well known to all that they need no further comment, so we will pass on to the painters.

Have we had in this century any painters whom we can compare with Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and the most illustrious painter that has lived since the time the Athenians were in their glory, Michael Angelo, whose frescoes in St. Peter's in Rome are beyond our weak conception?

Next, let us consider the heroes of science who lived and worked during the Sixteenth century. First, we have the great Nicholas Copernicus, the most learned of modern astronomers; Tycho Brahe, who left us a number of observations of the exact positions of the stars, night after night, for twenty years without making an error of a single moment in his thousands of observations; John Kepler, whose name can scarcely be deemed less brilliant

and familiar than that of Newton himself, and the famous and learned Galileo, who discovered the laws of motion and is popularly supposed to have invented the telescope. The discoveries of these men destroyed the belief of the Ancients that the earth sits enthroned as the centre of the universe, and have proven to us that it is but a mere attendant upon one of the lesser stars. Moreover, it was during the Sixteenth century that Pope Gregory XIII reformed the calendar and established the system of reckoning which we are using at the present day.

This was also an age of mercantile enterprise and adventurous curiosity, occasioned, no doubt, by the great discoveries made in the latter part of the previous century. Voyages of discovery were resorted to by many of the young nobles of the day as the most honorable occupation they could pursue. If dangers were to be encountered, there were willing hearts and hands,—if new lands were to be discovered, there were those willing to undergo any sufferings and trials and fatigues. It was this period also that marked the beginning of the downfall of Mussulman domination. Lepanto is even now a name detestable to every follower of Mahomet.

Let us now conclude by passing in review a few of the many notable saints who lived at this time. St. Charles Borromeo, who became archbishop of Milan and Cardinal at the age of twenty-three, Pope St. Pius V., who published the Roman Catechism, which to-day serves as the fundamental explanation of Catholic doctrine, St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Congregation of the Oratory, the great St. Teresa, St. Peter Alcantara, St. John of God, founder of the Brothers of Mercy, the glorious St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Order of Jesuits, and his many disciples: the noble St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, Blessed Peter Canisius, St. Stanislaus Kostka, our own beloved St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans,—also St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi. The Capuchin and Ursuline orders, also, were instituted during this epoch.

Now, let the admirers of this, the Nineteenth century, and its doings, show us names and deeds as great as these; then we will admit that they have some foundation for what they are saying, but until they can do so, we would advise them to be more humble, and not to make such vain assertions, thereby taking advantage of the poor ancients, who now sleep in their graves, and are, consequently, unable to defend themselves.

*T. A. Dunne.*



## OBITUARY.

*Mr. Adolph A. Beck.*

Sorrow is in the world to set off joy—and after joy it is not tardy in making its appearance. On the very same day that the Bishop laid hands

of Ordination on Fathers Gavin, Goebel and Retka, their old comrade, the companion of their studies, of their joys and sorrows, for many years,—Mr. Adolph A. Beck—lay dying in a hospital of Philadelphia. From the Cathedral, the three young priests wended their way to the bedside of their friend. Death was already at the door. A blessing from the hands on which the Holy Chrism was still fresh—and then, a long farewell; the soul of the clever scholar, the faithful friend, the zealous teacher, the sincere Christian Youth, had taken wing, and sped away, to spend the Vigil of Christmas 1899, in Heaven.

Who of the older Boys does not remember Mr. Beck? Who of his former pupils does not even now hear the sound of his stentorian voice, echoing and re-echoing through the class-room?

Mr. Beck was born in Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 15, 1876. When still a boy, his parents removed to sunny *Arkansaw*. But Adolph soon returned to the City of the meeting of the rivers—to study for the Priesthood, in the College on the Bluff. He graduated with honors, in 1894, and taught in the College for three years, studying Philosophy at the same time. In 1897, he formed one of the pioneers for the newly-established novitiate at Philadelphia—but heart-disease obliged him to interrupt it, and he was employed to teach in St. Joseph's House. Here his heart-trouble increased, and a violent and prolonged attack carried him off, Dec. 23, 1899. *R. I. P.*

*Mr. Valentine Maniecki.*

It was with sentiments of great regret and sympathy for Mr. Theodore Maniecki, '97, who is, this year, a member of our Faculty, that we learned of the death of his respected father, Mr. Valentine Maniecki. He departed this life on Friday evening, Dec. 8, fortified with all the last rites of the Church, in which he had been a most devout and exemplary member, and was buried from St. Stanislaus' Church, on the following Monday, Dec. 11. The Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College, was present at the Solemn Requiem Mass. The deceased, who was 53 years of age at the time of his death, left five children, two of whom have consecrated themselves to a religious life—Theodore, in the Order of the Holy Ghost, and Valeria, the oldest girl, in the Order of the Sisters of the Holy House of Nazareth, in Chicago.

We extend to the sorrowing family, and particularly to our esteemed professor, the expression of our sincere condolence.

*Rev. Father Jas. A. Cosgrave.*

The diocese of Pittsburg has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Rev. Father Jas. A. Cosgrave, Rector of St. Bridget's Church, this city. Few of the priests of this diocese were more deservedly popular and more widely

known than the late Rector of St. Bridget's. He was an exemplary priest, a perfect gentleman, a most hospitable and open-hearted friend to his brother priests, as well as to the Fathers and Faculty of this College. He died on Tuesday morning, Jan. 2, and was buried, with solemn ceremonial, on Thursday, 4th inst. *R. I. P.*

*Mrs. Mary E. Coyne.*

We ask the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of the soul of Mrs. M. E. Coyne, the mother of Rev. C. J. Coyne, Pastor of St. Francis de Sales' Church, McKee's Rocks. Father Coyne has always been a most loyal and devoted friend of the College, and feels very keenly the loss of his revered mother to whom he was extremely attached. We extend to him our deepest sympathy in his affliction.

*Mr. John J. McCabe.*

At a time when the College, in common with the rest of the country, was in a Thanksgiving mood for the blessings of health, happiness, and prosperity of the past year, and when many of us were beginning to anticipate the Christmas season in visions of the joys of that time of universal gladness and good will, the Business Department, as well as the College at large, was surprised and saddened by the sorrowful tidings that one of its boys had been summoned for his last journey—that John J. McCabe was dead, death having occurred Wednesday, Dec. 7. Expressions of sorrow at the sad news, of regret at his seemingly untimely end, and words of praise and admiration for his good and noble character were heard from all his class-mates and the other students of the College who knew him. A large cross of roses as beautiful as the florist could make, was sent as a slight mark of that sympathy for the family, love and respect for the departed comrade, and of their own sense of personal loss, which was felt, but which could in no way be given full expression.

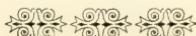
We attended the funeral in a body, escorting the remains to St. Mary's Church and to their last resting place in St. Mary's Cemetery. The Requiem Mass was sung and the sermon preached by Reverend Father McGovern, who drew many practical, beautiful, and comforting thoughts from the circumstances surrounding the life and death of our departed school-mate.

We who knew and loved him would have kept him with us, and in our feeling of loss, deplored his early death, cannot but believe, after contemplating his beautiful life and his no less beautiful death, that we have one more good and faithful friend in that throng of blessed spirits that surround "His Heavenly Throne," above.

Called in his youth, still his life was long enough to indicate in the blossom what the beauty and perfection of the ripened fruit would have been, had his days been extended. We are sure that his memory will long

continue a power for good, for many of us cannot help but draw wholesome conclusions from what we know of his perseverance under the difficulties of failing health, of how patiently and cheerfully and uncomplainingly he suffered for months, until at last with cheerful and consoling words to those he was to leave behind, and a smiling face, he went forth to meet his Creator, leaving a memory of a good life and a holy death to comfort his good parents and his many friends. Truly he fell asleep in the Lord. *Requiescat in pace.*

The students of the College will assist at a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late John J. McCabe, January 17th, in the College Chapel.



### RECENT ORDINATION OF GRADUATES.

The Vigil of Christmas saw three new Levites ascend the Altar of God for the first time. Three of our old friends, all graduates of the College: Messrs. A. D. Gavin, '92; H. J. Goebel, '93; and M. S. Retka, '94, received Holy Orders from the Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1899.

Father Gavin is a son of the green Isle, and was born in historic Limerick, Aug. 4, 1872. He entered the scholasticate, on Aug. 21, 1886, and received the habit in 1888. He graduated in 1892, and was attached to the professors' staff for three years. In 1895, he went to France to complete his studies, but ill health obliged him to return in the following year. He made his profession in the Order of the Holy Ghost, Aug. 27, 1898.

Father Goebel was born in Detroit, Mich., July 28, 1872. He joined the scholasticate in 1888, and received the habit in 1889. In 1893, he graduated and then taught in the College for three years. In 1897, he went to the Novitiate at Cornwells, where he was professed, in the following year.

Father Retka was born in Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 2, 1874. He donned the habit of the Order in 1891, and graduated in 1894. He also taught for two years, making his philosophical studies at the same time. In 1897, he was one of the first band of Scholastics that went East. He made his profession with Fathers Gavin and Goebel, and is now completing his theology.

The many friends of the newly ordained in Pittsburg College send them a hearty *ad multos annos!*

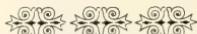


### HONORS FOR AN ALUMNUS OF THE COLLEGE.

Although it is more usual to say: "Misfortunes never come alone," yet the same is sometimes true of joys. Another of our graduates and former professors—Father J. Fridolin Frommherz, '92, has been signally honored, and thus has been the occasion of added joy to his *Alma Mater*.

In Rome, at the competitive examinations, held yearly in the Gregorian University, Father Frommherz carried off first place and the accompanying gold medals, in Dogmatic and Moral Theology. Both medals, and the one received last year, now adorn the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, in the Chapel of the French Seminary, in the Via Santa Chiara, Rome.

Father Frommherz was ordained last August, and said his first Mass in the Mother of all Churches, St. John Lateran. While a student at Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, he was not only foremost in all his classes but he was always an adept in all athletic sports, having been half-back on the victorious football team of '94.



### ECHOES OF THE HOLIDAYS.

Classes were resumed January 3d.

We wish all our friends and subscribers a happy and prosperous New Year.

We notice with pleasure that there are a great many new faces appearing daily. The more the merrier.

Mr. James Hare was not idle during vacation. There is scarcely a place in Pittsburg, of any importance, that he did not visit.

It is no wonder Staudt was so busy during vacation. Was he not canvassing for the "Goerig patent Poker and Chimney Sweeper?"

Messrs. J. Garrigan and Leo Meyer, both of '99, and still together at St. Vincent's, visited their old *Alma Mater*, at the opening of school.

Mr. O'Hare of Boston, father of David and John O'Hare, spent several days at the college during Christmas week, as the guest of the Rev. President, his cousin.

The Scholastics and the few Boarders who remained at the college during vacation enjoyed the coveted privilege of assisting, and receiving Holy Communion, at two midnight Masses in the past two weeks.

Can any one tell McCambridge the exact location of the "Hole between the Hills" called "Flagstation?" He himself does not seem to know it, even though he was fortunate enough to spend a "whole" week there, during vacation.

The Fathers of the College were kept busy during the Christmas Holidays. Some of them were off in Ohio, assisting priests whose parishes were too burdensome for that period of heavy pastoral work—others were distributed among different congregations of the city and neighborhood.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Raymond Trageser, who very unexpectedly met with an accident on his way home from College last week. We trust that we will soon have the pleasure of seeing his bright and happy countenance at the College again, none the worse for his fall.

It seems there was a great fall of snow in Ashtabula, lately, as our "little" friend from that part of the beautiful state of Ohio was delayed in his return on that account. Never mind, George, you returned safely, even though the College Porter was in slumberland, long before you arrived; and you footed the bill the last day of the old year!

### SILVER JUBILEE OF REV. FRANCIS KEANE.

Our Rev. President was present, representing the College, at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Rev. Francis Keane, Rector of Sacred Heart Church, East End, which took place on Wednesday, December 27. It would be impossible, in the brief space allotted to us here, to describe the extent of Father Keane's labors and successes in the large and important Congregation over which he has so zealously labored for the last 22 years. But it becomes an agreeable duty for us to say that he has ever been one of the staunchest friends and supporters of the Pittsburg College, ever since its establishment, which coincided with his own appointment to the parish of the Sacred Heart.

We sincerely wish the Rev. Jubilarian, *Ad Multos Annos!*



### EXCHANGES.

*The Weekly Bouquet*, *Viatorian*, *Mount*, *Ave Maria*, *The Dial*, *The Nazarene*, *The Spectator*, *The Young Catholic Messenger*, *Aerolith*, *Philadelphia College of Pharmacy*, *Tamarack*, *Holy Cross Purple*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Central College Magazine*, *The Kalamazoo Augustinian*, *The Loretto Magazine*, *Mosher's Magazine*, *The Lake Breeze*, *St. Joseph's Collegian*, *The Fleur de-Lis*, *The Abbey Student*.

Our Exchanges are always of great interest to the students. For the greater part they contain useful and instructive information on various subjects. The Cave of Bethlehem affords an unfathomable well of thought, both to prose and poetry writers. Nearly all speak of the Divine Babe, as He lay shivering in the manger, on that bleak December night. It is, indeed, a noble subject, for those who love to sing such lofty strains.

*The Dial* can always be found in the Sanctum at the proper time. It sparkles, as usual, with items of interest, not merely with "Items from Wheat Hollow." Poem, "Romaunt of the Breeze and Leaf," is stately and interesting.

*Georgetown College Journal* contains several very commendable articles.

“The King’s Nursery,” is full of instruction. A sketch of the “Grecian Tragedy” gives a long account of early manners and customs.

*Holy Cross Purple* is worthy of perusal. “Anglomania” is highly entertaining for all lovers of freedom.

*The Tamarack’s* “Marriage of the Pen and Inkstand,” contains some very fine descriptions.

### Some Christmas Flowers Gathered from our Exchanges.

“Christmas Eve, and bells are ringing,  
Snow-flakes falling fast,  
Hearts as well as voices singing,  
Braving winter’s blasts.”—*Viatorian*.

“*Adeste!* ‘Come ye faithful,’ thrills the air,  
Uplifting hearts on golden waves of prayer;  
Far from our thoughts, all earthly cares are driven,  
And Heaven, for which in vain our souls had striven  
Had our dear Lord not expiated sin,  
Seems come to earth, that we may peep therein.”

—*Loretto Magazine*.

“A shining star with holy light,  
And Angels who rejoice and sing,  
In rapture soar above the site  
And birthplace of our Christ and King.”—*Dial*.

“O Feast all ancient yet still ever new!  
Time owns no spell thy loveliness to mar.  
A universe of space night’s star shines through  
Undimmed, Thou, life’s fair morn and evening star,  
O lead our spirits to that land of bliss,  
Which sees the noon of stars that rise in this.”—*Agnetian*.

“Grim death hath stolen some away;  
In distant lands do others stray.  
No more shall they united be,  
Around earth’s glittering Christmas tree.”—*Abbey Student*.

The Business Manager of the BULLETIN desires to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the receipt of a very complete and handsome Calendar for 1900, from Wiltzius & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis. It will be a most serviceable ornament to our Sanctum.



### ST. JOSEPH’S HOME FOR BOYS, PHILADELPHIA.

With the arrival of the New Year, we welcome the appearance of *St. Joseph’s Messenger*, an annual published at Philadelphia, in the interest of the homeless boys of that city. The magazine is neat in appearance, and most interesting in matter. We especially commend to those of our readers who are fortunate enough to receive a copy of the *Messenger*, the perusal and careful study of the articles entitled, “The Kindness of Charity;” “Education, in the Old Testament;” “One of Charity’s First Fruits;” and “Timely Investments.” They will find them characterized by nobility of sentiment, inspiring, in dignified and concise language, a deep interest in the noble work to which its Director, Father FitzGibbon, a graduate of our College, has de-

voted his life. We would call attention, too, to four pictures of groups of boys, representing, respectively, a class of twenty-two communicants, the working boys of the Home, and a selection of young athletes performing a very difficult exercise on Roman ladders.

Father FitzGibbon is to be heartily congratulated on the healthy, refined, and tasty appearance of his little charges, and the sound intellectual and moral training their very features bespeak. A work which can produce such results in children taken from the midst of sad surroundings, deserves well of the charity of the philanthropic, and provides all with a ready means of increasing their own happiness—for no greater satisfaction can be enjoyed than that produced by the consciousness of having contributed to the rescuing of the outcast from lives of ignorance, infamy, and crime, and making them model members of our Church, and respected citizens of the State.

We notice that a new feature of the work has been added this year. A course of advanced studies has been adopted with a view to providing, in the near future, a number of priests who will consecrate their lives exclusively to the evangelization of poor boys, and the instruction of deaf-mutes, who are so numerous and yet so much neglected in many of our large cities.

As a special inducement to collectors for the institution, an exquisite miniature of Our Divine Lord, delicately colored and framed in gold, is presented to all who secure forty members for St. Joseph's Association. That many may be the happy recipients of this choice souvenir, and that the House for Homeless Boys may continue to flourish and develop, as it has since its inception, is our very cordial New Year's wish to its able Director, his faithful and efficient Assistants, as well as to the children confided to their care and solicitude.



## ATHLETICS.

The dreariest part of the scholastic year is that which intervenes between the Christmas and the Easter holidays. Prevented by the inclemency of the weather from enjoying the usual outdoor sports of football, baseball, handball, and lawn-tennis, students are compelled to spend their recreation hours within the necessarily narrow limits which boarding schools usually supply. The games that can be played under the circumstances are few in number, and quickly grow monotonous from too frequent participation. In them, boys gradually find insufficient vent for their superabundant animal spirits. As a consequence, their energies are misdirected, and they often have recourse to other, and less commendable, means of killing time. Discipline suffers. Studies languish. Boys become restive.

We have many reasons to congratulate ourselves on our more happy lot. Spacious halls are at our disposal. Our winter sports are many and varied. Billiards and pool have their votaries. The bowling alleys and shuffleboards are well patronized. Gymnastics have charms for young and old. Free afternoons are generally spent on the ice-rink in the Duquesne Gardens. There, the pleasures of skating give way to the excitement of hockey games, to be succeeded, in turn, by exhibitions of fancy figure-work by experts on the ice.

## AROUND THE CLASS-ROOMS.

### THIRD ACADEMIC.

The Third Academic of this year lacks neither quantity nor quality. It is the largest class in the College, numbering about forty students. The quality may be estimated from the large number of certificates that were given to the members of that class at the end of the last term. No doubt, many of them will be promoted to the Second Academic, after the next term examinations.

### SECOND ACADEMIC.

Of the different subjects treated in this class, it is hard to say which has the greatest interest for the students. Some have a great liking for Botany, while others delight in the study of elocution. It is evident from the grace of gesture and oratorical spirit with which the members of this class acquit themselves at our Sunday evening concerts, that their professor, Mr. Enright, has imbued them with some of his own elocutionary abilities. It must, of course, be added that the other numerous branches, of the Classics, English and Mathematics, are not by any means neglected by the members of this class.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

The third book of Caesar is being translated by the students of this class. With ever deepening interest, the romantic expeditions of the great old Roman into further Gaul are followed; his naval battles described with such minute detail, possess an especial interest as they are gradually unravelled from the complicated web of the Latin sentences. Xerophon's Anabasis occupies them in Greek translation, and they are accompanying Cyrus in his treacherous plot to overthrow his brother Artaxernes.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

During the first term the attention of the Freshmen was directed chiefly to Livy and Euripedes, and so interested were they in Alcestes, that when the professor added Demosthenes to their course, for the second term, they were somewhat disappointed, so anxious were they to see the issue of the play. Judging from their application to Classics, we would suppose that they are neglecting the other subjects; but the eloquent speeches that they have delivered in the recent debates, show their increasing proficiency in English.

### SOPHMORE CLASS.

The students of the Sophmore Class are making a special study of Poetry, but Mathematics seem to have for them the greatest attraction. For some time they experienced some difficulty in seeing through, and in constructing the figures in solid Geometry, but, since Mechanical Drawing was introduced, this difficulty has been greatly obviated.

We have some very interesting notes to give about the Business department, which, to our great regret, the demands of space have obliged us to defer to the next number of the BULLETIN.

## SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

The programmes of our Sunday Evening Concerts since the last issue were the following:

### PROGRAMME OF SUNDAY, DEC. 3RD.

Overture, "Rockaby Baby, I Love You," College Orchestra. Recitation, "The Dying Soldier," P. J. Dooley. Song, "The Vacant Chair," T. J. Trudelle. Recitation, "Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy," T. A. Dunne. Debate, Resolved, "That the Imperialistic Policy of the Public Administration is opposed to our American Constitution and Interests," Chairman, Mr. D. O'Hare. Affirmative, Messrs. P. Gillespie and J. Riley. Negative, Messrs. W. Ryan and M. Hayes. Finale, "Black America," College Orchestra.

### PROGRAMME OF SUNDAY, DEC. 10TH.

Overture, "Up to Date," College Orchestra. Recitation, "Childe Harold's Farewell," P. J. O'Connor. Essay, "A Soldier's Farewell," J. F. Malloy. Recitation, "Better than Gold," Geo. Roehrig. Essay, "Escape from Onondago," J. Collins. Recitation, "The Fate of Virginia," E. Machinkowski. Debate, Resolved, "That the Nineteenth Century is the Greatest Century in the World's History," Chairman, Mr. W. J. Ryan. Affirmative; Messrs. C. A. Staudt and A. J. Eschman. Negative, Messrs. T. A. Dunne and A. J. Majeski. Finale, "Matinee Boy," Orchestra.

### PROGRAMME OF SUNDAY, DEC. 17TH.

Overture, "Sounds from Erin," College Orchestra. Recitation, "Laugh and Grow Fat," C. V. Halleran. Song, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," Select Quartette. Recitation, "The Leper," E. J. Davin. Debate, Resolved, "That the practice of Early Rising is commendable and essential to health and success," Chairman, Mr. W. O. Walker. Affirmative, Mr. P. A. Gillespie. Negative, Mr. J. W. Kraus. Finale, "Snap Shot," College Orchestra.

On Thursday, Dec. 21st, the Dramatic club entertained the students, prior to their departure for the Christmas Holidays, by presenting in a decidedly professional style, G. C. Baddely's original Comedy: "The End of the Tether—or A Legend of the Patent Office." It was well executed and reflected great credit on the participants as well as upon Professor Enright, who directed and rehearsed them for the occasion. The parts were not assigned till some ten days previous to the presentation, yet each member seemed thoroughly at home and acquainted with his part.

*Dramatis Personæ:* Mr. Bland Smyle, (Promoter and Finance Agent) W. J. Ryan. Mr. Stephenson Gearing, (Enthusiastic Inventor) C. L. Staudt. Lord Adolphus Firstwater, Lord Augustus Firstwater, (Twin Sprigs of Aristocracy) E. Huckenstein, N. H. Klein. Mr. John Gearing, (Brother to Steph. and steward to Lords) Mr. Drudge, (Chief Clerk to Mr. Smyle) H. E. Gaynor. Mr. Nibbs, Mr. Tubbs, (Assistant Clerks to Mr. Smyle) W. McLane, E. E. Davin. Jukes, a Detective, (alias, Cadge—Benevolent Society Tutor; Bullford—Escaped Forger; Haverson—Gentleman) P. Conway.

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**J. J. McCORMICK,**

# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI. PITTSBURG, PA., FEB. 1900. No. 5.

## VITÆ FLOS TRISTIS IMAGO !

Nonne ridentem virides per hortos  
Flosculum cernis ? Niveo comarum  
Mixta candori, rutilat superbe  
Purpura dives.

Veris indutus vario decore,  
Explicat frondes tremulas corollae  
Ipsa, quas donat, residens amoeno  
Gramine, Flora.

Udus Aurora lacrymis amicæ  
Enitet, Phoebi roseâ fovente  
Luce, dum mollem zephyrus tepenti  
Flamine mulcet.

O brevis splendor ! Fragilis venustas !  
Flos, tuâ formâ recreans ocellos,  
Haud diu fundes per agros odorem,  
Gloria vallis !

En furens, missus Boreas ab antro,  
Sternit horrendâ segetes ruinâ,  
Vastat et coecâ rabie virentis  
Munera ruris.

Heu ! Caput languet subito gravatum  
Flosculi; suaves pereunt colores,  
Jamque lethali lacerat jacentem  
Vulnere turbo . . . .

Vita marcescit quasi flos caducus:  
Luce mortales hodie fruuntur,  
Cras adest Fatum, resecans vigentes  
Falce cruentâ.

*Fidius.*

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### III.

*The Battle of Life—The End.*

“No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had”—Johnson.

Goldsmith settled down in London, in the year 1756. He was alone, without friends and without money when he commenced the battle of life. His degree helped him to get a position in a chemist's shop. He next became usher in a public school, where he was the laughing-stock of all the pupils. In 1757 he began his literary career by becoming a reviewer or hack-writer. In 1759 Goldsmith published his first work called *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. In the same year he became sole contributor to a weekly paper called the *Bee*. It was at this time, also, that he became acquainted with the most eminent men of his time, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, namely, with the first prose writer, orator, painter and actor of England in the eighteenth century. In 1760 Goldsmith published his second work called the *Citizen of the World*, a series of letters by a Chinese who had come to study European Civilization.

About the year 1764, Goldsmith was arrested by his landlady for not paying his rent. As he had no money, he sent for Dr. Johnson. That gentleman was busy, so he could not visit him just then, but promised to do so as soon as he could. In the meantime he sent him a guinea to help him a little; but, instead of using it to pay off his debt, he bought a bottle of Madeira wine and was drinking it when Dr. Johnson stepped in. It is easy to imagine the Doctor's surprise. Goldsmith showed him a work of his called the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson took it, glanced over it, saw its merits and sold it to a book-seller for sixty pounds; and his friend was saved from Fleet Street. The *Vicar* was not published until 1766. In 1765 the *Traveler* appeared, which brought him little money but much fame.

In 1768 his comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, was produced at Convent Garden Theatre, London. Goldsmith got five-hundred pounds for the three nights' performance. He soon squandered this large sum of money; in order to restore his fortunes, he published his *Natural History*, for which he got five-hundred pounds more. He next wrote an English History together with a Roman History, and earned another five-hundred pounds. He thus got breathing time to write *The Deserted Village*, in 1770. But the creditors were soon on his trail again, and he was compelled to write another drama called *She Stoops to Conquer*, to keep them off. In 1774, his debts were so heavy that he got nervous fever and died from its effects on April 4th, of that same year.

“Let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man.” Thus

wrote Dr. Johnson, after the death of his friend. Goldsmith was buried in Temple Church yard—the exact spot being still unknown. In Westminster Abbey a monument in the shape of a medallion, with an inscription by Johnson, was erected soon after Goldsmith's death. It was said that he owed not less than £2000! "Was ever poet so trusted?" remarked Dr. Johnson. So lived and died Oliver Goldsmith.

*George Driscoll, '05.*



## WAS CROMWELL A FANATIC?

In one of our recent Pittsburg daily Papers, we noticed an article taken from *Scribner's*, and printed made the prominent caption: "Cromwell not a fanatic," of which the opening sentence is a very strong defense of the gloomy Protector. It says: "When Cromwell grew to manhood he was a puritan of the best type, of the type of Hampden and Milton; sincere, earnest, resolute to do good as he saw it, more liberal than most of his fellow-religionists, etc."

Without wishing to be presumptuous enough to discuss and controvert, in detailed form, these and other accompanying statements of the said article, it is only natural for us, after having seen, last year, in our Junior Course, the Cromwellian period of English History, to dispute the denial of Cromwell's fanaticism. That course in History was developed from trustworthy and impartial sources; and in the light of all the facts, especially those which relate to his brief but sanguinary conquest of Ireland, it is impossible to withhold the conviction that Cromwell was a fanatic.

It may be allowed that he was more liberal (in a sense) than many of his fellow-religionists, and that he was not personally responsible for a great many of the excesses committed by his soldiers and followers. But—leaving aside the question of comparison between him and Milton, whose mental elevation, whose views upon popular government, whose aspirations after liberty, were entirely of a much higher character than those of Cromwell; and between him and Hampden, whose patriotism was undoubtedly of a more disinterested nature, and whose untimely death at the opening of the Civil war cut off the noblest of the popular leaders—we may certainly be permitted to call Cromwell a "fanatic," if History correctly attributes to him such language as that by which he described his troopers in the Irish wars, as "soldiers of the Lord and Gideon." After the massacre of Drogheda, on Sept. 10, 1649, he excused his execrable deed by saying that he did it, "being in the heat of action," and added, in his letter to Parliament: "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood in the future; which are the

satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work regret and remorse." These very words and others of similar import are to be found in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which is so pro-Cromwellian that it declares in all seriousness: "Cromwell's promises ('to protect the Irish in their just rights and liberties,' made in his 'Declaration for the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People') were no empty words; the results of his conquest and government in Ireland were a general peace and prosperity, admitted by his bitterest enemies, to be without example in the previous history of that misgoverned country!" Evidently, for the *Britannica*, Cromwell was not a fanatic but a Savior, in poor, afflicted Ireland!

In Scotland, too, after the defeat of Leslie, he wrote to the President of the Council, "This is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's." Again, before the battle of Dunbar, he declared that "in the mount the Lord would be seen; He would find a way of deliverance and salvation;" and, just before the final charge, he cried out in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!" Thus it was, on every occasion, even to the very last speech he uttered in the House of Commons shortly before his death, and which he concluded with the words: "God be judge between me and you!" when his own parliament refused to adopt one of his measures.

This is, according to the *Britannica*, "the greatest man of his own age, and one of the noblest of any age . . . . the earnest advocate of the rights of conscience." "No royal name, at least since Alfred's, is more worthy of our veneration than that of Oliver Cromwell." . . . . He was *tolerant* except to Popery, which was, according to the same author, "then as now the enemy of civil and religious liberty!"

There are other statements in this article which would, if time and space permitted, call for well-merited and extended refutation. It is true that the parliamentary struggle against the despotism of Charles I., was a great and potent factor in the securing of modern constitutional government. But it would hardly be correct to confound the share which Cromwell took, and the part he played in these struggles, with the share and part of such men as Pym, Hampden and Elliott, the great Parliamentary leaders. Cromwell's part was a violent one, and its results—in the form of the despotic Commonwealth—were but momentary. Their part was that of reason and principle and human rights, and the results have been lasting, in the shape of a responsible, popular government, for which they spoke and fought and went to prison.

Viewed in this way and with this distinction, it is an unwarranted exaggeration to compare the establishment of the Commonwealth, at least in its connection with Cromwell, to the American revolution of 1776, and to the American civil war of 1861!

Of course, also, the same article must get in its little slap at the Middle Ages, by saying: "In addition to the modern side there was a medieval side,

too. Just so far as this medieval element obtained, the movement failed. All that there was of good and of permanent in it was due to the new elements." These statements will hardly stand before the very words and arguments of the Parliamentary leaders themselves who declared time and again, both in their individual speeches and in their collective petition of rights, that they were contending only for what was the inalienable right of the people as declared and established by the *Magna Charta* of "Medieval" times—and there is no expression of theirs or of their successors in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when demanding the *Habeas Corpus*, more determined and uncompromising than those of that old Charter wrung from King John, by a united Nobility, Clergy and People, in 1215! Was not *this* a medieval element, and how did the movement of 1649 fail just so far as *this* medieval element obtained?

D. O'H.



## HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

It may be, perhaps, from the frequent presentation of the subject of the Boer war in our daily newspapers—or it may be from some other association of ideas—but the fact is we find in our class work, especially in that of Modern History, and from our authors read, such as Burke on American Taxation, some very telling remarks and appropriate passages that make most interesting reading when brought to bear upon England's present crisis.

To go back as far as the reign of George II., we find that England engaged in a rather unseemly war with Spain, upon the flimsy pretext of an outrage supposed to have been perpetrated upon an English naval commander. This Captain Jenkins, in reality, was nothing more than a pirate in the guise of a British Officer, and indulged in smuggling when he was supposed to be cruising. To be candid, England's own historians tell us that the real object of the war was to compel Spain to permit the English to get a larger share in the lucrative commerce of the New World. The announcement of hostilities with Spain was received in London with delight, and bells pealed from every steeple.

But the English Government had then at its head as Premier a statesman of whom Lord Salisbury of to-day seems to be more or less the antitype in his prudence, his peace-loving policy, his anxiety to stem the growing and dangerous tide of Jingo sentiment. It was Sir Robert Walpole, who could not resist the clamor for hostilities, though knowing the country was not prepared for a distant campaign, and who, contrary to his own judgment had to vote for war. "Yes" said Walpole, "they may ring the bells now, but before long they will be wringing their hands," a prediction which was soon afterwards verified by the heavy losses the English suffered in an expedition against Carthagena, South America.

England also found herself in difficulties somewhat similar to the present ones, at the moment when Edmund Burke arose in the House of Commons, to deliver the famous "Speech on American Taxation," which forms the subject matter of our study in English during this term. It is in this speech that Burke prophetically declares that the Colonies "have shaken the solid structure of their empire to its deepest foundations." His opponent, Mr. Cornwall, had asserted that "retrospect is not wise; and the proper, the only proper, subject of inquiry is, 'not how we got into this difficulty, but how we are to get out of it.'" To this Burke answered that "whenever we are involved in difficulties from the measures we have pursued, we should take a strict review of those measures, in order to correct our errors, if they should be corrigible; or at least to avoid a dull uniformity in mischief, and the unpitied calamity of being repeatedly caught in the same snare."

The last words of this significant paragraph must surely come home to the English people at the present time, when for the second time in the reign of Queen Victoria, they find themselves unprepared for war with a civilized nation. It was thus in 1854, during the campaign of the Crimea, when the woful lack of preparation, especially in the sanitary and commissary departments, aroused a great outcry in the National Press, even after the bloody and doubtful victories of the Alma and of Inkerman. Now again the same clamor has arisen at the spectacle of the "dull uniformity in mischief, and the unpitied calamity of being repeatedly caught in the same snare." Little the English people would have imagined four months ago that Majuba Hill would be repeated, in so short a time, against three of her chosen generals: against Lord Methuen at the Modder River; against General Gatacre at Stormberg; and against General Buller himself at the Tugela River!

When we read Burke's powerful denunciation of Lord North's ministry, we can imagine we see the puny Mr. Chamberlain squirming under such words as these: "nothing in the world can read so instructive a lesson as the conduct of the Ministry in this business, upon the mischief of not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs." May we not be permitted to say that England's policy towards the Boers, since the granting of their independence by Gladstone, has not been a systematic one? Might we not say of Chamberlain, as Burke said of Lord North, "He never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties, into which he had proudly strutted?"

Surely when we consider the great principles for which, as we believe, the people of these two South African Republics are struggling, we can find a very powerful parallel between their case and that of the struggling American Colonists of 1774. The latter had resisted the tax upon tea, not for the mere revenue that was involved, but for the principle of the power and expediency of taxation which it implied. "No man ever doubted," says

Burke, "that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of three-pence. But no commodity will bear three-pence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two million of people are resolved not to pay." Similarly, in the case of the Boers, the demands of Mr. Chamberlain and of the Utlanders might not perhaps have placed an overwhelming burden upon the South African Republic; but it was the spirit in which those demands were made, and the underlying substratum of imperial sovereignty and dominion which they betrayed that would have, so the Boers thought, utterly destroyed their independence. "The feelings of the Colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain," said Burke, in a grand burst of eloquence. "Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden, when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave!"

*J. K.*



## AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

### I.

When the summer months are over  
 And all nature seems more free,  
 And the swaying limbs are naked  
 Where the green leaves used to be;  
 Then the frost begins to whiten,  
 And the cooling atmosphere  
 Gives the country folks a warning  
 That the Fall is nearly here.

### II.

Yes! they're hauling in the corn-crop  
 From the field upon the hill;  
 And the water is a-frothing  
 'Bout the dam below the mill;  
 The gay colts are in the pasture  
 Just as happy as can be,  
 And the sheep are "dressing" thicker,  
 While the cows wind o'er the lea.

## III.

Then the glossy quail is resting  
 On the weather-beaten log;  
 And the huntsman from the city  
 Comes a-trudging through the bog,  
 When the independent farmer  
 Comes a-running with a boulder—  
 Then the hunter starts with nothing . . . .  
 'Xcept his bruised and aching shoulder.

## IV.

Then the squirrels in the tree-top,  
 Or about the creek below,  
 Are a-gathering the walnuts  
 That fell off some time ago.  
 See the strutting turkey gobbler  
 Gettin' fatter every day.  
 For the corn, the peacock's calling,  
 That the gander stole away !

## V.

Oh ! the farmer's lot is happy  
 When his days o' rest begin,  
 With his pocket full o' money  
 And his wheat-crop in the bin;  
 Then, his clay-pipe he's a-smoking,  
 While the Autumn days are here,  
 And he's planning for the future  
 Of another harvest year.

*J. E. Nye.*



## HOLIDAYS.

A Holiday is a day set apart for the observance of a religious or public event. Among the earliest peoples, and especially under the old dispensation, regularly-instituted days were consecrated to religious worship. In all countries and among all races and tribes, festivals were observed, even the uncivilized barbarian, incapable of any higher religious manifestation, other than reverence for the dead, had special days given to some form of worship. But to a people unacquainted with religion, there can be no festival, strictly so called; and without civilization, any attempt at festival-keeping must necessarily be empty and inexpressive of any meaning whatsoever. As civilization develops, festivals, either religious or secular, develop with it.

Among the Greeks and Romans, religious and secular holidays were in vogue. But they frequently fell into desuetude, were increased or diminished, prolonged or shortened, at the will of the Emperor, or under the caprices of a vacillating populace. Not until the establishment of the Christian Church were holidays regarded as a fixed institution.

Few institutions can boast of having realized more practical good in the preservation and promotion, not only of the religious, but also of the patriotic sentiment of a Nation, than holidays. In this light must be considered the holidays especially set apart by the wisdom and foresightedness of the Church, to be everywhere observed on the regular recurrence of the day.

During the troublous Feudal times, when the passions of men were swayed at the will or whim of the chief, whose influence and power depended upon the strength of his retainers, the Church kept the remnants of a fast-decaying society from falling into a hopeless chaos. These were the times when the individual identity of the majority of men was merged into that of their lord or chief; and, no wonder, then, that it required a masterful reacting force to hold in check the aims and ambitions of the bellicose chiefs. The religious holiday did much in curbing the passions of these men; for on those days they forgot their grievances and quarrels, and entered into the spirit of the celebration with the same ardor and devotion as had been displayed before the foe on the field of battle. For one brief day the spear and the shield were laid aside for the more potent weapons of the Church; everything that might interfere with devotion was forbidden; love feasts were celebrated, Churches gaily decorated; and the powerful warlike chief was accustomed to shew special kindness to the poor. What a softening influence the holiday must have exerted upon the minds of these men, who expressed "opposition by loud shouts, assent by the striking of spears, enthusiastic applause by the clash of spear and shield!" A custom or habit long encouraged and practised cannot be broken off in a day; and, consequently, the Church, as guardian of the social fabric, wisely insisted on peace on the holiday. Thus it is easily seen how the minds of those Feudal warriors were prepared to receive the more humane principle, that "peace is better than war" and how later that social structure gradually evolved on a scale such as was never known before.

It is principally out of this system of the Church that the secular holidays have sprung. In modern times they have been chiefly introduced, either as an offset to the religious festival of old, or to supply that instinctive want and demand of the people for a day of rest and rejoicing. As a general thing, secular holidays are celebrated in all countries, their object, of course, being to commemorate some event of national importance connected with the history of the country. While it is true that the intelligent majority of the people look upon them with great favor, yet it is a significant fact that they are regarded with a more or less degree of indifference; and unlike

religious holiday, are not a fixed, permanent institution. Such, at least might be said of the public holiday in our country.

New Year's day, Washington's birthday, Independence day, Thanksgiving and Christmas constitute our great standing holidays, and it is safe to say that not one of them is generally observed, at least in the sense originally intended, except by a small minority of the people. In our selfishness, we boast of patriotism, but forget the day that gave birth to the "Father of his Country," not to mention the day that first robed the Infant Republic in the swaddling garb of Independence. Americans, as a rule, are too much engrossed in the affairs of business to admit of much interference with the financial feature of their character. Lincoln's birthday is celebrated by banquets in a few of the larger cities, while Labor day has already died a natural death, having fallen into entire disuse; so, too, Washington's birthday is but meagerly celebrated, and the Fourth of July, accompanied with its noise, fireworks and pyrotechnical flights of oratory, no longer rouses and sways the nation as of yore.

All these holidays undoubtedly exercise a beneficial effect wherever celebrated; but we doubt if this can be unreservedly said of the Saturday half-holiday, which would seem to be, as a reform measure for which it was intended, a more or less dismal failure. The sentiment, indeed, is freely expressed that it has worked inconvenience and harm to many classes of the people, and this is especially true with regard to the farmer and the laboring man. The latter is generally willing to work as long as work is abundant and he has the health and strength to work, for his muscle is his only reliable source of income. It is true the salaried employe is benefited considerably; but we do not think the great mass of employes, who receive compensation only for what they earn, are inclined to hail with unmixed delight the forced half-holiday, even though it affords them an opportunity for further rest.

The farmer, on the other hand, cannot easily leave the plow, the crops, or the busy barn to attend to his business affairs in the city during mid-week, or as the necessity for so doing arises. From time immemorial, Saturday was the farmer's day for coming to town. He visited the stores and County offices, and transacted other business which could not have been attended to on any other day without great inconvenience; thus making now two visits, where one answered the purpose, before.

In the light of all these facts, it would hardly seem advisable to create any more new holidays, for the experience of the past does not sufficiently justify the efforts of those otherwise well-meaning law-makers and reformers, whom the tendency towards extremes or the attachment to some pet scheme urges to an unwarranted zeal in this respect.

*J. W. Kraus, '00.*

# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

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No. 5.

## ...EDITORIALS...

### Beneficence.

This is a golden word that should be deeply imprinted in the heart of every Christian. It is a word whose very definition itself, when applied to a person, is a reliable proof that such a one has a good and noble character. It is derived from the Latin word *Benevolentia*, which means *Kindness*.

In this vast caravan of life, where we are continually coming in contact with so many different kinds of people, we learn to appreciate how readily a man that is stamped with this great quality is loved and respected. Although he be not a man of genius or even of exceptional talent, yet he will not fail to gain a place in the world's thought, and dominion over the hearts of his fellowmen. He is often the consoler of the afflicted, the counsellor of the unfortunate, and the instrument of turning many a wild and reckless profligate back to the pathway of virtue.

Both in professional and private life, such a man is ever sure to be crowned with success, as everyone likes to deal with him—everyone is instinctively drawn to him as to a magnet. The very atmosphere he breathes is one which makes the wearied soul feel at ease ; it invites confidence ; it sheds upon the poor, forsaken brother the warmth of a sincere and heartfelt friendship.

It is not only, or even chiefly, in the midst of wealth and the abundance of this world's goods, that this great virtue should reign and flourish. It should find a place in every sphere—in every category of human beings. It can find plenty of room for exercise in our schools and colleges, where the tender plants, transferred from the warmth of their oft-time distant homes, will long for the kindly and sincere charity which alone can replace the parents' love. Many a boy at college, by a timely word, a gentle, quiet mark of sympathy, has helped to lay the foundation of a comrade's future manliness of character and consequent success.

To every situation in life may be applied the poet's words :

"From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,  
Oh never, never turn away thine ear ;  
Forlorn is this bleak wilderness below—  
Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear ?  
To others do—the law is not severe—  
What to thyself thou wishest to be done ;  
Forgive thy foes and love thy parents dear  
And friends and native land ;—nor these alone :  
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

P. E. M.



WE regret that space does not allow us to comment at present more fully upon two very interesting contributions to the last number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which have been read to us in the refectory, during the last week of the month. We refer our readers, for the moment, without further explanation, to the *Review* itself, where they will find and enjoy, no doubt, as we did, the "Encyclical" of Our Holy Father, the Pope, to the Bishop and Clergy of France, upon the subject of Ecclesiastical Studies, and the exhaustive analysis of "Tennyson's Religion" by our former Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, the Rev. George Lee, C. S. Sp., at present in charge of St. Ann's Church, Bennett, Pa.



### Catholic Literature in Our Public Libraries.

All sincere lovers of Catholic literature must commend, in the warmest manner, the repeated and successful efforts made by one of our local Catholic Papers, the Pittsburg *Observer*, to assert the rights of Catholic books to a

prominent and proper place in the public libraries of our city. We are glad to learn that these efforts are being promptly and earnestly seconded by our eminent and fair-minded Librarian, Mr. Anderson, who is sparing neither labor nor expense to favor, in this respect, the needs and the demands of the readers who are interested in the Catholic Church.

All over the country a similar movement has been inaugurated with equally gratifying success, demonstrating how necessary it is for us, Catholics, to be at times somewhat aggressive, though only to demand fair play and justice—a demand which will ever, in the long run, compel the respect and acquiescence of the fair-minded, when they realize that “all we want is *Truth*.” The most recent instance of this success is that which we gather from the Providence *Visitor* of January 27, which publishes a list of all the Catholic books that have been added to the Providence Public Library during the past year. It will not be out of place to repeat here and commend for local application, the practical advice implied in the notice with which it draws attention to the said list. “If Catholic readers only called for the books which have been provided for their reading, it would be a welcome recognition of the efforts which our Librarian, with limited funds at his disposal, has been steadily making to give Catholics all they could expect from a great Public Library.”

D. O'H.



### St. George Mivart and the Rock of Peter.

Dr. St. George Mivart's name is one that stands so high on the roll of scientists, that it might appear presumptuous on our part to say aught against him; yet we must confess that the reading of some of his books had often made us suspect the soundness of his religious convictions; we were often even inclined to agree with a great modern writer who has called his views on the origin of Man, *heretical*. Hence we were not surprised to read in a New York Daily (the *Journal of Sunday*, Jan. 28,) that Cardinal Vaughan had presented him with the ultimatum—to sign a profession of faith—or be considered outside of the Church. To anyone who has read Mivart's latest effusion—“The Continuity of Catholicity,” published in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the justness of the Cardinal's action must at once appear obvious.

In the article in question, we have a clear case of “seeing all things green, through green spectacles;” for Dr. Mivart thinks the Church's doctrine must, *nolens volens*, coincide with his own scientific conclusions. Taking the “Continuity of Catholicity” as a basis, if St. George Mivart were to change positions with Cardinal Vaughan, Catholics would soon have to sign a *Symbolum Fidei*, something in this strain: “I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth (per evolutionem), and in Jesus Christ, our Lord, who was conceived (like other men), . . . . born of the

young woman, Mary . . . . I believe in the . . . . holy Catholic Church, as remodelled according to the conclusions of modern science and criticism;" (for 'it is now evident that a vast impassable abyss yawns between the Catholic dogma and science' as the New York *Journal* reports him to have written). It is really very sad that a man of Dr. Mivart's standing and good sense, should in the gloaming of his earthly career be turned away from the Rock of Ages, because he cannot believe that the tower of Babel ever was—or that Habaeuc was preternaturally transported from Judea to Babylon! Every Catholic scholar will join us in our wish and prayer that the great Scientist's eyes may be opened and the "Yawning Abyss" may dwindle down to a cleft in the rock—easily bridged over by a little diffidence of self and submission of mind and will to the infallible teaching of Christ's Church.

J. J. L. '94.



### Establishment of University Commercial Courses.

We heartily commend to our readers a brief article which will be found farther on in this number of the BULLETIN, and which describes the broad and various opportunities to be met with in the Business Department of the College. We had scarcely consigned it to its proper place, when the Exchange editor drew our attention to an item in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* of Jan. 27, which had just come to hand.

The article in question informs us that "the Universities of Michigan and Pennsylvania are making a move that may well be followed by other American institutions, namely the establishment of higher courses for commercial training. . . . Only elementary studies with a little book-keeping and a small touch of science were given to the commercial student, and then he was turned out to finish his course by association with business concerns. . . . The two universities named above will try to remedy this state of affairs."

We beg to assure our readers that a brief visit to the Big Hall of our Business Department or a practical investigation of the broad programme either of the entire Business Class, or even of one day's work therein, will serve to convince them that, here in the College, we have long since succeeded in effecting what the two universities above named propose to establish as a "remedy to this state of affairs," complained of. We have in actual operation what "they propose to establish," namely, "courses in which young men can study the various methods of doing business, and the commercial law in all its branches, learn the resources of the various countries, and their commercial relations with one another, prepare themselves for banking, directing manufacturing concerns, etc."

It is not without reason and justice that the *Scholastic* declares : the importance of such courses is becoming more evident every day. Commerce,

especially in this country, has assumed such enormous proportions as to call for the best trained minds to get around the difficulties that are continually rising up. The time when men could walk into any business concern, and in a few months be able to direct it, has passed, and there is a great demand now for men of knowledge to step into the commercial world, and, if they prove themselves competent, to be trusted with important positions.

W. O. W.



### THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

As the school year advances, this department takes on more and more that business-like activity so characteristic of it, and though class may come and class may go, the present one is destined, in this and other respects, to a notable and honorable place in the history of the Business Department, for good work done and very gratifying progress made. And well might this be expected in view of the encouragement given, in the form of additional opportunities by enlarging the list of elective subjects, which now includes the higher mathematics, sciences, ancient and modern languages, advanced work in literature, history, etc., in fact in all the usual academic and college studies, and by adding other classes in English, arithmetic, and civil government to this department. Provision has thus been made for the increase in numbers, this year; and ample opportunity has been given towards securing a much broader and more liberal education than the usual business student finds within his reach.

It is gratifying to notice that while all do not take advantage of these elective courses, very many of the students of this Department show their appreciation of their unusual opportunities in a manner best indicative of its existence—by making the most of them.

The shorthand and typewriting students have received evidence of special interest of the College authorities, in the fitting up of another room with new furniture for their use, including the half-dozen new machines of the latest models, especially the Nos. 6 and 7 Remington, and Nos. 2 and 4 Smith-Premier.

While the students of the Business Department have thus been doing excellent work in their various studies, improving their intellectual faculties and adding to their store of practical knowledge, they have by no means neglected the requirements of the body in the matter of physical exercise, but have been quite prominent in the different games. During the foot ball season, the Department was represented by enough players, if grouped on the same team, to have held their own not only at the College, but even abroad, with the teams of any of the schools or colleges of its class.

The exploits of these worthy members of our Department on the gridiron have been chronicled in previous numbers of the BULLETIN and require no

repetition here. It is well, however, to notice the fact that their professors were, at the end of the season, able to congratulate them on their success, and to testify that progress made in class, during the season, was quite as flattering from an educational standpoint, as their playing from any athletic point of view.

The fact that they are usually represented in all musical and literary entertainments, has also been the subject of favorable comment, especially on the production of the first play of the season, given in College Hall on the closing day of school, before the Christmas vacation.

*Member of the Class.*



### ECHOES OF THE QUARTERLY EXAMINATIONS.

On January 22, the written and oral examinations for the second quarter of the school year were begun, and thus was inaugurated what the students of the College have been accustomed to consider as one of the busiest weeks of the entire year. Short series of questions were given as written examinations upon all the subjects seen in each class, and upon the written answers to these questions depend the passes and distinctions, respectively.

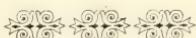
At the same time that the latter were being held in some classes, others were obliged to pass through the severe and trying ordeal of an oral examination; though on this occasion, only the English and Mathematical branches were made the subject of the crucial test. The bureaus of oral examination were composed of the Very Rev. President and Rev. P. A. McDermott, Professor of Philosophy and Senior English, on the one hand; and of the Rev. J. Griffin, Professor of Senior Latin, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, Professor of English in the Business Department, on the other hand. It is needless to say that they were kept busy, as every single student was obliged to pass before them in all the detailed divisions of the English, Mathematical and Scientific subjects.

These oral examinations have come to be regarded as a very serious matter by all the students, young and old, who prepare for them perhaps more carefully than even for the written examinations. Some who are anxious, by extra work, to advance into a higher class, know that the latter privilege is chiefly attached to their marked success, at the oral test, while others fear the prospect of having to remain indefinitely in a lower department, if they do not come up to the general standard required. But for all, there is in these oral examinations, a powerful stimulus to real, serious work during the previous term. It is also noticeable that such an ordeal has many other advantages for the student himself, in the formation and development of a certain necessary degree of self-confidence, presence of mind, and courage in expressing himself. Usually a student will have no fear of thus standing out and braving the public effort, after the first trial; he even likes it as a

very even test of his work, especially when he knows that, under experienced examiners, the questions will be fair and moderate.

In announcing the results and distributing the Honor Cards, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 31, the V. Rev. President expressed the sentiment of the Examiners, as being one of gratification at the excellence and success of these examinations. He complimented especially the members of the Grammar, Academical and Business Classes for their good, prompt and intelligent showing.

The following are the names of the fortunate students who secured first place in their respective classes, beginning with the Grammar department: F. Hartigan, R. Hayes, J. Whelan, J. Malloy, J. Curran, E. Kempf, G. Gast, F. Turnblacer, T. Dunn, P. O'Connor, J. Riley, D. O'Hare.



### EXCHANGES.

We have received the following exchanges of January: "The Ave Maria," "Messenger of St. Joseph," "St. Vincent's Journal," "The Dial," "The Little Messenger of Mary," "The Mountaineer," "The Kalamazoo Augustinian," "The Beech Grove Oracle," "The Niagara Rainbow," "The Georgetown College Journal," "Fordham Monthly," "The Indian Advocate," "Loretto Magazine," "The Augustinian," "Nazarene," "Weekly Boquet," "The Mount," "Tamarack," "Agnetian Monthly."

"The Nazarene" for January contains a brief but very pretty article entitled, "A Smile." However, it contains very little else of literary value.

The January number of the "Loretto Magazine" must be very interesting to all lovers of short stories, since it contains no fewer than ten of them; all of which are well worth perusal. "Dear Little One" is a poem of no small merit.

We do not wish to be hypercritical, but in perusing the January number of the "Mount" we were struck by the fact that, excepting the two poems "January" and "The Old Year and the New," the contents are rather local and of little interest to "the general ear," as our friend Hamlet would say.

The "Tamarack" is, as usual, very well written and contains several articles of interest, in particular: "Two Phases of Man" and "The Pleasure of Arguing in Form."

"The Agnetian Monthly" comes to us this month teeming with interest. "Friendship" and "Jerusalem Delivered" are exceedingly well written. One article, however, in epistolary form, seems to us to be somewhat too personal for publication in a college journal, though, perhaps such may be accepted as "a woman's way," for all we, boys, may know.

Few of our exchanges are more interesting, or better written, than the

“Georgetown College Journal.” One note-worthy feature about this Journal is its great variety of illustrations.

Just before going to press, we have received the “Abbey Student,” the Philadelphia “High School Journal,” and the Pittsburg “High School Journal.”

*M. A. H.,  
T. A. D.*



### ATHLETICS.

The boys seem to enjoy the many fine days so unexpectedly granted us in the very heart of winter; early as it is, they are to be seen out on the campus before breakfast, going lap after lap, giving evidence that they mean to develop some speedy runners for the coming season.

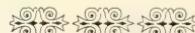
During the Monday recreations, groups may be seen eagerly watching the successful (and often unsuccessful) efforts of some high-kicker, high-jumper or vaulter. This is promising; but a greater degree of enthusiasm must be aroused—more encouragement should be extended to the new boys by the older ones.

The in-door games are by no means abandoned, as yet. There are rival parties daily contesting for the honors of the bowling alley, and the shuffle-board; of the pool and billiard tables. At times, recourse is had even to cards, checkers, and the more absorbing chess-board.

The base-ball outlook is very bright and the candidates for the College teams are showing themselves gradually. Let the Scholastic teams of Western Pennsylvania look out for some stubborn contests.

Duquesne Garden is the rendezvous for most of the young College athletes on Saturdays, and when a free afternoon is granted. Some of our fleetly skaters are going to make things lively in the coming contests, and do not expect to finish last.

*Parker Conway.*



### SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

We hope that during the present year our young musicians will keep up the good opinion they gained among the students by the progress they have attained, and their liberal contributions to the success of the Sunday evening concerts. Now that they have a good foundation, we trust they will continue as in the past, for we expect great things from them during the coming terms. But why is the brass band not organized? Work together, boys, and organize for 1900. During the Christmas vacation, such as were unable to visit their homes had the happiness of assisting at evening concerts, several times a week. Many noteworthy items filled the respective programmes. Mr. J.

E. Nye's selections, "Old Fashioned Roses," "The Bells of Shandon," "When the Frost is on the Punkin and the Fodder 's in the Shock," "The Funeral Oration," and "Quit Your Foolin'," were all very ably rendered. Mr. Nye is a whole concert in himself, as he proved Sunday evening, Jan. 26, in his recitation, "A Country School Exhibition," in which he successively took the parts of ten distinctive characters.

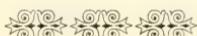
PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, JAN. 14TH.

Overture, "Snap Shot," Orchestra ; Recitation, "The Collier's Dying Child," J. A. Malloy ; Trombone Solo, A. Majeski ; Recitation, "The Fall of D'Assas," T. Trudelle ; March, "Jet Black," Orchestra ; Essay, "The New Year," A. Eschman ; Finale, "Okeona Schottishe," Orchestra.

PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, JAN. 21ST.

Overture, "Reception" (Claus), Orchestra ; Poem, "In the Study Hall," F. A. Roehrig ; Selection, "Album-Leaf," Orchestra ; Recitation, "The Engineer's Murder," M. Relihan ; Selection, "Fond Memories," Orchestra ; Recitation, "A Country School Exhibition," J. E. Nye ; Selection, "The Bells" (Walker), Orchestra ; Essay, "St. Mary's Mission," C. McCambridge ; Finale, "Black America" (Zichel), Orchestra.

*A. J. Eschman.*



THE following verses may not be very pretentious; but, in few words, they give a rather exhaustive description of the poor, shiftless characters for whom the old landlord system of Ireland wast o a great degree responsible. Happily those types, like the times and the systems, are passing away !

"His pantaloons were incomplete,  
His brogues were never matches,  
His coat was like my lord's estate—  
Big rents and little patches.

His friends were few and far between,  
An' rich ones rarely sought him,  
While invitations from the Queen,  
To every court-house brought him.

The baker knew he wouldn't pay,  
The butcher daren't trust him ;  
But when the bailiff drove that way,  
His pony stopped from custom."

*-The Ethics o' Dalin.*

**List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,**  
**AT THE**  
**SECOND TERM EXAMINATIONS,**  
**HELD IN**  
**JANUARY, 1900.**

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass. i. e., obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

**GRAMMAR CLASS.**

BERNER, ALOIS.—P., Bible History, English, Drawing.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 \*CORBETT, Jos.—P., History, Geography.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 EBERT, CECIL—P., English, Arithmetic, Drawing.  
 D., Religion, Penmanship.  
 \*HARTIGAN, F.—P., Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 \*HARTIGAN, H.—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 \*MCNALLY, F.—P., D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic  
 Drawing, Penmanship.  
 \*MACHNIKOWSKI, F.—P., English.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 MADDEN, P.—P., History, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, Arithmetic.  
 \*MILLER, E.—P., Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., History.  
 \*MOESLER, JOHN—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 \*POPP, THOS.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 \*PRICE, OLIVER—P., Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
 \*VISLET, VICTOR—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French.

**THIRD ACADEMIC.**

BARLOCK, GEORGE—P., Religion, Latin, German, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., English, Arithmetic.  
 BUBNIS, PETER—P., Religion, Greek, Polish, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 \*BRAUN, GEORGE—P., Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra,  
 Zoology.  
 \*BRIGGS, BERNARD—P., Religion, English, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Zoology.

BRUECKEN, F.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion.

CURRAN, THOS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*DIEMER, EUGENE—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Zoology.

\*DRISCOLL, GEORGE—P., History, Geography, German, French, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Latin, Algebra.

DULLARD, WALTER—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Penmanship.

ENRIGHT, JOSEPH—P., Zoology, Penmanship, English.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.

GORNEY, CASIMIR—P., Penmanship, German.

\*Gwyer, CHARLES—P., English, Latin, German, French, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*HAYES, RALPH—P., German, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

JASINSKI, EDWARD—P., Latin, Polish, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*JAWORSKI, JOSEPH—P., History, Geography, English, Polish, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Latin.

KORITKO, GEORGE—P., Religion, English, Polish, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Latin, Arithmetic.

KVATSAK, THEODORE—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic.

LANAHAN, JOHN—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

MADDEN, EUGENE—P., Religion, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., German, Algebra.

MICHALOWSKI, EDWARD—P., Religion, English, Latin, Polish, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic.

MICHALSKI, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Polish, French, Penmanship.  
D., Latin.

HARTIGAN, JOHN—P., Religion, Penmanship.

MUHA, ANDREW J.—P., Polish, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic.

MCATEER, HARRY—P., Religion, Latin, Penmanship.

\*MCCAFFREY, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra.

\*MCCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES—P., Religion, German, French, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography, Latin, English, Algebra.

\*MC LAUGHLIN, ALEX. H.—P., English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.

MCNEAL, JOHN—P., History, Geography, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic.

\*PATTERSON, JAMES—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Algebra.

ROZPARSKI, ANDREW—P., History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D., Polish.

SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER—P., English, Latin, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

WILLIS, JOHN—P., English, Zoology, Penmanship.

D., Latin, Arithmetic.

### SECOND ACADEMIC.

\*ARENS, F. X.—P., English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, German, Arithmetic.

\*BEJENKOWSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

\*DAVIN, EDW. L.—P., English, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic.

\*DOOLEY, PATRICK J.—P., History, Geography, English, German, French, Penmanship  
D., Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

HENNEY, MICHAEL F.—P., History, Geography, English, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Arithmetic.

KENNEY, E. J.—P., English, Latin, French, Algebra, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Botany.

\*LAGORIO, J. L.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

MANSMANN, F. J. S.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic.

\*RAHE, ALBERT M.—P., History, Geography, English, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic.

\*ROEHRIG, F. X.—P., English, Latin, Greek, Botany, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.

\*SCHWAB, FRANCIS A.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, German, Arithmetic, Botany.

\*SZUMIERSKI, FRANCIS—P., English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Greek, Algebra.

WESOLOWSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, Greek, Polish, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

\*WHELAN, JOHN—P., German, French, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

DURA, STAN.—P., Religion, English, Geometry.

D., History, Geography, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geology.

\*HOWARD, THOS.—P., D., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

GAYNOR, H.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Geology.

D., Algebra.

LAMOTHE, D.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, German.

D., French, Geology.

\*MALLOY, JOHN—P., French.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.

\*MCLANE, GEO.—P., History, Geography, English, French.

D., Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 PIETRZYCKI, F.—P., History, Geography, Greek, French, Algebra, Geology.  
 D., English, Latin, German.  
 \*RELIHAN, MICH.—P., D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 SMITH, H.—P., History, Geography, English, Greek, French.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology.  
 TRUDELLE, THOS.—P., History, Geography, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra.  
 D., Religion, English, Geology,

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

### Preparatory Course.

#### DIVISION C.

MACKIN, IGN.—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 MCNEAL, FR.—P., Penmanship.  
 D., English.  
 MCNEAL, H.—P., Penmanship.  
 D., English.

#### DIVISION B.

\*COLLINS, JAS.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English.  
 DILLON, JOS.—P., Religion, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Mechanical Drawing.  
 FRANK, JNO.—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.  
 \*KEMPF, EDW. H.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, German.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Mechanical Drawing.  
 MAYER, CHAS. M.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion.  
 MACHNIKOWSKI, CHAS.—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography.  
 MOULD, HARRY—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 \*O'HARE, J. J.—P., History, Geography, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion.  
 \*ROBINSON, JNO.—P., Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography.  
 \*ZAHRONSKY, LOUIS—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.

#### DIVISION A.

BARKER, CHAS. A.—P., Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Typewriting.  
 BOLUS, CHAS.—P., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English.  
 CONWAY, PARKER E.—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Shorthand.  
 CONWAY, JAS.—P., Mechanical Drawing, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 \*CURRAN, JAS. J.—P., Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, English.  
 D., Religion, Correspondence, Typewriting.  
 \*FLANNERY, STEPHEN A.—P., Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion.

PHELAN, EDW. B.—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D., Mechanical Drawing.

\*SMITH, ALF.—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

D., Latin.

\*WHALEN, JOS. A.—P., Law, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

## BUSINESS COURSE.

### DIVISION D.

BRUGGEMAN, EDWARD F.—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship

\*COUZINS, RICHARD J.—P., Law, English, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Book-keeping, German.

\*GAST, GEO. W.—P., Religion, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, Typewriting.

D., Book-keeping, English, German.

\*KAUTZ, FRANK J.—P., Religion, English, Correspondence, German, Arithmetic.

D., Book-keeping, Law, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting.

KLEIN, NORTON—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Typewriting.

MAYER, F.—P., Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

MCALLISTER, RICHARD T.—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

\*MCCLANE, WILLIAM A.—P., Book-keeping, Law, English, Arithmetic.

D., Correspondence, Penmanship.

\*MC LAUGHLIN, JAMES—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English.

D., Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

O'NEAL, CHARLES—P., Law, English, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

D., Book-keeping.

\*RYAN, JOHN W.—P., Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Law, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

\*SACKVILLE, JOHN H.—P., Book-keeping, Law, English, Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Correspondence, Penmanship, Typewriting.

### DIVISION C.

\*HUCKESTEIN, EDW. J.—P., English.

D., Religion, Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic.

\*KUBLER, HARRY F.—P., Religion, Law, English, Shorthand.

D., Book-keeping, Penmanship, German, Arithmetic, Typewriting.

\*ROEHRIG, GEORGE H. A.—P., Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Typewriting.

\*TURNBLACER, F. F.—P., Religion, English, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship.

D., Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

\*DUNN, TIMOTHY A.—P., History.

D., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

ESCHMAN, ALBERT—P., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, French.

D., German.

FANDRAJ, WALTER J.—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Polish.

HALLERAN, CARROL—P., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, German, Geometry.  
 D., Algebra.

\*HAYES, MICHAEL J.—P., History, Latin, Geometry, Chemistry.  
 D., Church History, English, Greek, Algebra.

\*HEHIR, MARTIN J.—P., English, Chemistry.  
 D., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry.

\*JANDA, CHAS.—P., History, English, Geometry.  
 D., Church History, Latin, Greek, Algebra.

JEROZAL, FRANK—P., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Polish.

\*MAJESKI, A. A.—P., English, Algebra.  
 D., Church History, Latin, Greek, Polish, French, Geometry, Chemistry.

\*MALONEY, FRANK—P., Church History, History, Latin, English, German.  
 D., Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

\*RYAN, WILLIAM J.—P., Latin, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Church History, History, English, Greek, Chemistry.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

HUETTELL, JOHN J.—P., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., English.

MURPHY, JOHN—P., History, German, Chemistry.  
 D., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Geometry.

\*O'CONNOR, PATRICK—P., Church History, History, English, Latin, German.  
 D., Greek, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

STAUDT, CLEMENT—P., English, Latin.  
 D., Church History, History, German.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH—P., Scripture, English.  
 D., History, Latin, French, German, Philosophy, Conic Sections.

\*GILLESPIE, PATRICK A.—P., Latin, English, French, Philosophy, Conic Sections.  
 D., Scripture, History, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.

\*MCCELLIGOTT, WILLIAM—P., Scripture.  
 D., History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Conic Sections, Algebra.

\*RILEY, JAS.—P., History, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.  
 D., Scripture, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Conic Sections.

\*SCHALZ, GEORGE—P., English, Latin, German, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Conic Sections.  
 D., Scripture, History, Greek, French.

### SENIOR CLASS.

KRAUS, J.—P., D., Scripture, History, English, Philosophy.

\*MAHER, PATRICK E.—P., Scripture, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Conic Sections, Latin, Greek.  
 D., History, English.

O'HARE, DAVID—P., Scripture, Latin, Greek.  
 D., History, English, French, Philosophy, Algebra.

N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

KING CHARLES I. had a deep respect for literature as well as the arts ; and Milton records of him that he made Shakespeare's plays the closet-companion of his solitude. It would appear, however, that the King wished to keep poetry apart from state affairs, for he cautioned one of the young noblemen of his court, who aspired to fame in this department of literature, against "venting the overflowing of his fancy in that way."



In the description of the Thames, which occurs in Denham's "Cooper's Hill," there are four lines that have been most highly praised by every critic from Dryden to the present day.

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full."



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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI. PITTSBURG, PA., MARCH 1900. No. 6.

## PULVIS NICOTIANUS.

Dicere si liceat jucundum carmen amico,  
    Me juvat, o pulvis, te celebrare lyrâ.  
Mussitat incassum linguâ corrector acerbâ,  
    Immeritoque tibi crimina ficta jacit;  
Donis, jure quidem, solos reprehendat abusos,  
    Quorum humore nigro naris adunca fluit.  
Tu regi socius, ducique cleroque, poetae;  
    Omnibus est levior, te famulante, labor.  
Nam lentum stimulas cerebrum, pellisque soporem,  
    Teque favente, fugit saeva gravedo caput.  
Te simul et princeps augustis naribus haurit,  
    Et pariter miseri tristia fata levas.  
Quamvis corticeâ te pauper pyxide servet,  
    Saepe lates thecâ conditus aureolâ.  
Quilibet ardantis nebulas ex ore tabaci  
    Evomat, et tubuli fallat odore diem;  
Namibus ille meis fuit, est, erit usque fidelis,  
    Usque comes pulvis Nicotianus erit.  
Ille sapore meas nares titillat amato,  
    Est curae requies et medicina malii.  
Haud raro tristem dabit indulgere cachinno,  
    Cum mordax nasum laeserit insolitum;  
Nam subito, oblatum si forte novitus haurit,  
    Sternuit ah!—Nares et cito mappa fricat.  
Si doctum cupias utendi noscere morem,  
    Pulvere, lector, ego quo fruor ecce modus:  
(Artem namque viri quondam docuere periti)  
    Ut pyxis, digito molliter icta, patet,  
Indice particulam juncto cum pollice prendo,  
    Moxque meus captat munera nasus hians.  
Si quaeras pretium quo pulvis veneat, audi:  
    Sponte replet thecam venditor, asse dato.  
Illum nec taceam qui, Hispanis primus ab oris,  
    Naribus innumeris talia dona tulit;  
Illi nomen erit magnum, illi fama perennis;  
    Ipse tibi grates, Nicote, laetus ago. *Pulvicola.*

## THE POPE AND COLLEGIATE STUDIES.

Not very long since, our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., addressed to the Bishops and Clergy of France a very important and detailed Encyclical Letter, upon the studies which the youthful candidates for the priesthood should sedulously cultivate, as a preparation for their elevated office. No doubt, many priests in this country have already become familiar with its contents, which have an interest far more widespread than the bounds of France itself, for whose clergy it was primarily intended. Such documents, coming from that high source, are usually of interest to the entire world—and consequently, it is natural to find them at once translated into every modern language.

It is very probable, however, that we, members only of the student body, and absorbed in our daily routine of class-work, might have had little or no opportunity of becoming acquainted with this precious document, were it not for the happy thought, with which the Master of Reading was inspired, to have it read in the students' refectory, where it is customary to have reading at the principal meals.

The chief subject and scope of the Encyclical is, of course, the progress and perfection of Junior Seminaries, especially in France. But we found quite a number of suggestions and remarks made by the Sovereign Pontiff in reference to certain studies, which suggestions are thoroughly appropriate to any College that has, like ours, a broad curriculum devoting a considerable time and attention to the more liberal branches of a classical, as well as a business education.

His first words of encouragement are directed to the study of *belles lettres*—or, as we would call it, classical literature. “The *belles lettres*,” says our Holy Father, “have the property, when taught by skilful Christian masters, of rapidly developing in the souls of young men all the germs of intellectual and moral life, whilst at the same time contributing accuracy and broadness to the judgment, and elegance and distinction to expression. This consideration assumes special importance when applied to Greek and Latin literature, the depositaries of those masterpieces of sacred science which the Church with good reason counts among her most precious treasures.” He reminds the French Bishops that half a century ago, several of their Provincial Councils recommended in the most express terms the culture of the Latin tongue and literature. “Even then,” he says, “your colleges deplored the fact that the knowledge of Latin in your country tended to diminish.” He declares that the methods of pedagogy in vogue in the State establishments, “which have been for several years past progressively reducing the study of Latin, and suppressing the exercises in prose and poetry which our fathers justly considered should hold a large place in college classes,” are innovations, “inspired by utilitarian motives, and working to the detriment of the solid formation of the mind.”

The proper study of Philosophy next receives his careful attention, and is the object of some very clear and specific recommendations. Its importance is vindicated by his solemn declaration that "if one notes the critical condition of the times in which we live, and ponders on the state of affairs in public and private life, he will have no difficulty in seeing that the cause of the evils which oppress us, as well as those which menace, lies in the fact that erroneous opinions on all subjects, human and divine, have gradually percolated from philosophical schools through all ranks of society, and have come to be accepted by a large number of minds."

He does not forget to remind even the youthful candidates for the priesthood that "they can, in our times, less than ever afford to be strangers to the study of physical and natural sciences." He then goes on to insist with the professors, that their pupils should have "an accurate knowledge of the main principles and summary conclusions, so as to be able to solve the objections which infidels draw from the sciences against the teachings of Revelation."

Another subject whose treatment by the Sovereign Pontiff could not fail to interest us, was that of Church History, upon which no other voice on earth is better calculated to speak with emphasis and authority. "The history of the Church," says the Pope, "is like a mirror, which reflects the life of the Church through the ages. It proves, better than civil and profane history, the sovereign liberty of God and His providential action on the march of events. That ruling, supernatural idea which presides over the destinies of the Church, is the torch whose light illumines her history." Here our Holy Father, in the fearless possession of truth, and conscious, as it were, of his infallible privilege, is as frank as any profane or sceptical critic could desire. "Still," says he, "in as much as the Church is composed of a divine and a human element, this latter must be expounded by teachers and studied by disciples with great probity. 'God has no need of our lies,' as we are told in the book of Job. The Church historian will be all the better equipped to bring out her divine origin, the more loyal he is in naught extenuating of the trials which the faults of her children, and at times even of her ministers, have brought upon the Spouse of Christ during the course of centuries."

We regret that the exigencies of space do not allow us to pursue any further analysis of this practical Encyclical, from which emanates so much scholarly wisdom as well as evidence of paternal solicitude. It must be as much a source of astonishment to those outside of the fold, as it is of consolation and confidence to us his children, to consider how fresh and vigorous is the mind of this aged Pontiff, and how, in the midst of his universal solicitude for "all the Churches," he can still enter into such detail as we find involved in this beautiful and instructive Encyclical upon ecclesiastical studies.

*T. A. Dunne.*

## The Religious of the Institute of Mission Helpers;

The Work They are Doing in Baltimore;

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Their Chapels.

[Written for the BULLETIN.]

The Mission Helpers are not well known to all our Catholic people; to some, not known at all, though they have been laboring most zealously in our midst since 1889, when their Institute was founded and established in Baltimore, under the patronage and with the special approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. It is hoped these good Religious will not take it amiss, that, prompted by sincere regard for themselves, a friend should make an effort through the medium of the College BULLETIN to bring them more prominently to the notice of this community. As the name indicates, their work is to help the Missions,—to assist the Clergy by prayer and by earnest co-operation in the arduous work of bringing souls to God. They visit the sick in hospitals and in their homes, and prepare them to receive the Sacraments. They also visit those in sorrow and distress, striving to give comfort and consolation to all. Alms-houses, charitable institutions, prisons, reformatories are visited by the Sisters with the same ministrations of kindness, and instruction is given to the inmates, if they so desire. The Mission Helpers conduct a Refuge for women whose terms of imprisonment have expired, that they may be preserved from the danger of relapsing into evil ways, and assisted to earn an honest living. They have also an Industrial School for teaching and training Colored Girls to become useful and self-supporting. About three years ago they added to their labors by opening a Home-School for Deaf-mute children, where, at present, twenty-six of this unfortunate class are cared for and instructed. It is evident that without such auxiliaries as these Religious, the Clergy would find it a most difficult task to instill into the minds and hearts of those afflicted little ones the knowledge and love of God. It is strange but true, that Deaf-mutes, as a rule, are found in the humble walks of life; they are those who have but little or nothing to give in return for what they receive in the way of care and education: the bare mention of this fact should suffice to arouse the interest of the benevolent in the welfare of this School.

The Mission Helpers enjoy the great privilege of having in their chapels, three days of every week, Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament throughout the day, with Benediction at the close. Faith in the Holy Eucharist, the great mystery of our Lord's love for us, must have grown cold in Catholic hearts, if there are not found many eager to avail themselves of this precious opportunity to quit the world for one short hour and join the angels who with burning love prostrate themselves before Jesus on His Altar-Throne.

The Community now numbers about forty and though the works in their Convents savor of an Institution, still the real work is of a Missionary nature and reaches hundreds of children who otherwise might never receive instruction,—would never hear the sweet name of Jesus. The Community has grown slowly on account of the peculiar vocation calling for an active apostolate in the Mission work, and a life almost contemplative in the Adoration of the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and in intercessory prayer for the spiritual end of their Institute, *i. e.*, the perfection and sanctification of the clergy as well as the successful issue of their apostolic labors.

The Mother-House is located at 421 West Biddle Street, where, in the Chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart, our loving Lord is pleased to receive the homage of faithful hearts. The School for the deaf is in the Cathedral Parish, 9 E. Pleasant Street. Clothing or alms may be sent to either address, and will be gratefully acknowledged by those who follow their hidden Lord in His suffering Life.

A. J.



## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

“To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.”—*Deserted Village*.

The little book called *The Vicar of Wakefield* has gone through so many editions, and has been translated into so many languages, and has been commented upon by so many great men, that its history must be interesting to those who read it.

It was in 1764, when Goldsmith, by his imprudence and recklessness, was reduced to pitiable shifts to pay his rent, that his land-lady called in the sheriff's officer to force him to pay his bills. In great perplexity he informed his friend, Dr. Johnson, of his sad plight. The Doctor sent a guinea in advance, and promised to follow soon. When he arrived, he found that Goldsmith had already changed his guinea and was sitting at a table with a bottle of Madeira, scolding the land-lady very strongly for being so hasty. Johnson bade him be calm, and they discussed the embarrassing situation. Goldsmith said he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw there was merit in it, took it to a bookseller and sold it for sixty pounds. It was not published for two years, until Goldsmith had made his name famous by the *Traveller*. It was *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

When the new novel appeared, the big papers and reviews scarcely noticed it, while the smaller ones merely stated that a new novel had appeared, and that such and such was the plot, but did not praise or blame it. His own friends, except Burke and Johnson, thought little of it, but the people took to the story; it went through several editions, and was immediately translated into German, and soon after into all the European languages.

The book has many faults, as Goldsmith himself well knew and readily recognized, for, in the preface, he says: "There are a hundred faults in this thing." The plot is very defective. The way in which the members of the family are brought together and made happy, is quite improbable. Here, therefore, we must not look for its success. The real reason of its popularity lies in its charming style, in the simple description of an English home, and in the beautiful character of the "Vicar," his sly and quaint humor, his high moral character, and simple, honest pride. Who has not been amused by the Vicar and his monogamy, Old Jenkinson and his cosmogony, Moses and the green spectacles with the silver rims and shagreen cases? Who has not admired the way in which he reproves his wife and daughters for wishing to be showy, when their means do not permit them, or the sly answer he makes his wife when she asks him for his opinion on their daughter's journey to London: "Heaven grant that they may be the better for it this day three months!" "This was one of the observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy." What more beautiful description of the stillness of the night can be found in any author than where the old clergyman, after being in search of his daughter, has found her, and is returning to his family and his home. "And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest my affections outwent my haste, and hovered 'round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called upon the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me;" "The deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance." —How exactly descriptive of the time and place those words are! No wonder Goethe, the great German poet, calls it "the best novel ever written," while Sir Walter Scott blesses the memory of the man who wrote it, and Thackeray loved to spend an evening with that "sweet story!"

Patrick O'Hara, '05.



## SUMMER SCHOOLS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

We are more or less familiar with our American Chautauqua; at least we have heard of it; we know it is a Summer School, a vacation course of

studies, or, if you wish, a happy combination of pleasure seeking and instruction. The idea was indeed novel and interesting, even though the design was somewhat fanciful and ambitious.

The promoters of the Chautauqua Institute proposed an undertaking hitherto looked-upon as involving a species of contradiction, namely: to combine higher education with recreation, in such a way as to offer to the people an opportunity of hearing lectures on Science, History and Philosophy; at the same time to enjoy concerts and other pleasant recreations in that delightful Academic Grove, on the shores of Lake Chautauqua. That they have eminently succeeded in this twofold project, is attested by the concourse of visitors who annually repair to the Chautauqua School and who come from the busy scenes of life to recreate, and meanwhile to receive instruction from those who are best qualified to give it, and with whom, but for such a unique and special occasion, they would never have come in contact.

But it is astonishing and more or less gratifying to our national pride, to find how much Europe, even including England and France, has been of late years imitating us in this respect. Yes, England, France, Germany and Switzerland have now their Summer Schools—their Chautauqua ‘literary and scientific circles’—their vacation courses of reading and lectures. Thus we see that the initiative given by America in regard to this form of Higher education, has resulted in the formation, in 1887, of the National Home Reading Union of Great Britain, which in its aims, management, methods and summer meetings, has either consciously or unconsciously assimilated many of the most distinguished features of the original Chautauqua.

Both institutions endeavor to direct readers in the choice of books. Both essay to enroll themselves into a great reading association. Both publish an educational magazine, and both have their wants ministered to by leading lights of educational institutions. With us, the representative men of our best Universities take an active part in all that concerns Chautauqua. In the same way, the leading members of Oxford and Cambridge Faculties are connected with the doings of the English Institution.

That the introduction of Summer Schools into England has met with the pronounced approval of the Britons may be inferred from the recent successful meeting held in the old Historic city of Chester, in whose neighborhood is situated the mansion of the late Mr. Gladstone. Its selection, as the scene of a summer school meeting, was indeed a judicious one, for in this ancient and picturesque city, local, archaeological, architectural, regional interests are happily commingled to make a national assembly of English people, an occasion of special and exceptionable interest. The city itself is the development of an old Roman camp or *castra*, where altars and inscriptions belonging to the 20th Legion may still be seen in the Grosvenor museum. From the walls of Chester one may still look down upon Roman pillars and sculptured stones. Underneath the quaint mediaeval rows of

houses, one may find the remnants of Roman baths and ancient pottery.

The summer school lectures were given in an old Ecclesiastical building once known as St. Nicholas's Chapel which was formerly a famous Benedictine Monastery, but is now called the Music Hall, close by the ancient Cathedral, where the curfew still rings every night at 9 o'clock, an historic reminder of old Norman dominion over Welsh and Saxon.

So thoroughly have the English appreciated the utility of the Summer School that there has existed for some time past a compact according to the terms of which the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in order to concentrate interest and economize effort, have bound themselves to become, alternately, the annual rendezvous for the summer students.

As the lecturers at the meetings are men of recognized ability and of national prominence, interesting and instructive developments are made to their crowded and eager audiences.

At the Cambridge meeting, not only could be found Englishmen but people of almost every nationality. The international character of that summer gathering was commented upon by several lecturers who styled the meeting an unconscious revival of the original type of the old University and of the true cosmopolitan spirit of the wandering student of the middle ages.

Perhaps the most interesting lecture of this assembly was the one given by Mr. J. R. Tanner, Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Oxford, who described the dissolution of the Monasteries, under Henry VIII. As this subject is connected with the historic origin of Cambridge and Oxford, the two institutions which above all others rest economically as well as architecturally and historically upon Monastic foundation, it proved of special importance to all.

Mr. Tanner said that the total spoil of the Monasteries by Henry the VIII., amounted altogether to the fabulous sum of at least \$205,000,000. Of this vast sum a great part was divided among the king's favorite courtiers, a considerable portion went for public purposes, and almost as much went into the king's private purse to pay his debts and living expenses. A paltry sum was restored to the Church at large; and the rest went to Oxford and Cambridge for the encouragement of Collegiate learning. Mr. Tanner said that during this spoliation, 8000 ejected Monks and Nuns went down into silence and oblivion.

The lecturer gave as his opinion that the condition of the Monastery in the Middle Ages had been greatly exaggerated for the purposes of plunder, and that the records of those times conclusively prove that the crimes alleged against the monks were insignificant in comparison with those of the greater criminals, Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell. We are indeed gratified to hear a distinguished English Professor of Cambridge University declaring solemnly, within the very precincts of Cambridge itself, that "the so-called evidence against the monastic orders was largely a tissue of lies

fabricated by interested parties, and that the horrors of the Black Book existed only in the evil imaginations of Cromwell's Commissioners."

(to be continued.)

J. A. Riley, '90.



## FATHER LEE ON TENNYSON'S RELIGION.

The January issue of the *Catholic Quarterly Review* is replete with first-class reading matter. A very large field of thought is embraced, and some of the best Catholic brains are at work on it. The harvest is ample in proportion.

Father Lee's essay on "Tennyson's Religion," interesting to every lover of the great laureate, is doubly so to the students and alumni of the Pittsburgh College, because the writer was for many years Professor of English Rhetoric and Literature in the Sophomore class. The first thing about the article in question that must strike even the cursory reader, is the writer's evident familiarity with Tennyson and Tennyson lore, as the exhaustive treatment of his subject fully testifies.

Whoever has read *Our Lady of America* knows that it is no easy task to give a short and, at the same time, adequate analysis of what Father Lee writes. He is no "ornamental writing master," whose pages can be told over in a sentence; his ideas are well ordered, his words weighed and pregnant with meaning, his sentences measured. In the essay under review we are not surprised, therefore, to encounter the accurate reasoning of the practical thinker, as well as the characteristic style of the accomplished writer.

Entering upon his subject fearlessly and without useless or ornamental preface, he gives us a brief, but very exact and comprehensive judgment of Tennyson's poetry. "In the modern literary world Tennyson may be regarded as most characteristically English. Of the cultured British voice of this century he has been an almost flawless organ, and all those who speak the tongue that he used must exult in the music of which he proved it capable. It is, perhaps, as a language-artist rather than a poet of mankind that he will be remembered. A remark of *Blackwood's Magazine* of forty years ago is always true of his verse: 'It is a rosary of golden beads, some of them gemmed and radiant, fit to be set in a king's crown; but you must tell them one by one, and take leisure for your comment, while they drop from your fingers.' He polishes and enshrines oftener than he delves or quarries."

After this frank, though condensed criticism, Father Lee goes on to explain why he has been prompted to study the religion of the great "language-artist." It is not merely because Tennyson's "subtle delicacy of thought has lured minds into heights and depths that even his choicest words could but glimmeringly embody,"—or because "to religion and matters cog-

nate with it he recurs incessantly." This salient character of Tennyson's writings would naturally tempt the criticism and comment of the philosopher or reader, religiously inclined. But even "to the mere literary student of Tennyson the poet's religion is also a primary question. Without it the personality and power of the author of 'In Memoriam' and the 'Idylls of the King,' would sink and shrivel ; only a skin would remain—fine-veined, indeed, but dry and empty."

"Even Carlyle, the Balaam of bombast, who sometimes raked great truths into his heaps of rubbish, categorically declares : 'It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him.' " If this be true of every man, then, surely the religion of a man whose name and fame and influence have long ago extended beyond the confines of the British Empire is worthy of serious thought and study.

But where are we to look for Tennyson's religion ? He, himself, has told us to seek it in his poems. Only the student of what Tennyson wrote can pronounce upon what he believed. But even the deepest student will find it hard to express or define the religion of a man who would not formulate his creed, because (he said) people would not understand him if he did. Father Lee thinks that if there were such a thing as an *English* religion, he would be strongly inclined to call *that* his *religion*.

But as the religion thus happily styled is the property of every earnest and true son of Albion, accustomed to boast of Saxon self-sufficiency and British pre-eminence, we must cast about for a more limited expression of Tennyson's *religion*. If Tennyson's religion is not one with his "Englishry," it is, at any rate, closely allied to it. "Whilst exalting his countrymen, he tried to exalt humanity, . . . . . and his maintaining that man ought to be, must be, immortal, is his most nearly religious effort." So far Tennyson's religion does not excel that of Plato or any other educated heathen. The following is no more than what Plato himself might have written :

"The true, the pure, the just—  
Take the charm *forever* from them, and they  
crumble into dust."

The only difference between Tennyson and the great Pagans is, that his trust in individual immortality is not as firm as theirs, for now he inclines towards Averroism, now again towards something like Hindoo metempsychosis.

His theism, if theism it can be called, fares no better. In one place he seems to believe in a personal God, in another he confounds Him with the world, and sinks into Pantheism.

The contradictions and inconsistencies of his immortality-doctrine and theism, are communicated to his Christianity—we are left in the dark as to his faith in the "fact divine" of the Incarnation of God. *Real faith* was a stranger to Tennyson ; he had, it is true, a Platonic love and admiration for it, as far as he grasped its meaning, but reserved for himself the "privilege"

of universal doubt. Of course we need not look for *hope*, where faith has dwindled down to mere uncertainty.

What a strange and difficult problem it is, to reconcile such apparent unbelief, such strong pantheistic sentiments—as when he calls the Word the “Revelation of the Eternal Thought of the Universe,”—with his treatment of so many Christian scenes and subjects, in which there is so much of the right spirit! How woefully disappointing, therefore, on the whole, to find that the author of such Christian sentiment, and even Christian argument, as the poems display, did not himself believe in Christ!

After thus removing, as far as possible, the haze that hangs about the religion of Tennyson—laying bare its meagre, shadowy, flighty forms as far as meagre, shadowy, flighty forms can be laid bare, Father Lee inquires into the causes that produced such an unnameable substance. This is his solution: “Tennyson,” he says, “was really a victim of Anglican effeteness. His is an impressive example. In him can be seen, as strikingly as in any man of the century, the necessary result for highly gifted religious minds of entanglement in an illogically national system of churchism. He was too mistakenly English to cast England’s religion quite behind, but he was injuriously perplexed by its hopeless inefficiency. He was driven to rickety imaginings of necessary worship because of the shallow inconsistency of the only cult with which he was acquainted. Then he had to fall back on the equally thin Protestantism of doubts and denials, or of groundless sentimental vaporings.

Yet this was not what Tennyson wished or needed. He wanted undoubted truth to build on, and heavenly realities to nerve his best aspirings. When the flimsiness of unorthodox religiosity crumbled in his hands, he traced some of his daintiest figures in very wretched dust. “Most delicately hour by hour he canvassed human mysteries,” but they proved puzzles of ever increasing perplexity. So he feared that in “seeking to undo one riddle” he should “knit a hundred others.”

It was in vain to murmur “how sweet to have a common faith;” in vain to scorn the age in which “doubt is the lord of this dunghill;” in vain to anathematize his own “damned vacillating state.” He got no further, for he had no ground to go on. He remained in sickly doubt, floundering now and again into sloppy dilutions of false philosophy. He was probably sincere in saying that he hated “utter unfaith,” and he was convinced that “unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.” Nevertheless, he continued in peddling uncertainty and, with more reason than his own “Arthur,” might say at the end, ‘For all my mind is clouded with a doubt.’

What a man he might have been had his feet been planted on the rock of unfailing Catholic doctrine! What a poet of humanity, too, if he had been bathed in the light and warmth of the living Church of God!

The last reflection leads the writer on to inquire into the sentiments of Tennyson towards Catholicism. Tennyson is no bigot. The friend of W.

G. Ward, and many others of the Oxford movement, a member of the famous Metaphysical society, and well versed in Catholic legendary lore, he had learned to respect Catholic claims and to admire Catholic ideals. The result was that his later works are entirely free from antipathy to the Catholic religion. In his earlier writings, especially in his dramatic efforts, anti-Catholic expressions are not infrequent; but they were the fashion, and it would have looked strange, (so Tennyson thought) to omit them altogether. Yet he was, even in his early life, too much of a poet and artist not to admire Catholic doctrine (as far as he knew of it) as well as Catholic rite and form of expression. That which inspired the brush of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Rubens, and guided the pen of Dante and Calderon, could not leave untouched the fine, noble nature of Alfred Tennyson, and he must needs chant sweetly about the *Heavenly Bridegroom*, the *Blessed Sacrament*, the *Crucifix*, the *Maid-Mother*, *Prayer*, and above all, the dignity of redeemed humanity. He must have sung unfeelingly, for he dies clasping, not the image of the Crucified, but a *Shakespeare*.

When Lord Alfred lay thus on his bed of death he surely cast a retrospective glance at his life-work and summed up and reviewed the results. Perhaps he flattered himself that he had accomplished more than he really did. As a poet he had set himself up to teach mankind. Now teaching is the imparting of truth. The nobler the truth imparted, the nobler will be the teaching. Again, the surer the teacher is of the truth he imparts the more effective and impressive will be his teaching. But the noblest truth could not be inculcated by one who had no real faith in revelation, nor could his teaching be impressive and conclusive who laments:

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

As a teacher, therefore, Tennyson, when weighed, is found wanting. But perhaps he has achieved greatness as an author and thinker. If we hold with John Ruskin that 'it is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is *represented* and *said* that the respective greatness, either of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined—can we call Tennyson a great writer? Or rather must we not be content to call him a great versifier, a great language-master?

In conclusion, Father Lee draws attention to the wonderful parity that exists between England's religious state and Tennyson's. England's attempts and Tennyson's attempts to teach mankind are similar—in aim, in means and in final miscarriage. Neither being sure of the truth of God, how can they pretend to impart it? There is no saying what mighty things England, possessed of the true faith, might do for the benighted people coming under her sway, nor what a grand success Tennyson might have scored had faith—Catholic faith—“predisposed him for the exercise of his reason,” and his reason thus illumined, guided his pen. “With faith Tennyson might have been a Dante for the ages to come, while with delusive Anglicanism he may be regarded after all as only the most delicate of rationalistic versifiers.”

J. J. L.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### Experience and Theory—A Happy Combination.

Of all the lessons we learn during life, the one from which young men especially are expected to derive the most benefit, is that of "experience." It teaches us to beware of the rocks and shoals that may have previously beset our course, and while serving as a beacon light against new dangers, it enables us to attain more readily the port we are all striving for—success.

The happiest combination is that which arises from the theory, the discipline, the mental and moral training, the habits of study and self-restraint, that are the chief elements of a properly conducted college education, when united to the hard and sometimes bitter experience which a contact with the world entails.

Of the two elements—theoretical and practical—it is hard to say which is the more important. What is most essential is that they be always

combined as much as possible, even during the earlier and happier period of our college career. Even then it will be of advantage to profit of the contact which we necessarily have with our fellow-students—to take into account the varied characters and dispositions of companions and masters—to rise above the little contradictions, rebuffs and disappointments of our daily life—to withstand the assaults of human respect when there is question of duty—to know and appreciate the value of good example, either in ourselves or in others.

We can easily imagine the successful career, in the later and larger sphere of business life, of the young man, who has put to profit those practical lessons which even his brief school experience has taught him, if in addition he is equipped with the proper mental training demanded by his position or profession. He may and will, no doubt, make mistakes or commit imprudences ; but it is seldom that a man who is ambitious and who earnestly desires to succeed, will commit the same error more than once, because experience has taught him that he, and he alone, will be the loser thereby.

TH. J. H.



### Some Timely Reminders.

It is always unnecessary, and usually undignified, to call attention to the spasmodic efforts of those bitter, secret and so-called "patriotic" associations which have, at all times in our history, been striving with very little ultimate success to establish themselves in the estimation of the American public. We have now come to assure ourselves that, in the main, their bark is worse than their bite—and so we treat them as the horse does the cowardly little animal that barks harmlessly at his heels without impeding his onward progress—we treat them with silence, pity or contempt.

Little therefore as we may heed the slings and arrows of their calumnies, and unnecessary as it is, nowadays, to reaffirm the thoroughly patriotic spirit that inspires the members of the Catholic Church, either as a body or as individuals, it cannot but be an additional source of gratification and of pride to read the magnificent series of sincere and unsolicited testimonies which the fathers of this great Republic—its great men—have borne to Catholics and Catholicism in the foundation and development of the United States.

A most imposing and interesting collection of these testimonials was gathered, as in a bouquet suitable to the recent celebration of Washington's birth-day, by one of the Catholic journals in this city, and we feel sure that they must have proved as much of a surprise to the so-called "patriotic" readers, as they have been of interest to ourselves.

Just think of our rabid and know-nothing friends trying to digest these candid expressions of Washington himself :

"As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so devoid of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late success over the common enemy in Canada."—(*General order issued at Boston by Washington, Nov. 5, 1775*).

"I also give in charge to you, to avoid all disrespect to the religion of the country and its ceremonies. . . . While we are contending for our own liberty, we should be very cautious not to violate the rights of conscience in others, ever considering that God alone is the judge of the hearts of men, and to Him only, in this case, are they answerable."—(*Instructions sent by him to General Benedict Arnold, when the latter was about to invade Canada*).

We could multiply the quotations and the testimonies—but we must confess that we have not given them, nor called attention to them, merely to put to shame the enemies of true patriotism, but to revive and strengthen our own faith and confidence in the stability of our country, by enlightening and renewing our belief in the sincerity and nobility of the men who framed our Constitution.

T. A. D.



### **In Medio Stat Virtus.**

We must always welcome kindly and well-meant criticism, in view of profiting thereby to remedy what is defective or even to improve upon what is good. This applies to all persons, situations and undertakings. Most readily of all must the editor and manager of a College Journal be amenable to such advice. But when advice comes from different quarters and is apparently contradictory or expressive of extreme views, the best way, no doubt, is to hold a middle course and take what is most moderate from both extremes, so as to apply the good old proverb, *in medio stat virtus*.

Several of our exchanges have, as indeed they were not only privileged but expected to do, given us the benefit of their views and criticism. Some, in commanding the BULLETIN unreservedly, drew attention to its *serious* character as the one which recommended it to them, (as the *Viatorian*) and others (like the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, whose opinions we value so highly), considered the subjects of our *editorials* as "usually well treated in her columns," only to find fault with *them* for being seldom "ones that concern the

college or any of its organizations" and with the poor *editor* for "wandering away into talks about 'Benevolence' and 'Catholic Literature in Public Libraries'."

On the other hand, our friend, the *St. Joseph's Collegian*, thinks the BULLETIN "devotes too much of its space to local matter, and lacks that dignified tone and purity of expression which should mark a paper published for the purpose of *developing* the Journalistic faculties of its writers." Then again we were taken to task for putting an "attempt at a Latin poem" (the faults of which, by the bye, might have been, in all fairness and kindness, pointed out on that occasion) on the page across from the advertisements which included that of an undertaker, and for allowing a certain article on Goldsmith to be too "short," as well as for giving space in our BULLETIN to a humorous and harmless piece descriptive, in verse, of an incident taken from a daily paper, and destined to break the monotony of otherwise dry, serious articles.

Now with all due consideration for the privilege and value of criticism, and for the necessity of profiting thereby, we must confess to a certain courage of conviction in following out what we consider a proper and moderate course. For instance we do not think that College editorials should be confined exclusively to "things that concern the (individual) College," from which the Journal emanates, thus making this department equivalent to a "local" column. We do not see the harm of treating subjects like "Benevolence," &c., especially when in such articles the attention of student readers is drawn to the particular features which these subjects may present to them either for useful information or for profitable suggestion, as was the case in question. It is obvious that while we have to take into consideration the various classes or categories of our subscribers, in the choice and treatment of questions, and while College Journals, if they wish to prosper and please their subscribers must avoid as much as possible the hackneyed and beaten subjects, they must be allowed a certain degree of latitude and discretion in this respect.

On the otherhand, it must not be expected, nor do we believe that any of the subscribers expect, that all the articles should emanate from the most capable and most accomplished students. Even the smaller boys should be given a chance, as has always been the case in connection with the BULLETIN, wherein may be found articles written by students from the Senior Class down to the Third Academical. Surely no one will be so exacting as to demand, with iron grasp, that a College Journal be filled from cover to cover with articles as deep and serious as those of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Nineteenth Century*, or that a harmless and comic little piece destined to provoke a smile, should be mercilessly excluded, provided of course that it contain nothing of bad taste, or of indelicate suggestion, which is, unfortunately, the case only too frequently, in some of our Exchanges.

Especially would undue severity of criticism, in regard to the higher

tone "which should mark a paper published for the purpose of developing the Journalistic faculties of its writers," come with bad grace from a College Journal which has printed on its editorial page, as the official and permanent announcement of its purposes and programme, the notice that "The ordinary College Journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life!"

W. O. WALKER. '00.



### ALUMNI.

WE were not surprised to find, a short time ago, the name of D. C. Cawley among the principal stockholders and directors of the recently formed Brick Manufacturers' Trust. Dan is one of the oldest of the College students, is one of the staunchest members of the Alumni, of which he was at one time the President, and an enthusiastic rooter at all the big Baseball and Football games. His three brothers, Alphonsus (who died in 1884), Frank, and Joe have all passed through the College curriculum with honor, the two latter occupying important positions with large manufacturing concerns in town.

OTHERS of our old Boys are profiting admirably of the opportunities afforded, at the present time, by the combination of the big companies, to urge their way ahead in the business world. The other day we met G. Albert Walker, '95, who looks to-day almost every bit as youthful and boyish as when he graduated, and who is now one of the head book-keepers with the American Steel and Wire Co. The latter are putting up immense works in that newly-opened centre of Pittsburg's greatest industries, Neville Island. Albert, as the boys usually called him, began as copyist in the Invoice Office and, by dint of perseverance and strict attention to business, succeeded in establishing himself in the higher offices. He tells us that our old friend, John Larkin, is one of the trusted clerks of the same Company, out at the big works on 26th Street. From his conversation we could gather some interesting and detailed information about this vast Trust, which has over forty large mills altogether in its combination, ten of which are located in this city or neighborhood. And yet this is only one of the numberless Steel and Iron combines of which Pittsburg is the busy centre!

WE met a venerable looking gentleman on the street car the other day, who noticing that the writer was a College Boy, unburdened himself of some *ancient* history. He told us he was the fifth boy who had inscribed his name on the first page of the Roll Book, the very first day that the Holy Ghost College was opened, on Wylie Avenue, in September, 1878. The gentleman was Mr. Harry A. Low, the Manager of the large and well-known Dry Goods Store of Mrs. Weisser & Co., Market Street. He gave us some very interest-

ing reminiscences of those early days, and paid a warm tribute to the Faculty of that period, especially to the following who are now dead: Rev. Father Power, Father Dunne, Father Quinn, and Father Graff.

QUITE a number of our boys have always taken to the Insurance and Real Estate Business, after leaving College. We could instance the names of such well-known firms as the Barr Brothers, on Grant Street; the Haas & Lauinger Co., on Fourth Avenue; the Eichenlaub Brothers, and Black & Gloninger's with whom are always to be found some of the College students, and other firms in various parts of the city. But it is only within the last few months that we have come to find out that our old comrade Mr. James P. Donovan, '96, is now installed in a very prominent location, right in the heart of the Brokers' Quarters. He has hung out his sign of "Jas. P. Donovan & Co., Real Estate Brokers, 429 Fourth Avenue," as successors to Mark W. Marshall & Co. We called there a few days ago to offer our congratulations and to wish him every degree of success, and were assured by him that already he has his hands full in renting, mortgages, insurance, etc. Good for you James!

SEVERAL of our old boys have lately decided to join the ranks of the Benedictines. Amongst those whose names have, within the last few months, been brought particularly to our notice, is Mr. E. F. Caraoll, '88, who, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 24, was married to Miss Cecilia Beatrice Gearing of Meriden Street, Duquesne Heights. The ceremony was performed in the Church of St. Mary's of the Mount, by the Rev. Father John O'Connell, who is not only Pastor of the Congregation to which the Gearing family belong but is also a relative of the Bride. The latter's brother John was a student of the College about the same time as his present brother-in-law. It is very gratifying to be able to say that Mr. Carroll has been continuously employed at the Pittsburg Central Post-Office from the day he left school, nearly twelve years ago. We extend to the happy young couple our warmest congratulations.

ANOTHER member of the Alumni ventured on the matrimonial sea, on Wednesday, January 31, when Mr. Henry J. Rahe was married to Miss Clara J. Mayer, of Knoxville Borough, South Side. Mr. Rahe attended College during 1895 and 1896, and was held in great esteem by all the boys. The Solemn Nuptial Mass, at which Miss Mayer and Mr. Rahe were united in holy wedlock, took place at St. George's Church, and was attended by many friends of both the Bride and Groom. After a wedding breakfast and an evening reception the newly wedded couple departed for a three weeks' wedding tour in the East. In the name of all the students we extend to Mr. Rahe our heartiest congratulations.

### VERSES AND VERSIFIERS.

MR. P. E. MAHER was fired one day at the sight of a picture representing the triumph of the American yacht Columbia over her British rival the Shamrock, in the international regatta of last October, and here is how the pent-up muse found an expression :

Unfurl thy pennant to the highest mast,  
For it tells of glorious victories past ;  
It's the flag that has never known defeat—  
Show Britons that with us they can't compete.

Unfurl thy mighty canvas to the wind,  
Leave old England's boasted skill behind ;  
Speed forth upon the surging ocean wave,  
Thou gallant emblem of the free and brave.

Mr. Nye gives us a few verses, dashed off in his own happy, quaint Western style, just typical of the man himself. They were suggested by some peculiar and interesting features of the locality in which Mr. Nye's home is situated :

#### Above and Below.

At the base of Lyon Hill 's the place for me,  
Living all to myself and as happy as can be,  
While the neighbors all 'round to the hill-tops have gone,  
Leaving here in his "den" this old bachelor alone.  
But I have all I care for—contentment ; and so,  
'S long as *they're* on the hill-top, why *I'll* remain below !

There's a spring ever flowin' from the side of the hill—  
Where you get a cool drink—and where everything is still ;  
Or, follow the pathway that leads 'round the dell,  
'N you'll find the old moss-covered bucket near the well !  
Oh ! the thoughts of olden times through my memory flow  
While strolling 'long the road to my cabin there below ;

If, again, I take a tramp to the pond smooth and deep—  
That looks to me so like a baby river half-asleep—  
With my old clay-pipe, an' pockets full o' cut'n dry,  
'N a basket-full o' corn-bread, 'n a piece or two o' pie,  
A-watchin' the swallows as they come 'n as they go—  
Well—you bet that I enjoy myself in the shade there below !

We were surprised and truly gratified to receive one day the maiden production of John A. Sackville, who is the first one of the present year's Business Department to an attempt at versification. John's verse was suggested by a drawing in a recent newspaper, and will readily explain the situation therein depicted :

#### The Downfall of Ruben.

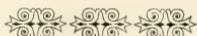
(Suggested by a Newspaper Drawing.)

'Twas just on the edg' of a timothy field,

Right close to where a big tree did yield  
 It's annual load of apples ripe,  
 Destined to give many an urchin the gripe—  
 That a great big Rube, with a laughing eye,  
 Sat deeply absorbed in a triangular pie.  
 "Then a lop-eared mule with a paint-brush tail,"  
 Came upon the scene, with intent to regale  
 Himself on the clover—while our friend, the Rube,  
 Was reducing the pie to a very small cube.  
 Now a bumble-bee came sailing along,  
 And paused to sing the mule a song ;  
 But the mule—without premises—thought 'twas clear  
 That the cause of disturbance was in the rear,  
 And, having for music neither taste nor ear,  
 Made his heels fly through the atmosphere.  
 And, alas ! o'er the top of the apple tree,  
 The Rube flew on to eternity !

Mr. P. A. Gillespie has bravely added his name to the list of candidates for the local Laureate's crown. His first attempt abounds in local reminiscence, and must surely have been inspired on some occasion like the Mid-summer or Christmas vacation. We quote the following stanzas :

How dear to my heart are the seenes of old school days !  
 How clearly they stand out, just now, to my view !  
 The buildings, the class-rooms, the play-grounds and by-ways ;  
 And all the old places we each so well knew !  
 The green-covered campus, the high-fence around it,  
 The grand-stand, the gym. and the chapel near by.  
 Each one just familiar as ever I've found it,  
 And every old place seems the same to my eye !  
 The good days of pleasure, the good days of leisure,  
 The good days we'll treasure up until we die !  
 And there are the old walks we traveled so often !  
 Discussing the old beaten topics again,  
 Endeavoring by any distraction to soften  
 The wearisome work and the wear of the brain.  
 Oh ! where are the faces that brightened and cheered me ?  
 Alas ! there are some that have vanished for aye !  
 And were are the young hearts that strongly endeared me  
 To them ? Are they cold in the grave and the clay ?  
 Oh ! the old, happy school-days, the old, happy dream-days—  
 Their mem'ry will stay with me bright'ning the way !



### Critics and Criticisms (Of Our Exchanges.)

Some months ago, in one of our college journals from the far West, we had read a very severe criticism upon another college *critic* who had dared to question the excellence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a poet. The latter critic

one of last year's editors of St. Joseph's *Collegian*, and unfavorable to Kipling's claims, has, it appears, the *misfortune* to possess a rather difficult and long *cognomen*, that of Seroczysnski, which calls for a most unseemly and unwarranted attack, repeated four different times in the space of one page, from the editor of the Western journal, (*Mt. Angel Banner*, of Mt. Angel, Ore.), though he himself takes good care to give us his own name at full length as *Ambrose de Marchi Gherini, B. A.* We shall not repeat here the undignified and opprobrious sarcasm cast upon the *Collegian* editor's name, which, of course, should never have entered into the discussion—nor shall we argue upon the fulsome praise bestowed by Mr. A. de M. Gherini upon Kipling's poetry, content as we are with quoting, in its original form, one significant paragraph: "Kipling does write for all people, and they, in turn, showed their love and sympathy for him during his serious illness; when the poor and the rich, the lofty and the lowly, from an Emperor to our humblest citizen, one and all showed how deeply affected they were by his sickness. And did not all the great papers, the dailies and weeklies all, pour forth the hope that he might be spared? And how many were the hearts that anxiously throbbed as *they read* the reports for better or for worse. Rudyard Kipling's literary greatness has long since been established; from the class-room and the lecture halls re-echoes daily the permanence of his literature."

But now—in the very same *St. Joseph's Collegian*, (Christmas number), though from an editor with *cognomen* less objectionable to the sensitive Mr. de Gherini—comes another criticism of the much-discussed author of the "Absent-minded Beggar," and, this time, we really do not know what to make of the critic's ultimate judgment. "The genius of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, he says, has again enriched the world with a poem, bearing upon the present time. Mr. Kipling is undoubtedly the happiest poet of modern times." This opinion ought certainly to be in perfect accordance with the most extravagant wishes and claims of our friend, Mr. de Gherini. But the very next paragraph almost takes our breath away. He says: "He (Kipling) seldom meets with unfavorable criticism. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson, the brightest stars as laureates and poets, were less fortunate."

All this would have been strong, or rather hazardous enough, to say the least. But he gives the finishing stroke to the *lucidity* of his own expression, by the following *explanation* which, when boiled down, according to the stern laws of logic, makes Kipling but a "clever man," and no "real poet" at all! "This," he says, alluding to the less fortunate treatment of the above-mentioned *stars*— "this is easily explained. A *real* poet receives but rarely due attention from his own people and generation. A *clever man*, however, that understands the weakness of his age and takes advantage of it, is overloaded with *applauses* of 'excellent and unsurpassable.' To call Mr. Kipling the 'Prince of Poets,' as has recently been done, is encroaching upon the

rights of *real poets*, that justly deserve the preference. It is a blemish on the record of current criticism."

Then, after explicitly denying to poor Mr. Austin the right to call himself poet, in spite of his title of "poet laureate," he goes on to institute a "befitting parallel between Chaucer and Kipling, our first and last poet and story-teller."

Happily, the conclusion is not far off—though he leaves us as much as ever in the dark as to his final opinion, on account of the contrast between his *first* and his *last* sentence. "Whether his fame will be lasting is very doubtful, *unless he bequeath to the world some truly genuine work*, that will outlive him by generations." Poor, hapless *world*, destined to wait anxiously for such a bequest! We wonder if this "truly genuine work" which may render Kipling's *fame lasting*, is not, perhaps, the "Absent-minded Beggar," with which "his genius has again enriched the world," and which Mrs. Langtry is declaiming at each one of her performances on the New York stage.

*Exchange Editor.*



## HIS FIRST RIDE ON THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

"Well, Rebecca, I reckon it's high time to do somethin' with our boy, Cy. He's a layin' 'round here, like a young hen, nothin' to do, allus in heaps of trouble, an' I say right now, that I'll not stand it any longer; no, sir, no longer, b'gosh!"

"If you and me hev bin brot up on a farm we're not goin' to allow the young'uns to be farmers, an' I say right here, that Cy must go to college an' larn to be a scholar, or I'll know why!"

"What's your 'pinion, dear 'Becca?"

"Oh, you be his father, and whatever old Cy. Woods say I'll stan' by it every time."

"That's business, 'Becca, we want our name respected, even if it must be down in the blamed city, by sendin' one of our flock thar. I reckon that boy Cy be a great man some day!"

"Mighty good thing, them colleges if they be in the country, but the city, I hate the old place!"

"Ne'r ye mind, Cy's a right smart chap, and he'll take mighty good care of himself. We kin trust him, can't we, 'Becca?"

"Oh, certin'ly, if his father sez so."

"I've bin to the city myself and I'll tell the young Injun a thing or two, durn the luck!"

"I bin gone to the city and seed them things they call street cars, scamperin' into big holes an' never cum out agin. They call 'em the subway, the old critters, but I'll take precius care that our Cy. will keep shy of

them things. I don't intend, under any considerashun, to have my son go rushin' into subways and other durmed 'venshuns that them city mules hev gotten up."

"Another time I bin gone to the city an' wuz awalkin' in the road, that them 'ristocrats call street. Well, I jes' walked in the middle of the road, 'cause I knew I'd jes' as much right to do that as them confounded hay wagons they call teams, and them beastly engines they calls street cars, b'gosh."

"Why, them people begin to sneer at me, an' I sed to myself, 'well, them wern't brot up any better; if they'd bin in the country they'd have more manners. Mighty jellus, though; hey, 'Becca?'"

"They struck agin the wrong thing when they try to pull seeds out of my whiskers or 'pose on my good natur'. Durn the whole city tribe!"

"Wher's the young rascal? Call him here. I'll tell him about them things, and I'll be durned if he'll not lick the hull crowd of 'em when he be thar. No flies on old Cy., only when he is asleep, and then they be precius few."

"Oh, thar he be! Cum over here, you yung brun-faced, barefooted Filipino. I want to talk to you."

"How wud you like to go to cullege? Speak up, son; don't stan' thar like a cow waiting to be milked. You don't jes' want to, eh? Well, no matter whether you like it or not, I'm boss of this household. You'll go next week, or I'll know the reason. You ben 'round here long enough to go to the blamed old city and learn a thing or two."

"But, my son, I'll tell you one thing: Don't let them bring you into any subways or any other ways. It's a mighty risky affair; I'll be goin' with you myself. I'll show them people that the city is not the hull thing."

"Get his traps ready, 'Becka; we'll be gone next Friday. We'll see how our young farmer will get along among them city chaps. Nothin' like 'sperience, child."

Friday came and the happy pair left for the "blamed" city, the cultured metropolis. Young Cy. kissed his mother and all the little ones good-bye, and was off to "cullege," his future "hum."

Old Cy. was giving advice, telling him not to tangle himself in any foot-ball games, for fear he'd disgrace his family.

"What's foot-ball, dad?" asked the ingenuous Cy. "Oh, its a game with a big ball, somethin' like a punkin, an' they be a gang of young desperadoes who fly at one another like a heap of game roosters in a cocking pit. Mind that game, boy, don't get yer farmer's blood mixed up in that college squabble!"

They had reached the city, and people were hurrying to and fro in the mad rush for the noon repast. It was young Cy.'s first visit to the great city. "We be here at last," said old Cy., "and I'll be durned glad when I'm at home again with the chickens an' cows."

"Look at them buildin's, see the size of them ! Subways, high buildins, harum scarum. What'li people do next ? Try to impose 'pon the sun to stop winkin' at 'em, I s'pose. It would be jes' like 'em, b'gosh !"

Old Cy. thought he would make himself "citizefied," so he followed the crowd. "Come along here, young man, don't stand thar gapin' as if yer never saw them kind of buildin's before."

In the general mix-up our two friends found themselves in the elevated railway station. "Where we be, dad ?" asked Cy. Jr. "Oh, we be in the observashun room, where yer kin take a right smart look of the blamed old city."

Soon the conductor shouted, "Car for down-town district." Old Cy. bought two tickets, and the crowd rushing for the door drew Cy. and his hopeful heir along with them, as in a human vortex, into the car, which at once shot off like a bullet from a Mauser rifle.

"Wal, this beats anything I ever seed," shouted old Cy., endeavoring to find his equilibrium and to catch his breath, which had been knocked clean out of him by the sudden jolt.

"Out of the way, you old hay-seed," shouted the conductor, as a passenger swung aboard. Old Cy. made one step forward and, in the twinkling of an eye, he was standing on his ear at the further end of the car.

"What do yer mean by this kind of perliteness ?" shouted old Cy. "I'm no carpet-bag to be thrown 'round in this fashion. You people have no more respect for a gentleman than a highwayman has for a turkey dinner. I'll see the boss of this ye'r concern, an' don't ye'r try to fool me, 'cause you can't do it, you young goslin !"

"End of the route," shouted the conductor, without appearing to notice the indignant protests of our injured friend.

"Where may we be ?" asked old Cy. "At the end of the route, you old Rube," replied the conductor. "That's not my name, sir ; I'm Cy. Woods, from Frogsville, and I mean for you to know it, you hard-hearted, freckle-faced city oyster !" Then turning to his son, when he had recovered somewhat of his composure, if not his dignity, he remarked : "B'gosh, my boy, I never saw that place on the map we have at home. 'End of the Route !' What a durned name ! Somethin' new to me."

"What is this road called, anyway ?" said he to a fellow-passenger that was just then hurrying past. "Why, my dear Ruben Glue, this is the elevated railroad."

"Gracious, my boy, I reckin we better be goin' home. This is a bad sort of a place. It's tuff enough to go through holes in the ground, but when it comes to flyin' through the air, like a kite, an' be scattered 'round like a carpet-bag, an' be stopped at places not on the map, it's high time to leave such enterprisin' people to themselves."

*D. O'Hare.*

## SOME LITERARY NOTES.

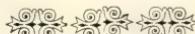
We have just seen a copy of *Harper's Bazar* for Feb. 24, in which appears an article on "The Celibacy of the Priesthood" by Mgr. Martinelli, the Papal Delegate. Coming from such an authoritative source it will surely have special interest for Catholic readers, as well as additional extrinsic weight for non-Catholic readers. It is written with all the modesty of an ordinary theologian and with all the simplicity and dignity which Truth alone can give.

It is an excellent compendium of Catholic doctrine and practice upon this subject—but, however new or striking this may seem to our non-Catholic friends, coming through such a medium where it is unusual to find subjects of this kind treated so authoritatively, it contains nothing that the well-instructed Catholic is not already acquainted with, on this "immemorial custom."

We regret that the *Bazar* for February 24, reached us when we were going to print—and thus too late to permit of any extracts. No doubt the next number of the *Bazar* will be equally interesting, as it will contain a contribution from the pen of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, on "The Blessed Virgin Mary," as one of a series of articles upon "Women of the Bible."

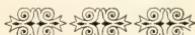
We have received from a former member of the College Faculty, Rev. C. J. Plunkett, C. S. Sp., a most timely and interesting Pamphlet, upon the *Devotion to Our Lady of Victories*, which has been established and developed with so much success in the Church of St. Peter Claver's, Philadelphia.

The little Pamphlet is really a work of art, and is actually teeming with items of information, instruction and edification, accompanied by a series of beautiful illustrations. In our next issue we hope to make known the *Devotion to Our Lady of Victories*.



## EXCHANGES.

We have received the usual number of exchanges; but the list, along with comment upon the excellent things encountered in some of the February visitors, has been crowded out unexpectedly.



## SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

## PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, FEB. 11TH.

Overture, March "The Coockoo" (H. Tillman), Orchestra; Recitation, "Washington's Name," John Whelan; Violin Solo, "Le Carnival de Venise," Mr. C. B. Weiss; Recitation, "The Country Clergyman," Francis Roehrig; Operatic Selection, "The Elves" (Mohr), Orchestra; Recitation, "Song of Marion's Men," James Coveney; Cornet Solo, "In Happy

Moments," Frank Hartigan; Recitation, "The Gambler's Wife," Albert Eschman; Debate, "Resolved, That War is Inconsistent with Christianity," Chairman, Mr. James Riley; Affirmative, Mr. George Schalz; Negative, Mr. P. Maher; Finale, Characteristic "The Bonnie Brier Bush" (J. H. Ellis), arranged by Robert Recker, College Orchestra.

PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, FEB. 18TH.

Overture, "Le Cid," Thomas; Recitation, "Battle of New Orleans," Edward S. Michalowski; Cornet Solo, "Asleep in the Deep," J. Dannhardt; Recitation, "Queen Margaret's Address," H. E. Gaynor; Waltz, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Gustin; Recitation, "The Old Surgeon's Story," C. L. Staudt; Song, "The Joyful Beggar," College Glee Club; debate, "Resolved, That the State should control railroad and telegraph companies," Chairman, Mr. T. A. Dunn; Affirmative, Messrs. Hayes and Fandraj; Negative, Messrs. Halleran and Jerozal; Finale, March "Gridiron" (A. Pryor), Orchestra.



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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI. PITTSBURG, PA., APRIL 1900. No. 7.

## LEAVING HOME.

How hard to rend the chords of Love  
That cling to me and home!  
How hard to feel, with all the world  
Around me, I'm alone!

How hard to turn and leave the spot  
That infant knew tho' *blind* ;  
How hard, when now a *seeing* man,  
To leave it all behind!

Oh, God! to swallow back the lump  
That chokes my wearied heart,  
Is but to pierce again a soul  
All torn with Sorrow's dart!

Ah! when I am no longer here,  
Will some one not regret ?  
Wilt thou, dear one, when I am gone,  
Will thou forget —— forget ?

*Alfred McCann.*



## THE VENERABLE F. M. PAUL LIBERMANN.

*Founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and  
of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.*

Our interest is always excited by the recital of the deeds of those who have figured in history, whether as conquerors, legislators and statesmen, or as poets, orators, and philosophers—all those who, by their actions or their teachings, have contributed to change or settle the aspect of the world. But far greater reason have we to study the history of those who have spread the light of God's truth on earth, and who have conquered the world to Jesus Christ. Their lives have been more beneficial to the world in general, and are more productive of good to each of us in particular. Many of them, even, are not without their interest, involving, as they do important issues in the world's history.

Such a one is the subject of our present sketch. His life, indeed, is not only remarkable as being that of a good and holy man—but it is full of interest in connection with his labors and those of his devoted followers in the missionary fields that have become their portion of the Lord's vineyard.

His labors have, indeed, aided in changing the face of a continent. Until our days Africa has truly deserved the epithet of "dark." Though the greatest glory of the Church in primitive ages, visited by Christ Himself, the first of all Gentile nations, it has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation—moral and intellectual. To redeem it from this state; to arouse it from its sleep of death; to open it up to the teachings of the Gospel and to the progress of modern civilization has been the work accomplished by the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann.

He was born of Jewish parents at Saverne, in Alsace, on April 12, 1804, and eight days after his birth he received the name of Jacob. His father was a noted rabbin of the place, and had marked out for him a destiny similar to his own. Though of a feeble constitution, he yet showed remarkable talents for the rabbinical sciences, and was at the time possessed of a very pronounced aversion for Christianity. These traits made him the particular favorite of his father, who constituted himself his preceptor. Already at the age of thirteen he had acquired great proficiency in Talmudic lore, and the fond father already dreamed of a brilliant future for his talented son. He resolved to send him to the rabbinical school at Metz, to complete his studies, in order the better to display his talents before the rabbins assembled there from all parts.

Instead of meeting there the hospitality which the Jew always extends to his co-religionist, he was coldly received, even by those to whom his father had recommended him, and upon whom he had certain claims. One of them, indeed, manifested a certain interest in him at first, but this was soon dispelled and his Jewish prejudice aroused, when he learned that the young

student was applying himself to the study of French and even Latin.

In this position he fell into a state of religious indifference, which in a short time culminated in utter infidelity. Though still faithful, even scrupulous, in the exterior observances of his creed, he read the Bible with disgust, and refused to believe in miracles. At this period his elder brother, Sampson, embraced Christianity, but he attributed his conversion to natural motives, and blamed him for it. A Hebrew translation of the Gospel fell into his hands, and though he was struck with its doctrine, he still met with the same difficulty as before—its numerous miracles. He began to read the “*Emile*” of Rousseau, and, strange to say, this work, so calculated to shake the faith even of a believer, set him on the path to the true religion.

Just then he received the news that two more of his brothers had been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church. This intelligence shook his soul to its very depths, and he foresaw that he, too, must follow their example. One of his friends, who shared his religious views, advised him to go to Paris to see M. Drach, a recent convert. With some difficulty he obtained his father’s leave, and it was only after he had succeeded in quieting his parent’s aroused suspicions that he received the required permission.

He addressed himself immediately to M. Drach, who took him to the College Stanislas. Here he was left to himself with a few books explanatory of the Christian religion. The profound solitude, the dismal appearance of the room, the sense of loneliness that he felt in being separated from all that he loved and knew, all acted on his sensitive temperament, and plunged him into the deepest dejection. In this gloomy state of mind he threw himself on his knees and prayed the God of his fathers to give him light in his search for the true religion. His prayer was heard; faith penetrated the darkness of his unbelief, and he adhered firmly to all that he read of the life and doctrines of Jesus Christ. He was baptized on Christmas Eve, 1826, and adopted Francis Mary Paul as his Christian name in honor of his sponsors. The very next day he was permitted to partake of the Holy Eucharist for the first time.

It was on this solemn occasion that he felt an interior voice calling him to the sacerdotal state, and in thanksgiving for all the blessings and favors he had received, he consecrated himself forever to the service of God. He remained a year at the College Stanislas, and in 1827 removed to Saint Sulpice. Here, as he says himself, his sojourn was a period of peace and benediction. He felt himself in a congenial atmosphere, and he could breathe more freely. His life, even in that nursery of saints and apostles, drew upon him the attention of his confreres and superiors, and all regarded him as a saint.

But he was not destined to live long in the midst of delights and consolations. The milk of spiritual nourishment was soon to give way to a more solid food—that of trials and interior desolations. He was now to enter upon the road of the Cross, the road leading to Calvary, and the great apostle

of renouncement was to have the last vestiges of the natural torn from his heart by years of suffering and affliction.

To spiritual consolation succeeded a period of interior desolation—a desolation so great as to well-nigh overwhelm him. The fountain of sensible devotion which had hitherto rendered his spiritual life sweet and easy, dried up, and left his soul in the greatest aridity. Meditation had no longer any attraction for him ; prayer and all manner of spiritual exercises became distasteful. But that was not enough. God wished to nail him still more tightly to his cross. His aged father, after having disinherited and cursed him, had died an obstinate Jew. Even the last consolation was denied him. The crown of the priesthood, to which he had long looked forward with joy, eluded his grasp. He was stopped at the very threshold of the sanctuary by a terrible disease which forbade all farther advance. On the day previous to that on which he was to be ordained sub-deacon, he was seized with an epileptic convulsion. This constituted a canonical obstacle to his advancement, and though he had to leave Saint Sulpice, his superiors, with kind and noble generosity, sent him to Issy, where he remained, at the expense of the Institute, till 1837.

It was in this total abandonment that he received his vocation to labor for the salvation of the most abandoned souls ; in this school he learned those lessons of detachment and self-annihilation which formed the distinctive feature of his spiritual life ; and, stranger still, it was in the midst of these infirmities that he became an experienced director of souls and an approved guide in the highest paths of perfection.

In the midst of these trials and afflictions, the servant of God remained calm and peaceful. Though his cross was heavy, he bore it with patience, nay, even rejoiced and was grateful for it. No one ever saw him cast down or dejected. Oppressed by a disease whose main characteristic is a morbid melancholy and a disgust of life, he ever remained calm and serene. Indeed, it might seem as if nature had suspended her laws in his case did we not have his own words to the contrary. It was grace that triumphed over nature; it was the spirit of God, the spirit of Jesus Christ suffering on the Cross, that made him calm and self-possessed, peaceful and kind towards all, even after the most dreadful crisis of his malady.

In 1838 the superior of the Eudists, wishing to restore his congregation, addressed himself to Saint Sulpice for an auxiliary to aid him in his work, and to direct the novitiate at Rennes. M. Libermann was selected by his directors. So perfect had he already become in the spiritual life, and so great were the graces he had received from God for the directing of souls, that notwithstanding his infirmities, and though only in minor orders, he was chosen to direct the novitiate of a society of which he was not even a member, and to conduct in the path of perfection men many of whom were already priests, and some of whom had already spent years in the ministry.

It was while he was at Rennes that he conceived the first notion of the

congregation of which he was to be the founder. Two of his disciples at Paris, both of whom were Creoles, were fired with zeal for the salvation of the colored race. By the advice of their directors they undertook the foundation of a society for that end. M. Libermann, to whom they had applied for light on the subject, perceived therein the finger of God. For the first time he saw his own vocation mapped out before him, and despite the most touching solicitations to remain, he left Rennes in 1839. With staff in hand, he set out for Paris to go to Rome in order to obtain the approbation of the Holy See for the incipient work. A friend had offered to accompany him to Rome, and to defray all his expenses. But on arriving at the Eternal City this friend abandoned him and left him to his own resources.

Here obstacles without number presented themselves. Left entirely alone, open to the attacks of his cruel malady, in the direst destitution, his mission seemed entirely hopeless. Those who might have helped him, and to whom he applied, only derided him as an idle dreamer or endeavored to dissuade him from a project which they considered rash and impossible. But his faith never wavered for an instant. His filial trust in God, and his total abandonment to the Divine Will, induced him to leave all in the hands of Providence. As he himself wrote in one of his letters: "When I arrive at the foot of a wall I must stop and wait in patience till God opens a passage for me, and then I'll proceed as if nothing had happened." He addressed to the secretary of the Propaganda a memoir concerning the apostolate of the colored race and his designs for realizing it; but he relied so little on its success as not even to leave his address in case he was to receive an answer.

During all this time at Rome he lived in extreme poverty. His dwelling was a fourth-story garret, whose only ceiling was the rafters above him. It was so low that he could not stand upright. In winter it was as cold as the open air, and in summer it was like an oven beneath the hot roof. Yet he never complained; he was happy there in company with the numerous pigeons that occupied it with him. His furniture, too, was extremely simple. The floor was his couch, a stone his pillow. A table and a chair were all that existed in that poor room. It was in this place that he wrote his magnificent "Commentary on St. John," and here he drew up the constitutions of his congregation so perfectly that even the most indulgent friend would hesitate to believe it possible. He was often reduced to beg his bread, and frequently he mingled with the crowd of mendicants at the convent gates to receive the daily allotment of soup. His want was so great that he had not wherewith to pay the postage on his letters; consequently he had to leave unanswered the great number that he received from France concerning spiritual matters.

But the day of consolation was near at hand. After eight months an unexpected answer arrived from the Cardinal-prefect of the Propaganda, praising him for his zeal, but putting off the project till God would sufficiently restore his health to enable him to receive ordination. He made a pil-

grimage to Loretto, begging his bread on the way, and returned to Rome completely cured. At the same time he learned, in a letter from his brother at Strasburg, that the bishop of that place would ordain him. He arrived in that city on Ash Wednesday, 1841, and on the 22d of September the same year, he received the sacred order of the priesthood.

Through the kindness of one of his friends, he obtained a country house at La Neuville belonging to the Bishop of Amiens, and thither he retired immediately after his ordination, with two companions. Thus the first novitiate of the Congregation began, with only three members; but scarcely had two years elapsed since its foundation when already San Domingo, Mauritius, Bourbon and Guiana had received missionaries of the Holy Heart of Mary. From that time on its growth has been exceedingly rapid. In a few years Africa began to feel the result of its labors, and to-day the Society counts about 600 members on the Dark Continent alone, with eight bishops of its own to rule that portion of God's Church.

Though Providence had at last enabled him to set on foot the work for which he had so long striven, the much-tried founder had still his crosses to bear. Evil tongues had spread false reports about him, and had all but succeeded in turning the Bishop of Amiens against him, when they were silenced by the arrival of one of his friends from Paris. Besides, the internal trials of the little congregation were many. Their poverty was excessive. They lived on alms and were often deprived of even the necessities of life. Many were the inconveniences that resulted therefrom, but they were all borne by the zealous apostles with great patience.

Despite the numerous trials, La Neuville soon became too small to contain the increasing numbers. But Providence again opportunely aided the holy founder. The ancient Cistercian abbey of Notre-Dame-du-Gard was given to the Society. Very soon the numerous band of scholastics, brothers and fathers, who had gathered in that ancient institution, gave token of the marvelous success of the work, and was an earnest of its future progress. God's blessing was evidently with the work undertaken by M. Libermann.

Meanwhile negotiations were going on concerning the union of the lately founded society with that of the Holy Ghost. The latter had well-nigh disappeared, counting but a few members; but it had a settled form, and had obtained a definite authorization from the Holy See. Its end, moreover, was on the whole not different from that of the Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The changes required in order to preserve intact the end and interests of the new foundation being soon made, the fusion of the two was consummated by the authority of the Apostolic See, under the title of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

M. Libermann became the first superior-general of the united societies, but the burden did not long rest on his shoulders. Three years later he was called to his reward. After a long and cruel agony, he ended a life that from the time of his conversion was entirely employed in the service of God

—a life that was filled with sorrow and affliction, with labors and sacrifices, all of which he had cheerfully endured for the glory of his Divine Master and for the salvation of souls. But he lived long enough to see the work he had founded solidly established, and crowned with entire success. He expired in the odor of sanctity, on the 2d of February, 1852, the Feast of the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, just as the choir in the chapel was chanting these words of the “Magnificat,” distinctly heard in the room of the dying saint: “*Et exaltarit humiles.*”

In his death, as throughout his whole life, he showed himself a model to all. He was thoroughly calm and resigned to the will of God, asking for neither life nor death. Though racked by excruciating pains, which even at intervals drew from him involuntary cries of: “How I suffer! What a martyrdom!” he bore all with patience, and the smile of joy never left his lips. All his sufferings were offered up for his beloved confreres and for the success of their works. His last words to his children convey the whole spirit of his spiritual life and teaching. Fervor, charity and sacrifice were the distinguishing motives of his whole life, as they have been of his congregation since his death. They have become engraved on the hearts of his children, and in them his spirit still lives on, laboring with fervent zeal for the salvation of souls; with the broadest charity, embracing in its scope the most abandoned of mankind; and with a spirit of entire self-sacrifice, giving up everything to labor in a deadly climate to spread the light of the gospel to heathen nations. The last services were performed by his friend and protector, M. Desgenettes, and the remains of the venerable founder were then conveyed, according to a desire of his own, to *Notre-Dame-du-Gard*, and were interred in the midst of his beloved children.

The venerable servant of God was everywhere regarded as a saint. Many hesitated not to declare this openly, and expressed their assurance that he would speedily be raised to the altars of the Church. Numerous remarkable events testified to his sanctity, and miracles were not wanting to show that God wished to manifest the glory of the saint. The process of his beatification was soon introduced before the Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome. It was received with approbation by the assembled cardinals, as is attested by their unanimous reply: “*Affirmative—una bella causa! Introducatur!*” “Yes, let it be introduced; it is a beautiful cause!” On the 1st of June, 1876, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., confirmed the sentence of the Sacred Congregation, and signed with his own hand the decree for introducing the cause of the sainted founder, and thereby declared him Venerable.

Such has been in part the life and labors of the venerable servant of God, Francis Mary Paul Libermann. A poor Alsatian Jew, arriving at the truth only after the most harassing doubts and struggles, proceeds thenceforth with an eagle’s flight to the mountain of perfection. A man, overwhelmed with sorrows and infirmities, abject and despised, becomes a pillar of God’s Church, and contributes in a wonderful manner to its spread on earth.

Most opportune was the solemn chant of the choir just as he breathed his last: "*Et exaltavit humiles.*" Most truly does God exalt the humble, even in this life. And we have every reason to hope that He will exalt him still more, for His own glory and the honor of His holy Church, by placing him upon her altars among her canonized saints.

*Jos. Callahan, '97.*



## Some of Our Great Religious Leaders of Fifty Years Ago.

### I.

#### BISHOP ENGLAND.

Amongst the names of the most illustrious men of fifty years ago, that of John England will ever occupy a high place in the shrine erected to the memory of pioneer American Catholic Patriots. He was born of parents who possessed a small amount of wealth—at Cork, on the 23d of September, 1786. The father of our famous champion of the faith was blessed with all the virtues of the holy martyrs. And many, indeed, were the occasions on which he suffered persecutions for the Catholic cause. For maintaining the right of a Catholic, he was sentenced to imprisonment for a period of four years. About this time the mother became very ill—the result most likely of the grief which she experienced at the solitary confinement of her husband—and while she lay prostrate on her bed of sickness, the last piece of furniture that decorated their once beautiful home was taken from them, and the poor woman was removed beneath the hospitable roof of a neighbor, to breathe her last. John, the eldest son, was now seventeen years of age. Two younger brothers and sisters depended upon him for support, and his father, still confined within the prison walls, needed assistance. The brilliant youth now realized the necessity of turning his education to advantage. It was soon discovered that he was a Papist and he was frequently persecuted. On one occasion he was accused of having taught some propositions of the sixth book of Euclid for the purpose of obtaining funds to aid his father and support the younger brothers and sisters; but compassion was taken upon his youth, and in place of a continuance of the judicial proceedings, he was given an opportunity of denying his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, of penance and of the invocation of saints. This he refused to do and made his escape into the mountains, where he still performed good works by teaching the poor, ignorant children of the wilderness. When the fierce persecutions had been somewhat mitigated, he managed to return to Cork where he fortunately secured a position as land surveyor, and was enabled to have his father freed from prison and to see his family once more reunited. Little did the relatives think that the bright, earnest young lad, who thus seemed to be their only support, was soon destined for the priesthood. The profession of

the law appeared to be the most suitable for a man of his talents. However, to the surprise of all, and at his own request, he was placed by several faithful friends at the Theological College of Carlow. While there, he devoted himself so zealously to his theological studies that his ordination took place as soon as his age would possibly admit. A short time before his ordination, he was made a lecturer of the college, and after he had reached the goal of his ambition—after he was ordained a priest of God—he was employed in giving lectures on the most important principles of theology. The characteristic talents of this young Irish clergymen were such that at the very beginning of his priestly career, he performed eight different offices, one of which was the editorship of a public journal, in which capacity he devoted his labors to stemming the political torrent that was doing so much ruin at that time.

Soon the extraordinary qualities and the genius of our young priest were recognized and, at the age of 34, he was consecrated Bishop, and appointed by Pope Pius VIII. to the see of Charleston. So he bade farewell to his native land and set sail for America. The day of his landing was, indeed, a happy and a memorable one for the Catholics of this country, and particularly for those of North and South Carolina. Several years of experience abroad in ecclesiastical as well as social affairs had fitted him for the new labors which the Holy Father laid at his door; and he stepped on American soil with the determination of devoting the remainder of his life to the spiritual and temporal welfare as well as the higher civilization of those under his charge.

Upon his arrival at Charleston, he found the affairs of the diocese in a peculiar state. The people had been recently shocked by grave scandals, and many were on the point of losing their faith. No sooner had our worthy prelate learned of the miserable condition of the diocese than he immediately began to pursue the proper course for the re-establishment of order and the rekindling of the true Catholic spirit that had been extinguished in many hearts. His efforts in this respect were attended with almost immediate success. New parishes were formed, and wherever the Bishop preached the word of God, he left visible traces of the immense harvest which he reaped. Catholics and non-Catholics alike flocked to the villages to listen to his masterly discourses, and such was his wonderful tact in conveying lessons to the hearts of his hearers, that Protestants would return to their homes feeling the force of his clear and unanswerable logic. Many converts attested his zeal and influence in this respect. He was always actuated with the desire of benefiting his fellow citizens, whether Catholic or non-Catholic—rich or poor. Day by day, his achievements continued to increase and, “in a short time,” says a certain writer, “he had established the faith of the Southern Catholics upon a basis that must ever stand. He founded ecclesiastical discipline where there was, until then, not even the form of law, and he bound in one Catholic brotherhood a people whose very priests, before his time, were disunited and, perchance, at open variance.”

Possessed of a heart rich in the charities of life, he gave to his flock the love and devotion of a faithful parent. His extraordinary intellect, even at a tender age, elicited the respect of the greatest dignitaries of the period. As a writer, his career was not very extensive; but it was a brilliant one. In the midst of his immense and various occupations, he found time to supply the columns of the U. S. Catholic Miscellany—a journal which he himself established for the purpose of furthering the interests of Catholics—with interesting and instructive articles on the different topics of the day.

It is especially as a patriot, as a citizen, and as a minister of religion, that Bishop England deserves our admiration. The worthy prelate took charge of the Catholic interests in the Carolinas with manifold prejudices to overcome—much dissatisfaction to allay—and many difficulties to conquer. In a short time, however, the “edge of prejudice was exchanged for confidence;” he looked upon his onerous tasks as deeds of love, and the want of harmony that was, at the time, almost a universal evil, was replaced by the sweetest concord and fellowship that always bound his parishioners “in the strong bonds of confidence and affection.” His hand was ever strong and ready to aid a friend or brother in distress. It was his custom to seek out those who were in misery and to minister to such in particular.

As a patriot, he fondly cherished the land of his birth as well as the land of his adoption. From his father’s lips he received the stories of the base acts of treachery that had been wrought upon his kinsmen and his country. He remained steadfast to the principles of his ancestors and, in endeavoring to aid the cause of Ireland, he was heedless of the consequences. His voice echoed the tale of tyranny throughout the land, with the “deep, soul-stirring utterance of a man who felt for the sufferings of those who believed that when men submit in acquiescence to improper rule, they debase the divine origin they claim from their Ruler and Master.” After a long separation his heart still yearned for the Emerald Isle, and he turned to her with all his devotion and tenderness, and, “though rich and beautiful were the pearls of his eloquence at all times—yet never were they richer and more beautiful than ‘even when at random strung’ they adorned the expression of his intense, deep-seated, all powerful love of country.”

As an American citizen, there was never a man more earnest in his admiration of the institutions he had pledged himself to protect—there was never a man more fervent in his attention to the duties of citizenship. His familiarity with the goodness and the advantages of a Republican form of government made him the advocate of well-regulated freedom and the enemy of all revolutionary feeling. His quick perceptive powers made him readily see the blessings our system of government bestows on all alike, and he immediately became the expounder of its advantages.

But it is chiefly as a minister of religion that his excellencies should be portrayed. In the true spirit of the faith which he so sincerely preached, he practiced all that mild forbearance and sweet charity, its fundamental prin-

ciples, so strictly enforce. He loved all men; yet, for those under his charge the intensity of his affection was extraordinary. The inconveniences of the hour, the most fatal and loathesome diseases, were scorned by him when he was called upon to perform the rites of his holy ministry, or when he had the opportunity of relieving the sufferings of expiring humanity with the consolation of religion. When he set foot upon our shore the Christians of the true Church were few and separated from each other—the principles of their religion were imperfectly understood. The Bishop's fervid and poetic imagination aided him in softening the tones of his otherwise uncompromising logic, and, in the controversies, in which a man in his position naturally became involved, he never left an opponent entertaining unkind feelings. "Rich in the learning of the Church," says an orator of the day who knew him intimately, "his talents, his urbanity, his liberality gave to all his discussions a character the most edifying, and dignified. Religion with him was not a terror but an affection. He won his way to the heart as the minister of God, by the unobtrusive simplicity of his feeling—the unaffected goodness of his heart. And so patient, so uncomplaining, so persevering was he in the doing of good, by the establishment of his Church, that privations, now scarcely credible, were cheerfully undergone, in order that he might the better effect the grand object of his mission to the new world."

In spite of the best medical attendance which the fervid devotedness of his children, and the tender solicitude of his friends procured for him in his last illness, he was unable to rally from the long and distressing siege of disease, and expired on the morning of Monday, April 4th, 1842, in the 56th year of his age and the 22d of his Episcopate. Words could not describe the feelings of grief with which the hearts of his children and friends were overwhelmed at what they considered an irreparable calamity.

The scene at his deathbed, when it was observed that there was no hope of recovery, was one worthy of a saintly bishop. He received the last sacraments, surrounded by all his priests, and with sentiments of humility and penance, similar to those of St. Augustine. On this occasion he addressed his clergy for nearly half an hour, and in a strain of eloquence rarely equalled, never surpassed by himself in his happier moments, with words burning with zeal and charity, adverted to their past relations toward himself, and dwelt upon their duties to their congregations, giving them the most solemn paternal injunctions for their future conduct.

An old newspaper of Philadelphia, dated April 21, 1842, made the following brief but eloquent comment, in announcing the sad event: "No eulogy to which we could give utterance, could add to the elevation of character of this truly eminent Divine, nor could the expression of our deepest regret and sympathy, do more than commingle in that one universal sorrowing so deeply felt for such a bereavement. In his death, not only has Catholicity to mourn one of her purest and ablest champions, but Christianity one of its most brilliant ornaments; for who that ever listened to his defence of his faith,

and the explanation of her doctrines, but felt that 'truth from his lips prevailed with double sway.'

"And even while those who differed from him in their mode of worship, either from education or prejudice, denied their acquiescence in the truth of his powerful reasoning, yet were these truths put forward in such accents of love, of charity and brotherly affection, that bigotry itself fell powerless before his mighty mind, and from the most strenuous of his political opponents he forced, if not their willing regard, their reluctant admiration. \* \* \* Our Republican institutions ever found in him that advocacy and powerful sustainment which talents, and eloquence, and mind like his could so usefully exert and indomitably wield.

"As his philanthropy was extensive, so is his loss deplored, not circumscribed or limited to sect or party, but reaching in its course across the wide Atlantic, where his loss will be mourned as here, for there, too, were his virtues known, and the blessed effects of his charity and talent felt and acknowledged."

*W. O. Walker, '00.*



## SUEMA'S REVENGE.

What a strange Christmas night this was of which I am going to speak ! There was no snow on the ground—there was no chilly blast in the air—on the contrary the heat was intense—and on every side could be seen the green trees and the budding flowers ! It was in a small village of Africa, near the town of Zanzibar, which you will find from your map, to be situated on the Eastern Coast of that great Continent.

There was no Santa Claus expected, with his merry sleigh bells and beautiful presents and loads of toys. For, alas ! the poor children of this place were all orphans, brought up and cared for by the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who owned the Convent. The girls, both big and little, were all of native origin, and had once been slaves, but, by the kindness and charity of the sisters, had been purchased from the cruel Arabs and brought up as Christians. Poor children, it was no wonder they did not know, as we do, about dear old Santa Claus and all the joy that he brings to the hearts of so many little boys and girls !

Yet they were happy and delighted, beyond measure, on that Christmas night. For they had noticed great preparations going on during the last few days—and they were told all about the Child Jesus, Whom they would soon be able to see in the little crib, just as He had been, long, long ago, in the stable of Bethlehem. So, when they were brought into the beautiful little Chapel of the Convent, at midnight, they were dazzled by all they saw on every side, and they feasted their eyes especially on the crib.

After a few prayers and a short, sweet hymn to the Infant Jesus, they

were conducted back to their dormitory and were told that in the morning they would have the pleasure of seeing several of their companions receive the sacrament of Baptism. Many of them did not, of course, understand what this meant, but the older ones had been long and carefully instructed, and it was the great, great day to which they all looked forward with longing and desire—the day of their baptism. As for the little ones, all they knew was that it was something very nice and beautiful, because there was to be music and singing, and a grand procession of the girls to be baptized, dressed in white, with a garland on their head—all this to be followed with a feast of sweet cakes and rice!

All of a sudden, after everything was once more quiet throughout the house, there was a violent ringing of the bell at the Convent gate. "What could that be?" thought the children, who were just beginning to sleep. "What could be out there at that hour of night?" thought the Sister Superior, as she hurried to the door, knowing that few persons ventured out in the forest at night, for fear of the wild beasts. Besides, there was a very lonesome graveyard between the Convent and the neighboring town.

But what was her surprise when she found herself in the presence of two white men—armed with rifles, and carrying between them a dirty and torn sack, in which there seemed to be some animal or living thing wrapped up! It did not take them long to tell their strange story of adventure. They said they were two young English officers of Zanzibar, who had started out that night to hunt the wild beasts, which they knew, from their cries, to be prowling about the neighborhood. Following the direction from which the howling came, they found themselves on the trail of a pack of hyenas and jackals, those terrible and savage animals that tear up the graves and devour the dead bodies, when they are driven to it by starvation. And, indeed, this was what they were doing when the hunters came upon them; for, by the light of the moon, the two young men could see them hard at work tearing up a grave that had been freshly made that very day. So busy were the wild animals at this, that they did not notice the approach of their pursuers, until a couple of rifle shots stretched two of their number on the ground, while the rest of the pack fled into the woods. When they came up to the grave, they looked around, and there, on the open space, dug out by the claws of the beasts, was the torn sack from which an arm had just been dragged by one of the hyenas that had been killed. They expected to find a dead body and were preparing to put it back in the place and cover it over again with a layer of earth, when, lo and behold! to their astonishment, they heard a pitiful groan from the body which was still warm, and which they now found to be still alive! They had come in time to save a poor, unfortunate child from a double death and from a terrible fate! But, alas! they did not know what to do with their sad burden, when, just at that moment, they heard the faint sound of the Chapel bell at midnight, and after some difficulty they arrived at the Convent gate. This was the torn sack—and this was the half dead body, which they now left to the charity and care of the good Sisters.

You can imagine the surprise of the Sisters when on opening the sack, they discovered a girl about twelve years of age, terribly weakened and almost unconscious, but still breathing. However, she was soon revived. After a short sleep and some nourishment she was able to get a brief glimpse of the beautiful ceremony which took place in the Chapel. It was all a mystery to the little stranger, but it left a deep impression on her mind, for she had a more delicate soul than the ordinary child who has never known a mother's love or a father's care.

Little by little she was made to understand that she was now among friends and that she had nothing to fear from her former cruel masters. Then, after considerable coaxing on the part of the Sisters in whose charge she was placed, she related her strange story, which it would take too long to tell in full, but which amounted to this: Her father was the chief or prince of the village in which she was born, and which was at a great distance from the sea coast, away off beyond the mountains. One day, all the men of the village, under the leadership of her brave father, were out in the forest hunting a man-eating lion that had been troubling the neighborhood. Toward evening, a band of the terrible Arabs came down upon the village and bound the women and children in chains to take them to the coast as slaves. When the men appeared, after their long hunt was over, they were shot down without mercy by the cruel conquerors, and not a single one escaped.

Oh! what a sad and fearful day that was for the little Suema and her good mother! That very night, the caravan started off toward the coast. But the mother's heart was broken, as she thought of her husband's death and of her child's misfortune. She could not eat even the little that was given her—and at last got so weak and feverish for want of food, and from the constant beating of the Arab who had charge of this division, that she could not keep up with the caravan any longer. He was, indeed, a most cruel monster! He beat the poor creatures with a heavy lash, and even struck them, over and over again, with the bayonet of his gun.

Still the brave little Suema clung to her dear mother, and tried to make her eat and drink a little—but it was no use—for she could no longer stand upon her feet. At this the Arab became enraged, and, one morning when the poor slaves were dragged into line with the loads of ivory on their shoulders, he caught Suema's mother by the feet, and dashed her down a little sand-hill where they had stopped that night. They were not long on the march when the poor child, who had not seen this horrible outrage, missed her mother. She guessed what had happened, and sure enough, when she managed to run back, she saw her stretched upon the sand in the last agony of death, while the air above was black with vultures, waiting for the moment of death to tear her body to pieces. Suema was advancing toward her mother when she was seized by the cruel man who, after a volley of oaths, gave her a terrible beating and dragged her along with the caravan.

After a long and weary journey they reached the coast and the town of znbar, where the prisoners were sold in the slave market. Suema was

bought by a rich man, who wanted her to work in his kitchen. But she was too feeble to work—and, from day to day, she pined away until, at length, her master, in a fit of rage, resolved to bury her alive. True to his word, he carried her to the graveyard, where he dug a hole about two feet deep, and threw her in to die (as he thought) a living death. And so, indeed, she would have died, only for the two young men who rescued her that night from the wild beasts.

Such was Suema's story of what she had suffered up to the Christmas night when she was brought to the cheerful Convent.

She soon became strong and healthy. At the same time she improved wonderfully in her catechism, as the months of the following year flew around. Indeed, she was so bright and good, that after a while her only thought was of the day when she would wear the white robe and hold the lighted candle and walk in the procession like the children she had seen on the last Christmas morning, which she could never forget. This time, there was a large class of children ready to be baptized. And although Suema was by far the brightest of all, yet she was too gentle to make any of her companions jealous of the place she held in the class.

There was a custom among the children at the time—and, in fact, it is practiced even at the present day—that all who are candidates for Confirmation or First Communion make a special preparation of a few days' retreat before the feast on which the ceremony takes place. During these days of preparation the children strive to be unusually quiet and recollected. So it was with Suema and her companions, in the Orphan Asylum.

As Christmas fell on a Tuesday, the children began their retreat on Saturday. Everything went well the first day, and all were feeling happy and contented, when, suddenly, about supper time, great cries were heard in the neighborhood of the Convent.

For some time previous it had been rumored that the Sultan was about to wage war on some Arab troops who, against his orders, had been making slaves of the inhabitants as they had done of poor Suema's parents. The crisis had come at last—and now it was known that the battle had been fought and lost by the Arabs, who were all killed or almost mortally wounded. Several of the latter were taken along, and the commander of the troops, while passing by the Convent, resolved to ask the charitable Sisters to admit the unfortunate men and nurse their wounds. Thus it was that, on that Saturday night, the Convent was unexpectedly transformed into a hospital.

Five poor fellows, more severely wounded than the others, were placed in the care of the Sister who taught Suema's class. So when the children heard what had happened, they were all anxious to have the honor of assisting their good Mistress in attending to the wounded men. But the Sister's choice fell upon Suema, who was as bright and clever as she was good and edifying. She ran off, therefore, with joy, for a basin of warm water and a sponge.

On her return to the room in which the unfortunate Arabs lay stretched on the bare floor, she found the Sister bending over a poor but fierce-looking man, who was breathing heavily, as if about to die. "Bring me the wet sponge," said the Sister.

But, before she could turn around, Suema had fainted, letting basin, water and everything fall to the ground, with a loud crash.

"It is he," she cried, "it is the man that burned our village and beat my mother to death!"

And so it was. But he was now unconscious. "What will Suema do?" asked the Sister when they had brought her out to the open air. Alas! they soon saw what she felt, by her looks. For as soon as she recovered, she rushed to the door with glaring eyes and clenched fists. She was brought back with difficulty. Then, after a while, she was told—and even her Mistress herself cried, when telling her—that she was not ready to be baptized and be made a Christian! Oh! what a shock this was for the poor Suema! It was now she began to see that she was not perfect—and she cried and wept and wandered about the Convent—until she came to the Chapel door. Here she stopped, as if afraid to go in. She looked towards where the others were already preparing the little crib, and she thought of that terrible night a year ago, when God had saved her from the wild beasts! She knelt down and asked the Infant Jesus to purify her heart. Then she rose up and stole quietly, without being observed, to the sick man's room, where the Sister was still sitting by the side of the bed. "Oh! Sister," whispered Suema, "do let me help you—I'll try and be good." The Sister allowed her to come in. She held the basin while the Sister washed the Arab's wounds. The poor little child felt her heart softening toward the unfortunate dying man. How happy she now felt! How happy she felt next day, when she was allowed to be baptized with her companions!

Hers was, indeed, a "Happy Christmas." Hers was, indeed, a Christian's revenge!

*T. A. Dunne, '03.*



"PROGRESS! progress all things cry;  
Progress, nature's golden rule!  
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky,  
Learn in nature's wonderous school.  
Earth from chaos sprang sublime;  
Broad oaks from acorns grow;  
Insects laboring build in time  
Mighty islands from below."

"PRESS we on through good and ill,  
Progress be our watchword still."

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## ...EDITORIALS...

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WHY not exercise the same Christian spirit of charity between College Journals, that is supposed to exist between persons? This would not prevent that candid spirit of manliness in receiving, as well as fearlessness, though fairness, in giving, well-meant and kindly criticism. "*In dubiis libertas . . . in omnibus charitas!*"



## Sensible Advice.

We desire to endorse, most emphatically, the very sensible advice and suggestions given in the March number of the Columbus *Spectator*, in regard to the functions and purpose of the *Exchange* Department. "Let us have exchange columns by all means; let there be more men in our college world who will help to augment the world's wisdom by criticising or praising the

product of fertile minds. If your criticism is just, you are only doing us and others a grateful service if you make mention of it in your exchange column."

In this connection we may also advert to the extremely just and encouraging words of the *Fordham Monthly*, which covers the same ground, while condemning in well-merited terms the "scathing and cynical criticism" of a certain contemporary Journal. "Let us rather," says the *Monthly*, "bring to light the good points which are interspersed throughout their pages, and with the true decorum of gentlemen, let us call to their attention the passages which may be of doubtful strength or beauty."

T. A. D.



### Good Habits.

It is not the spirit of sermonizing that prompts us to make any suggestion that may be of value to a student, either for his present sojourn within the walls of his *Alma Mater* or for his future career of usefulness and success. Such questions, therefore, as early rising, exactitude and method in details of class-work, making good use of one's time, &c., may seem, at first sight, to be of such a trivial nature, and of such passing importance, as scarcely to be worthy of comment on an editorial page. And yet, even if it should be admitted that such is the case—that such subjects or questions are trivial—it could be said that a great deal of philosophy has been woven, oftentimes, out of seemingly small subjects.

The ultimate importance of economy in regard to study-time at College is obvious to every student that realizes the true purposes of his brief College life. The same thing may be said of method in the preparation of his class-work and lectures—which method is no doubt suggested to him by his professors or directors, and which, of course, it is the part of prudence and even of common-sense to adopt and maintain with perseverance.

As for other good habits to which we allude, it is not of little importance to ask ourselves whether, by our neglect of those simple regulations, we are not infringing upon Nature's laws in transforming—as we sometimes see done—the day into night and the night into day. These are elements that have much to do with the success or failure of our work—our business—our health—and even of our life. Indeed, such a practice as early rising, as well as promptitude and regularity in retiring to rest, or its reverse, may be considered as a pivot on which revolves our daily life—giving the tone to our work during the coming day, and being, itself, oftentimes, the reflex of our entire character.

It is not, therefore, beneath us to discuss, and much less to insist upon, these little problems—these practices, which are such important factors in our life and which play such an essential part in the daily duties that, in the long run, make up the sum total of our career upon this earth.

W. O. W.

## Every Man the Architect of His Own Fortune.

“All are architects of fate,  
Working in the halls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme  
For the structure that we raise.  
Time is with materials filled—  
Our todays and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.”

LONGFELLOW.

Of the millions that people the earth to-day, there are very few who have reached the pinnacle of success without individual labor and effort. Every man is indeed the architect of his own fortune. God created this earth for man, and man endowed with free will and with powers of soul and body, exerted himself in an effort to become happy—to satisfy his innate yearnings and desires which were implanted within his breast after banishment from Eden. Well does he know there is no perfect happiness on this side of the grave, yet in his unrest he wanders here and there, busying himself with this and that employment, serving God’s punishment of “eating his bread in the sweat of his brow”—all in his endeavor to obtain rest.

These efforts, though failing in their original purpose, bring about certain results known as Success or Fortune. With some, success means financial independence, with others, position. Some strive to gain renown in trades and professions, others modestly perform their simple duties and are considered successful. But whatever may be the criterion of success, just as the reflection in a mirror depends upon the reflected body, so does man’s success represent his individual ability and application. Nowadays in the face of such driving competition we must be

“up and doing  
with a heart for any fate.”

In the fierce battle of Life all are not equally armed. Some have the advantages of health, wealth, education, influence; yet how often do we find these defeated by the very ones who were thought weaker! We point with admiration to what we term “self-made men”—men who have been the architects of their own fortune, men who succeeded, by determination and unflinching energy, in out-distancing their more fortunate rivals.

See to what depths of woe was Henry IV. of Germany reduced after beginning life with education, power and happy dispositions. We need but name Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln as examples of self-made success.

The chief fault of some men is that they do not take advantage of their opportunities. They may be hard working and industrious, yet never succeed. They say that “luck” is against them and that they were not born to

succeed. This is the age of specialists. No one who drifts along aimlessly can ever hope to succeed.

“Half the wrecks that strew life’s ocean,  
If some star had been the guide,  
Might have now been safely anchored,  
But they drifted with the tide.”

In order to succeed in life we must choose some *one* object, then exert every effort in the attainment of that object. We must also use our utmost strength in surmounting the obstacles which confront us, and above all we must persevere. Some men succeed well enough until they meet with a rebuff of fortune; then they become disheartened and give up the fight. It has been said that Fortune knocks at least once at the door of every man, and Shakespeare, with much truth, has said:

“There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

All this is but saying that every man is the architect of his own fortune.

T. H.



## ALL A DREAM.

Night’s mystic shades caressed the weary day;  
All Nature slept—no sound was heard to mar  
Her rest—when from my couch I stole away  
To seek the distant shores of that lone bay  
Where wavelets bright with silent spirits play!  
My heart’s own voice, a guide—my light, a star!

’Twas there, methought, that dwelt the spirit fair  
Of one who, in my childhood’s prime, to me  
Had summed up all that’s beautiful and rare;  
In every joy we shared—a happy pair!  
Till Death, alas! to whom all flesh is heir,  
Called Ethel to her grave beneath the sea!

The flowers stared, as from the outer hall,  
Across their garden beds I gently crept,  
And hastened toward my gallant charger’s stall  
Who truly seemed to comprehend it all—  
So knowingly he answered to my call,  
And out before his master gently stepped!

Thus on and on, with ne'er a thought of wrong,  
By white church yards where willows sadly wave  
'Neath maple boughs and olden oak trees strong,  
Where owls and owlets screech their midnight song.  
My noble steed and I flew far and long—  
To reach the shores of that lone watery grave.

Then o'er a wild and dreary desert plain  
Unto a hill with umber, wooded side:  
Straightway we climbed its craggy, crooked lane,  
Dissev'ring twigs and shrubbery in twain—  
Till where my eyes beheld the outstretched main,  
Just as the dawn was ush'ring in the tide.

Adown the hill a babbling brooklet flows  
To where the billows roll upon the beach;  
Along its banks the fragrant lily grows,  
The lone forget-me-not, the lover's rose;  
While on and on its every ripple glows,  
E'en though the willows try its course to breach.

The night had kissed her sister, day, farewell—  
And she was fading in the sunlight's hue—  
Then, as the wild waves sang their earliest knell,  
Methought I saw upon an in-bound swell  
Approaching where the brook abruptly fell,  
A small white figure in a white canoe!

'Twas she—and soon her voice rang through the dale,  
But oh! so low and so divinely sweet!  
Its notes were lost upon the morning gale  
That swiftly rose her dolefulness to wail;  
And when she slowly raised her snow-white veil,  
My heart within me 'gan to throb and beat.

Now on a further crag I sprang—from where,  
Far, far below, I saw her tresses layed

And burnished by the Day-king's radiant glare!  
 She plucked a rose and placed it in her hair;  
 Oh! could I, as in childhood days, now dare  
 To whisper one sweet word? 'Twas all I craved.

Just then the self-same swell I saw before,  
 Approached to where the brooklet's waters gleam,  
 And, ere I stood upon the foamy shore,  
 "Too late," I heard the breakers wildly roar;  
 The waves had claimed the figure white once more,  
 And then ——— I woke, to find it *all a dream.*

W. O. Walker.



### EXCHANGES.

WE must acknowledge the delicacy and justice of our esteemed contemporary, the *Loretto Magazine*, in answer to some kindly comment upon the January Number. In the March Number, the article upon Longfellow's Sonnets has made us love more than ever our amiable American Poet.

It cannot but be productive of much good to dwell occasionally upon the writings, the style or the characteristics of the various classical authors that are placed in the hands of all students during their collegiate course. There may, here and there, be some slight unconscious contradictions, some inaccuracies, some immature canons of literary criticism developed—but there will inevitably result a real and permanent effect, in the incitement which such varied criticisms will give to a more thorough acquaintance and familiarity with these great masters of English style. This good effect will surely be noticeable from a serious perusal of such deep articles as this of "Four Stylists and Their Influence," in *St. Vincent's Journal*, of last month, "Early American Novelists," in the *Tamarack*, "Our Most Popular Poet," in the *St. Joseph's Collegian*, and "The Late John Ruskin," in *The Dial*.



### OBITUARY.

REV. ROBERT L. TOBIN.

We have just received the sad tidings of the death of our former esteemed Professor, the Rev. Father Tobin, C. S. Sp. He was called to his reward in the prime of life, after a long and severe attack of bronchitis and asthma, at Tucson, Arizona, on March 26th. His death was that of a true and devoted Missionary. *R. I. P.*

We regret that the exigencies of space, at this late hour, oblige us to

leave to our next issue a more detailed and more befitting notice upon the edifying life of our esteemed Father Tobin.

#### JOHN D. MURPHY.

We extend the expression of our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family of our fellow-student, Jos. Murphy, '04, in their grief at the loss of their third son, John D., who died on the night of Wednesday, March 21st, at the age of 16. The deceased was the third son of Mr. John Murphy, the General Superintendent of the United Traction Company, and had suffered for many months from rheumatism of the heart. Everything possible had been done for him but in vain. The Saturday previous to his death he was brought home from Mount Clemens, Mich., where he had been for some time. On the day of his death he was in unusually good spirits, but suddenly took worse and died that night at 10 o'clock.

A Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated on March 24th by Father D. Devlin, with Fathers May, of Braddock, deacon, and P. A. McDermott, of the Holy Ghost College, sub-deacon, and Father Thomas Devlin, master of ceremonies.

The bright little boy was a great favorite with all his companions and even with all the employes of the Company to whom he had particularly endeared himself.



#### SOCIETIES AND SODALITIES.

One of the chief events of the past month was the reception into the various sodalities, held on Friday afternoon, March 16. The candidates who had been preparing for some time, were very numerous, especially in the Sodalities of the Holy Angels and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, those in the latter numbering no less than fifty. The Rev. President, in a short but fitting sermon, explained the object of each society and instructed the candidates as to the special virtues they engaged themselves to cultivate, by enrolling themselves under these holy standards. To the members of the Grammar Class aspiring to be members of the Sodality of the Child Jesus, he counseled innocence and obedience, after the example of the Child Jesus; to those of the Academics, about to place themselves under the protection of the Holy Angels, he recommended the development of a spirit of prayer and watchfulness, of which no better example can be found than that of the Holy Spirits; to the members of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes and Senior Business Course, about to consecrate themselves to the Blessed Virgin, under the banner of her Immaculate Heart, he protracted the great necessity of striving in an especial manner to imitate her purity and zeal for the glory of her Divine Son. Lastly, he exhorted the Juniors and Seniors already members, and those about to become members, of the Sodality of the Holy

Ghost, to seize every opportunity to promote devotion to the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, thereby to secure for its members the possession of His gifts and fruits.

#### PHI ALPHA.

A spirit of friendship and fraternity is usually found among those who are associated for a common object. Hence the very mention of these virtues at once suggests to the mind ideas of mutual support, encouragement and co-operation, which are elements of no little educational value. Hence, also, if ever you find a college where this spirit is lacking, you will find an institution where real progress and collegiate success are absent; while, on the other hand, if such a cordial spirit is cherished, the wholesome and desirable atmosphere of loyalty and real charity will be found to prevail, and intellectual enlightenment will be wonderfully promoted thereby.

The sentiment of benevolence and cordiality has never been wanting among the students of Pittsburg College; but this year it is more manifest, if such be possible, than in former years. The general desire for its promotion is showing itself in unmistakable signs, particularly in the origination of the society of "Phi Alpha," devoted exclusively to the development of a spirit of fraternity, Christian charity and loyalty to one another and to the college.

The "Phi Alpha" was organized in the Commercial Department, December 15th last, when a constitution was adopted and officers were elected: There are at present about thirty active members, who continue their membership even after they finish their college course.

The society holds monthly meetings, July and August excepted. The following are the officers for the present year: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. H. J. McDermott; President, Mr. J. B. Topham; First Vice-President, H. J. Gaynor; Second Vice President, E. J. Huckenstein; Recording Secretary, J. H. Sackville; Corresponding Secretary, F. F. Turnblacer; Treasurer, E. B. Phalen.

*E. J. Huckenstein.*



#### A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Notre Dame University has given its Laetare Medal this year to Mr. John A. Creighton, of Omaha, Neb. He is one of the prominent business men of that city and a munificent benefactor to education and charity. He increased the endowment of Creighton College, which was founded by his brother, Edward, and the latter's wife; he built St. Joseph's Hospital at a cost of \$250,000; he founded the Creighton Medical College; he gave generously to the fund for the erection of St. John's Church; he built the convent of the Poor Clares, etc., etc.

This is indeed an example worthy of imitation by our wealthy Catholics, who take any interest in higher Catholic education

We have been obliged to leave out in this issue several interesting comments made by our Exchange Editor, as well as the columns devoted to the "Alumni" and the "Sunday Evening Entertainments."

### ATHLETICS.

The weather during the entire month of March has been, for out-of-door exercise and games, the worst we have experienced for many years. It is no wonder, therefore, that we have been unable to make a final selection of the First Baseball Team, to represent the Red and Blue for the coming season. The grounds are only now beginning to get into sufficient shape and condition to allow a preliminary practice game.

As for the candidates, they are legion, this year. We never had better and more ambitious material. The boarders, especially, include a large amount of baseball timber of excellent quality. All we can do, therefore, just now will be to mention the names of the candidates: Conway, J., Conway, P., Curran, Davin, Gaynor, Gapin, Gillespie, Huckensteine, Klein, Kossler, Kraus, McLane, W., McKenna, Mayer, F. and C., O'Hare, D. and J., Phalen, Smith, Walsh.

The schedule is in a fair way to be completed—and games have been arranged with some of the best teams in Pittsburg and its vicinity.

There will also be a strong Junior team, not only because of the number of extra candidates mentioned for the First Eleven, who would be numerous enough to make a good Reserve Team, but also because of the excellent material among the younger boys. Of last year's Junior teams there are still plenty to start the season with a good eleven, such as R. Cousins, W. O'Connor, J. O'Connor, J. Sackville, J. Hartigan, F. A. Roehrig and George Roehrig, Kubler, G. McLane, J. Coveney, Robinson, Arens, J. Willis, Price, Berner and Bolus.

Altogether the outlook for this year is very bright—and it is gratifying already to note that never was so much enthusiasm manifested at the beginning of any season, as for that of 1900.



Good-night, dear friend, we lay thee down to sleep  
For evening shades have closed upon thy day.  
Sleep on: sleep on and rest, while we that weep  
Will journey farther down this lonely way.

Thy life-song echo, friend, has come and gone,  
But still its music lingers with us yet.  
'Twill wander with us where we journey on,  
And we'll remember,—aye, we can't forget.

*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

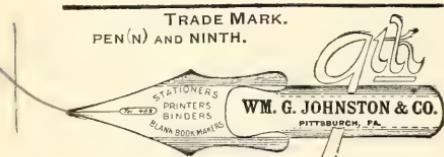
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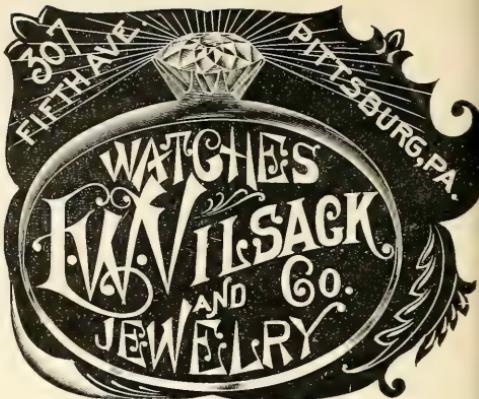
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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

Vol. VI.

PITTSBURG, PA., MAY 1900.

No. 8.



## UNREST!

When I am tired and things go wrong,  
And the weary hours are wild to be free,  
And Strife sings on its sad, sad song,  
And the days don't seem they were made for me,  
I gaze away where mystic skies  
Are measuring out their infinite deep,  
And far along my spirit flies  
On the wings of a hope that dreams of sleep.

But stars are dead and fixed and still,  
And there isn't a sound of music there,  
And not a spark to fire or thrill,  
Nor a joy nor sorrow nor human care;  
But only vacancies that long  
For the noise and din of the world again—  
And Mem'ry's truer, sadder song:  
“That the stars are not for the hearts of men!”

Alfred McCann, '00.



## HELLENIC ESCHATOLOGY:

or

### What the Greeks Believed About the World Beyond the Veil.

"Man dieth and wasteth away; he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—*Job. XIV., 10.*

"Protè, thou art not dead; but thou hast passed to better lands"—*Greek inscription on a tomb at Rome.*

Of all natural truths—I mean, of all truths attainable by our reason,—the first, most sublime and most intensely important is, of course, the existence of God; the second flows from this, to wit, our relations to God.—Only the fool says (and that in his heart, for fear he might be heard and laughed at), "*There is no God!*" Mankind has ever held the proposition—"There is a God," to be as certain as a first principle; nay, many even hold, though erroneously, that it is a first principle, grasped by the intelligence as soon as presented to its consideration. If we take for granted that there is a God, our relations to Him at once become obvious, and Tennyson's words grate harshly on our ears:

"Thou madest man, he knows not why."

Plato knew why. The Deity, he tells us, is the beginning, the middle and the end of all—the measure of all.

If there is a God, He is necessarily our first principle and last end, "for in Him we live, move and have our being."

Our *velle*, and *posse*, and *agere* come from Him.

"Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

Yes, our wills are ours, and they are free; our actions, too, are ours, and we are free to perform them for Him who has given us the power, and helps us in their very performance. Now our Reason tells us, our Conscience whispers in the silence of the soul, that, not a passing recompense, a temporal guerdon, but an eternal endowment, not indeed a supernatural one, for that is the free gift of God, not the vision of the Almighty, for to such the finite can lay no claim, is due to our free actions referred to God and done in Him. But Reason tells us about a retribution of another kind; Conscience, too, proclaims it—wicked actions, actions whose end and measure is not God, but ourselves, must receive, not a momentary look of displeasure from the benign All-Father, but an endless punishment, if not retracted before the day of reckoning. If our Reason and Conscience teach us all this, then our immortality is assured, then our own life teaches us "that life shall live forevermore." Were death the end of all, life would not be worth living, and each one of us could say with Tennyson, and justly:

“What then were God to such as I?  
’Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die;  
  
“’Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.”

The importance of any inquiry into the after-life of the soul is gathered from the intimate connection between that doctrine and the capital doctrines of Christianity. One retrospective glance at our origin and destiny as told in the Bible will suffice to convince us of this.

From the beginning God gave to man an exceeding sublime, a supernatural destiny. The creating formula says as much, and the story of man's creation confirms it—man is to be made according to the image and likeness of his Maker. God conversed familiarly with His first earthly children in the garden of Eden, just as the incarnate Wisdom, “when the fulness of time was come,” discoursed with the children of Abraham in the streets of Sion and on the Galilean lake—the *Cum hominibus conversatus est* of Baruch is a narrative of the past as well as a prediction of what was to come. Lastly, to remove all doubt, if there remains any on this head, in the New Testament the Redemption is set forth as a reparation, a re-edification of a former, but long since fallen and ruined condition. What we had lost in Eden, we regained on Calvary.

If man had corresponded with the designs of God in his regard, if he had worked out his destiny after God's original idea, his consummation would have been far beyond what was naturally due to him. All nature, too, would have had a share in this glorification. But the free gift was freely forfeited, the glorious destiny spurned by man. Christ the “strong Son of God, immortal Love,” restored the marred harmony between man and his destiny, and emancipated nature will rejoice in the new glorification of her fellow creature.

Thus it is clear that the doctrine of the end of man and of the universe as well as of their future condition stands in close relationship with the other doctrines of Holy Writ, but especially with the doctrine of creation of the world and of man by God, of the essential constitution of our human nature, of the nature and origin of the human soul, of Original Sin and its punishment, and of the Redemption. Wherefore, the Scriptural teaching concerning the consummation is not so much a new revelation as a logical development of a series of revealed truths. Hence arises the peculiar character of the eschatological problem. A purely speculative enquiry will lead to no result. An enquiry founded on the dogmas of natural religion will lead to results which, though unsatisfactory, and lacking certainty, and, in consequence, practical utility, yet contribute not a little to a better under-

standing and appreciation of the revealed, and therefore true, solution.

The influence of Grecian thought on the world at large was, and still is, very marked. The later Jewish and the early Christian writers were more especially affected by it. Now the burthen of the best Hellenic philosophy is God, the soul, and their reciprocal relations; and, foremost among these, in Plato's philosophy, the after life of the soul. The object of this paper is to examine the Grecian eschatology, or views about the future state, not, indeed, by following the vari-colored, and, in many instances, blurred and indistinct picture through its frequent changes in the course of time, and through its many phases of development, but by studying only the essentials, in as far as they influenced, to a greater or less degree, the doctrine of Christian writers. Every one acquainted with Christian eschatology will at once recognize the extent of the Hellenic influence. Strange to say the farther we go back in the history of Greek philosophy, the clearer the lines of religious belief are drawn. "In the philosophy of Greece," says Frederic Schlegel, "its later systems and sects, which were so thoroughly false and pernicious, were preceded by at least a comparatively better and higher view, — by a purer theory of science and truth." —(Philosophy of Life.)

To the earlier Greek philosophers and poets, therefore, we must go to learn what Hellenism, at its best, has taught the world about man's destiny and the prospect beyond the veil.

The Greeks, like all other nations, looked on death as a great misfortune—for them, too, it had its bitterness and its sting. In the *Republic*, Plato has accurately depicted the state of the "ancient conscience" with regard to hell. "For, be well assured, O Socrates," says Cephalus, "that when anyone is near that time when he thinks he is going to die, there enter into him fear and anxiety. For then the old stories about hell, how that the man who has here been guilty of wrong, must there suffer punishment, torture his soul. Wherefore he, who in the retrospect of his life, finds many crimes, like frightened children starting from their sleep, is terrified, and lives in evil forebodings." It was only when disgusted by this earth's miseries and their own wretched lot, that they welcomed death as a deliverer. We are not surprised to hear the exiled Theognis crying out in despair:

"Not to be born—never to see the sun—  
No worldly blessing is a greater one !  
And the next best is speedily to die,  
And, left beneath a load of earth, to lie."

It remained for Socrates to throw at least a doubt on the superior blessedness of this life. "The hour of departure has arrived," he tells his judges, "and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows." But neither the doctrine nor the more powerful example of the Athenian sage could persuade his countrymen that death was aught

else than the "descent to Pluto's dreary reign," "to the dolesome realms of darkness," "to the black palace of eternal night."

"Not all the preaching since Adam,  
Can make Death other than Death."

This way of looking at death prevailed at all times amongst the Greeks; the representation, however, of the life beyond, changed considerably.

In the Homeric poems, death is the separation of the *Psyche* from the body, and the descent of the former into Hades, for in the *Iliad* the bard sings Achilles' wrath

"Which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign,  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;  
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore."

But what does the descent to Hades involve? What becomes of the soul? An *eidolon*, a shadow, a form of dreamland, that vanishes like smoke in the air, is the answer given by the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

"Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,  
Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like empty wind,  
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind."—*Od. XI.*, 222.

The writer of the *Odyssey* believed that the soul, once separated from the body lost the *Nous*, the thinking faculty. Circè tells Ulysses that he has "to tread the uncomfortable paths beneath," before he reaches his native shore.

"There (she says) seek the Theban bard, deprived of sight;  
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;  
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,  
Gave to retain the *unseparated* soul.  
The rest are forms of empty ether made,  
*Impassive* semblance, and a flitting shade."—*Od. IX.*, 494.

This *eidolon*, this form of empty ether, after separation from the body, sinks under the earth and musters with the dwellers of the dark palace over which Hades holds sway. Hades, the Orcus of the Latin mythology—variously styled "*Aides*," "*Haides*," "*Ais*," "*Aidoneus*," the lord of the "dark and dreary realm," was the son of Cronus, and the brother of Zeus. When the ambitious Titans were hurled, vanquished, from the lofty battlements of high Olympus, and the kin of Jupiter divided the empire of the universe amongst themselves, the nether world fell to Hades, and soon the place received its ruler's name. With stern and implacable voice, Hades summons the souls of mortals to his abode, and keeps them there enchained without hope of evermore seeing the light of day.

"There creature never passed,  
That back returned."

But the poet wisely adds—"without heavenly grace," for a few privileg-

ed ones were permitted to return from the land of the shades; Orpheus released Eurydice; Alcestis, too, rejoined Admetus; Ulysses visited the "world beneath," but into Erebus, into the deeper darkness, into the proper realms of Hades, even he could not penetrate. He was allowed to view the "Stygian bounds," to stand on the "direful coast;" but that was all.—(*Od. XI., 564.*)

The Homeric conception of hell is preserved in the writings of *Hesiod*. In the *Works and Days* we read that the generation of the brazen age—hard and ferocious—"of adamant each unyielding breast" ignominiously descends to Hades and is "in horrid darkness plunged, the house of Hell."

Hades was, therefore, in the minds of the ancients, a real place. *Hesiod* even describes its location with minuteness. Jove, he tells us in the *Theogony*, having "put forth all the god, and loosed his whole of might," and with the aid of his infernal hundred-handed auxiliaries overwhelmed the Titans, sends them beneath the earth—"as far beneath under earth, as Heaven is from earth, for equal is the space from earth to murky Tartarus."

(to be continued.)



## THE EASTER LILY.

"There is  
A lesson in each flower,  
A story in each tree and bower.  
In every herb on which we tread  
Are written words, which, rightly read,  
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod  
To hope and holiness to God."—*Flowers and Festivals*.

Nothing in Nature appeals more strongly to the sensibilities of the heart than the flowers. They speak a language of their own, to which he who would learn the really beautiful needs but to lend his ear. To many, the rose speaks in sweeter, grander tones than any other flower; for others, the violet has a particular attraction; others, again, are most pleased with the gorgeous crysanthemum or the gaudy poppy.

But, should I be asked to select from earth's fair gardens the flower I love best, my choice would fall on

The lily, of all the children of the spring  
The palest—fairest, too, where fair ones are.

Among the countless blossoms that clothe the radiant fields in spring and summer time, none has rarer charms. What a daintily sculptured cup it opens before us! Its crystal tissue, delicate as gossamer, soft as velvet, might have been fashioned by angels' ethereal fingers. How exquisitely it is moulded! How gracefully it expands! Its six petals are so perfect in form

that they almost blend into a waxen chalice. The delicate stamens spring forth from a centre shrouded in soft light, and each is tipped with a tiny golden ball. How frail they seem! Yet we can but feebly express our delight in contemplating the graceful symmetry of their form and arrangement.

How chaste is its color, spotless white! How soft, how creamy, how velvety it is, and yet almost transparent! Its purity is without taint. Its splendor is as the glistening snow. It is radiantly white, yet restful and soothing. It ravishes while it subdues.

From its snowy depths it breathes forth an incomparable fragrance; not so strong as the rose, but stealing on the senses with a grateful penetration, so gentle, so refreshing!

Its scent is as pure as its color. It is not too rich, but it induces a feeling of tranquil sweetness, which may be likened to the sensation produced by incense borne on the soft evening air through the lofty vaults of some ancient cathedral.

But what is there in the lily that affords me such pleasure? I must confess that it is not its fragrance alone, nor its softly moulded form, nor yet its unparalleled purity of color. Though these qualities inspire me with admiration, they would not be sufficient cause to prefer the lily before all other flowers. The associations connected with it are the mainsprings of my love for this flower without spot. The sentiments it seems to embody in itself, and the virtues it is chosen to symbolize, are the fountains of my attraction toward it.

From a hundred thousand shrines of Mary Immaculate it sends out

"Its perfume rare  
And odors sweet of prayer."

On the altars of the Virgin Mother it is the chosen flower. It is selected to adorn her statues, and to bring home to our minds, as the most appropriate and expressive symbol,—her majestic purity. "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee," sang the psalmist of old, addressing the future Mother of the Redeemer; and as the lily is the most chaste among the flowers, it is chosen as an emblem of Mary's spotlessness. Holy Church also applies to her those other words of the inspired writer, "As the lily among thorns, so in my beloved among the daughters;" and she dedicates to her the beautiful month of May, during which the lily blooms in greatest profusion and in unapproachable freshness and beauty.

Now that the joyful Paschal feast has come, the lily is once more seen upon our altars. Coming when April's life-laden winds wake the flowers from their wintry slumbers, this feast of the Resurrection is beautifully typified by the lily. As of old the Savior rose when faintly glowed Judea's eastern sky, so now the lily's soft morning-tints betoken Nature's awakening. And as of yore the breeze of Spring waved 'round the fragrance of sweet flowers

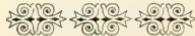
that sprang up at His tread, so e'en to-day the lily overflows with perfume on Easter's glad morn.

“In reverence before its risen Master,  
Where censers smoke and perfumed vapor drifts,  
Its frosted vase of flawless alabaster  
The fragile lily lifts.  
“So may our prayers, like fragrant incense blending,  
Waft to His throne love's breath divinely sweet,  
And may our hearts, like lilies lowly bending,  
Find favor at His feet!”—*P. J. Coleman, in May, 1899, Messenger.*

Since the lily is the emblem of chastity, many saints are pictured carrying it in their hands. St. Joseph, the spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, stands preeminent among these. Martyrs, confessors and virgins bear the lily in token of their purity. In their hallowed ranks, the three great patrons of youth, St. Stanislas, St. Aloysius, and St. John Berchmans, hold high and exalted places; for they kept their souls spotless as the fairest of flowers.

Thou art a queen of flowers, O chaste lily! We love thee, we pay thee the tribute of our admiration for the beauties thou showest us, and the sweet virtues of which thou art the symbol. We will gladly gather thee from the blossoming fields to deck our Mother's altar, for thou art truly Mary's flower! By thy beauty and purity may we be led upward to Him, the splendor and majesty of whose beauty and purity “eye hath not seen!”

*J. A. Malloy, '04.*



### Summer Schools on the Continent.

Though it must have taxed, to a certain extent their national pride and conservatism, the English scholars, as we saw in a previous article, have not failed to adopt our Chatauquan system of Summer vacation studies. Even Oxford, the shrine and citadel of all that is most sacred to the students of Great Britain, has followed in the wake of Cambridge, and now finds large numbers of educated Englishmen and foreigners attending the summer meetings held within its famous College gardens.

It is true that they are not the equivalent of a University course; nor is it in the hope of carrying away the lectures of this or that eminent Professor, however excellent, that these holiday students flock thither. It is rather to imbibe the atmosphere and influences of Oxford itself, a result more valuable than mere book-learning, that educated strangers and visitors have begun to spend their summer months around the walks of Addison and the groves of Magdalen. No other city can out-rival Oxford in the multiplicity of features and charms that appeal to the true student. As Mathew Arnold has said:

"Beautiful city ! So venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene ! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her garments to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling one nearer to the ideal—to perfection?"

But, now-a-days, it is not only in English-speaking countries that the Summer School has taken root. It flourishes even on the Continent—and, though we cannot have the gratification of attributing its birth on Latin or Teutonic soil to an imitation of our American methods, it has come to be a fixed institution, with its courses, lectures and prospectuses, in true Chautauquan style.

In France, the Summer Schools owed their origin, some twenty years ago to a patriotic alliance, whose objects were the establishment of better social and commercial relations with their colonies and dependencies, and the development in peaceful ways, beyond the seas, of the French race, which, on the Continent of Europe, is increasing but slowly. The alliance also proposes to cultivate and unite the French elements which are now scattered in many lands, to encourage everywhere a knowledge of the French language and literature, to draw closer the ties of intellectual and moral sympathy which already exist between France and other countries, and to aid French missionaries and teachers in the Orient and elsewhere to found and maintain schools.

It will thus be seen that this is really more of a patriotic than a literary purpose. No wonder, therefore, that it was approved and recognized as an establishment of public utility by decree of the President of the French Republic, in October, 1886. Six years ago, however, the Alliance concluded to organize, during the summer vacation, courses of instruction specially designed for foreigners and teachers who desired to perfect themselves in a knowledge of the language, literature and institutions of France. At the end of these summer courses a committee on examinations was to award diplomas according to merit.

The first season was not so very successful in point of attendance; but what was lacking in numbers, found ample compensation in zeal and enthusiasm, so that the French Summer School has grown, in turn, to be a most welcome and valuable institution, especially to foreigners. The very privilege which all the students enrolled, whether in the advanced or in the elementary course, enjoy in being able to join in the systematic visitation of the various museums, monuments and works of art, is in itself a most precious boon. What a grand opportunity is found in those art excursions, under the most competent and scholarly direction, to such treasures as only Paris, second after Rome herself, can furnish to the ambitious student ! What better ideal than this of a summer course that combines the varied

pleasures of recreation with the valuable lessons and inspirations of the highest artistic instruction?

As a proof, however, that these summer courses are not merely destined to gratify the curiosity of the foreign museum-visitor and relic-hunter, but embrace a solid curriculum in the various branches of French literature, we have only to give a sample or two of the subject matter mapped out for one of the annual examinations held at the close of these summer courses, as taken from the Examination Papers of 1896.

The tests made of candidates for the higher certificates were: first, a French essay upon one of two proposed subjects, for example: "What was the influence of the *Pensées de Pascal* upon French literature in the seventeenth century?"—secondly, an oral examination upon the history and theory of French grammar.

The tests made of candidates for the lower certificates in the elementary course were—first, a French composition, for example,—a sketch of the life of Molière; or an easy narrative or children's story—secondly, an oral examination on modern French Grammar and on the elements of French literature. To the certificates is appended a note regarding the candidates' pronunciation of French. It is noteworthy that out of 31 successful candidates for the higher certificates in the summer of 1896, 5 were awarded to Americans.

With such an inspiring example of what could be gleaned from a studious vacation spent in France, it was not difficult to suppose that the other countries of Continental Europe would long be left untried in the way of Summer School experiment. Switzerland was, naturally, the first one to suggest the most assured success, affording, as it does, the most numerous and varied opportunities for short tours and excursions.

Though the primary motive, which brought our American and English clergymen to Geneva, was not so much the disinterested purpose of secular education in literature and art, as it was that vain, but ever-recurring hope of effecting Protestant unity, yet, little by little, the student excursionists could not resist the attractions and influences of historic Swiss environments, and the result was the establishment of a regular series of Extension courses by means of travel. Nor is it any longer for the wealthy university men, or tourist clergymen, that these facilities are becoming so attainable, but also for the students of the great industrial schools, for the intelligent and thrifty artisans, and for our American public school teachers, who, in larger numbers than ever before, are annually organizing summer excursions of an educational character to the great land of story and of song, to the great centres of biblical, architectural and scientific lore.

*J. A. Riley, '00.*

## The Oldest Catholic Newspaper.

In a recent issue of the "*Weekly Bouquet*," one of our most faithful and interesting Exchanges, it was remarked that the "*Catholic Telegraph*" was "the oldest English Catholic paper in the United States."

We are not evidently presumptuous enough to think of settling such controversies as regard historical matters in the United States, but we venture, timidly, to question the accuracy of the above statement. We should never have thought of doing so were it not for the fact of our having recently taken a keener interest than usual in our early Catholic History, in connection with our article about Bishop England, in the last Number of the BULLETIN.

It was by the merest chance that, about the time we were reading the interesting article of the *Bouquet*, to which we allude, we came across an old and dilapidated copy of the *U. S. Catholic Magazine*, for February, 1843. After announcing, with unfeigned satisfaction, that its contemporary, the *U. S. Catholic Miscellany*, of Charleston, S. C., founded by the illustrious Bishop England, but obliged to discontinue its publication for a short time, had once more taken a new lease of life, it expresses its congratulations in the following manner: "We cordially express our fond wishes for the continuance and prosperity of our esteemed contemporary, the *U. S. Catholic Miscellany*. This is the oldest Catholic publication in the United States. The first number was issued in the city of Charleston on the 2d of June, 1822, under the auspices of the illustrious Dr. England, whose genius and erudition and untiring zeal were a rich and copious fountain, from which the *Miscellany* drew perpetually the living waters of sound doctrine, and useful knowledge of every description.

"The collection which is formed by the issues of this paper since its first appearance, is one of the most valuable repertories of instruction and information that could be desired. In its pages we are allowed to contemplate the gigantic efforts of Bishop England's mind, that distinguished champion of the faith, when it was yet, as it were, in its prime, and we follow it with undiminished admiration to the period when it was called from the conflict, crowned with the laurels of victory. Though the *Miscellany* has no longer the aid of this master-spirit and the indefatigable pen which it wielded, the Journal is ably edited, and in view of the signal services which it renders to the cause of truth, is well deserving of an extensive patronage."

In connection with this ever recurring subject of supporting our Catholic papers, to which most of our modern Catholic publications are, from time to time, obliged to advert, it is only natural to find that the same complaint was repeatedly made, in those early days, about the indifference of the Catholic community for the encouragement and support of Catholic undertakings.

In his pastoral letter of the year 1842, Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, the saintly and venerable Bishop of Louisville, stated that the *Advo-*

cate, of that city, would be discontinued unless a more liberal patronage were obtained for it. Eventually, it did suspend publication though aided by the genius of the celebrated Dr. Martin John Spalding, then Co-adjutor Bishop of Louisville, and destined to be the seventh Archbishop of Baltimore.

Bishop Flaget's recommendations to his clergy are very much to the point at all times, especially when he says: "Let each of you act as its first and principal agent, and appoint a person or persons, to aid you in procuring subscribers, and attending zealously to its interests: call the attention of the faithful again and again to this subject."

While we are upon this question, we can hardly resist the temptation of quoting another interesting page from an equally well-known Catholic publication, as powerful for good in those days as it is at the present time, especially since it speaks of the *Catholic Telegraph*, whose claims in the *Weekly Bouquet* we took the liberty to question. In an old issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, of sixty years ago, we read: "In this country, there are no papers worse supported than Catholic papers; none which are forced to appeal so often and so urgently to their subscribers; none which have circulations so limited, and even upon those limited circulations so many bad names. But a few days past, and the *Charleston Miscellany*, a newspaper of twenty years' standing, weighed down by the accumulation of bad debts upon its accounts, was compelled to announce the necessity of its suspension for the want of four hundred paying subscribers; a little before, the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* stated the amount of debts due by delinquent subscribers at three thousand eight hundred dollars; while this Journal, though but two years and a half in existence, has outstanding debts exceeding four thousand dollars. On the other hand how is it with the papers supported by Protestants? They are among the best and safest properties in the country. In this city alone, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Christian Observer*, the *Churchman*, supported—the first by Methodists, the second by Presbyterians, the third by Episcopilians, circulate a total of fifty thousand copies weekly. One of them, the *Advocate*, as we have already observed, circulates beyond twice as many as all the Catholic papers in the Union put together.

"Will any man deny what is as plain as the day? that Catholics in America need, as much as the air they breathe, journals to express their feelings, to defend their principles, to refute calumny. Is there a country in Christiandom where more than in this, the Catholics are the people 'every where spoken against;' where public opinion is at once so powerful and so perverted against Catholicism? Not one. There is not another country, we will not except England, where Catholics need more urgently journals to advocate their cause and certainly none where journals can advocate it more efficiently. Let those Catholics who are so lukewarm about the matter, and give their support to newspapers so grudgingly—let them fancy for a moment Catholics in America left without a press of any kind. Let them imagine, if they can, the calumnies directed against them, day after day, the old ones

repeated until they are worn out, and new ones starting up to supply their places, the bitter denunciations of the polities—religious press of every shade kept up without ceasing—let them think of the varieties of invective that would be exhausted upon them, of the dark and deadly designs that would be laid to their charge, of the hue and cry that would be raised after them from one end of the Union to the other, until the popular feeling, poisoned beyond remedy and exasperated to the fiercest pitch, would explode in outbreaks in which neither life, nor limb, nor property would be safe. Let them think how in such a state of things, the Catholic without one to defend, one to protect him, one to say a word for him, with slanders unnumbered hanging over him, with the universal prejudice incessantly bearing him down, could go among his fellow-citizens scarcely daring to lift his head, never dreaming of vindicating himself or his creed, hardly knowing that he was a freeman, until misunderstood, hated and despised he should become even in this free land as much, to all intents and purposes, a slave, as the Catholic of Ireland under the Protestant ascendancy.

“Will not Catholics then, while they have presses to advocate their interests, give them a proper support? By a proper support we do not mean such a support that will merely enable them to hang on through a precarious existence, but such as will give their conductors heart to improve and elevate the character of the journals under their control.

“We ask them to think of these things, and no longer present to the wonder of the world the practical anomaly of the greatest need, coupled with the greatest neglect, of newspapers. If they will reflect but for a little, they will see that they owe it to themselves, to their faith, nay to many yet unborn, to maintain and encourage organs for the expression and defence of Catholic principles.”

*W. O. Walker, '00.*



## TO CONQUEST.

Wherefore does man, whom God has given free discourse  
 Of Reason like to His, and Will controlled by naught,  
 Nor forced to bend to Passion's power, turn from the voice  
 Divinity and Love have made to mutely plead  
 Down in the soul, and madly follow a pursuit—  
 That darkened, hopeless, false, delusive, damned thing—  
 Which melts old Truth and Right and Mercy's soft desire  
 Into a hard misshapen Lie, behind whose front  
 Of cruelty smile all the sins of ages' greed?  
 Ah, wherefore this impassioned aim, this soulless greed,  
 This wild, insatiate, unjust, unrighteous greed?

Grim foe of Rest, it murders Sleep—sweet, gentle Sleep—  
And loots the tranquil mind of Innocence and Joy,  
And stretches out the sinews of the soul to whip  
And conjure up the shapes of hell that goad and spurn  
And drive it on in dreadful enmity with God—  
In enmity, whose end is but a skinny hand  
That points into a grave, where lie the sleepless dead.  
Does Heaven rest when men, who holding on their brow  
The image of a God, send forth the monster tread  
Of conquest o'er the earth to bear its arm against  
Their brothers' hope, and slay in battle not their own ?  
Do angels whisper holy symphonies of praise  
And glory when this handiwork of Heaven tears  
The clay, upon whose breast humanity is fed,  
Into mad scenes of death and robbery and shame ?  
And answers God when cries are wafted up to him,  
That call on Mars to lower his wrath into the fields  
Which once united Nature's scents with children's mirth—  
A prayer now turned to blackened, horrid clouds that rise  
And soar, to taint the air with sullen heavy hate,  
From charred and smoking walls no longer peaceful homes ?  
O, Lusting Thirst for gold and might and hollow fame,  
Is all thy mind so blurred and blind with shameless Self,  
That thou conceivest not of other aims than power,  
And other worlds that lie in peace somewhere beyond  
In hollowed climes illumined by a Maker's love ?  
No, no ! This is a dream disordered slumber sends  
Into the brain to make it mad ! Sweet justice strike,  
Strike dumb this lying song of burdens grinding down:  
They do not live except to mourn what Right and Love  
And Liberty have turned their sorrowed backs upon.  
Awake, good men, these dreams are poisoned mists that chill  
A Nation's heart to death and mark its bound'ry ends—  
A crimsoned breadth of sinning black, unholy greed.  
Awake before their stain has fouled the glory of  
Thy country's soul, and ere a patient God has frowned!

*Alfred McCann, '00.*

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### Spread of Catholic Literature.

In a recent issue of a local Catholic paper, there were given various carefully-compiled lists of good books that make excellent and abundant reading for any Catholic young man. Since then, as the Superintendent of our City Library has, himself, admitted, there has been a growing demand for Catholic literature. But it seems there has been, in spite of the good will of the Librarian to procure them, a serious obstacle found either in the steep prices of our Catholic books or in the difficulty of finding certain Catholic books in the lists of Catholic publishers.

On the other hand, as a certain Eastern paper stated some time ago, "some Catholic publishers are complaining forever of the bad market there is for Catholic books." But, have they not, in many instances at least, been themselves to blame, both from the hurried and neglectful character of

the editions published and from the apparent anxiety to make as much profit from the books published in this shabby or even sometimes monstrous fashion, as from the prayer books, medals and religious articles on which the profits are so large, because the demand is so universal?

Let us hope there will soon be better times, and that the increasing demand for Catholic literature will allow our publishers sufficiently abundant and legitimate profit to lower the prices, and to enlarge the supply, of those books which are so badly needed to spread the truth both within and without the fold!

P. A. G.



## Trusts.

Some months ago, as may be seen in the columns of our BULLETIN, the debate of our Senior Class was held upon the subject of *Trusts*. Since then, or about the same time, we had occasion to notice that the same subject was selected for debate in several of the Colleges from whom we receive *Exchanges*. The same thing was observable among a host of Literary Societies all over the country.

All this is an indication of the way in which the popular pulse beats. On every side the question of Trusts and Corporations is attracting attention, is evoking anxiety—to such an extent that it is liable, nay even confidently expected, to constitute the leading issue between the two great, political parties, in their struggle for supremacy at the coming presidential election.

Whatever may be our judgment or sympathies, in this connection, it is obviously out of place on the part of young debaters to go to the extreme of heaping upon Corporations and Trusts all the abuse of which the English language is capable, or of claiming them to be worse than a plague upon the country, in a word, the one great scourge from which we suffer to-day. For there is no doubt that, evil as they are and fraught with dangers to our young republic, they are, when accompanied by prosperity such as we now enjoy all over the land, better than idleness, want and ruin.

On the other hand it would seem to be a thinly-veiled sophism to attribute to these Corporations the country's prosperity at the present time. Not the less apparent would be the sophism of claiming that trusts are the product of our Republican tariff, as if to make this question a partisan one. This is shown by the fact that while they have free trade in England, yet they also have more trusts in that country than in any other.

The question is undoubtedly one of vital interest to all of us—it is one in which the whole American people are manifesting a lively interest. It is being brought before the bar of public opinion, more forcibly than any other question of the day, not excepting, even, the questions left as a legacy of the late war. Thus it is no wonder it has become, in one form or another, a political issue, a popular problem. It suffers, therefore, from all the exag-

gerations and inaccuracies of fact and theory, consequent upon political campaigns.

We have not yet had sufficient opportunity of properly judging this so-called octopus, in the form which it has so rapidly assumed in this country—and, therefore, while we cannot avoid the natural anxieties aroused by the sudden magnitude to which Trusts have grown, we may rest assured that it is one of those periodical economic problems that are bound to accompany the evolution and progress of a populous and wealthy nation. To those who are not guided by merely natural or irreligious views, it will be evident that in this, as well as in all problems touching upon social economy, the only safe, ultimate solution will eventually be found in the teaching and practice of the Christian Religion.

J. J. K.



### Brilliant Panegyric of St. Thomas Aquinas.

It is but natural for us to follow with the keenest interest the career of our late President, the Very Rev. John T. Murphy, who is now at the head of Ireland's greatest College, Blackrock, Dublin. His public utterances have always been received with deep respect and appreciation by educators and educated men in this country, and we are glad to find that it is not otherwise in the new field where he has been called to labor by Divine Providence.

In a powerful and eloquent discourse which he delivered recently to a large audience in Dublin, on the life and works of St. Thomas Aquinas, after paying a well-merited tribute to the genius of the Angelic Doctor, he referred to the wretched treatment to which Irishmen are subjected in respect to higher education. He declared emphatically that the day was past when the Irish people would be content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for others.

“In the great Republic of the West,” said he, “our kith and kin, the descendants of the emigrants of famine years, are contributing of their hard earnings millions of money to build up Christian Schools and Colleges and Universities. The new University at Washington, with its millions of endowment, is a monument to our people’s love for the highest culture . . . It is well to make it clearly understood that we, who rejected Lord Mayo’s proposal and Mr. Gladstone’s well-intentioned measure, shall not now be satisfied with anything short of a National University, in which all the forces of our race will have due representation—white-robed and black-robed friar, regular and secular, laity and clergy—a University in which we shall enthronize St. Thomas of Aquinas in his rightful place as patron of learning and holiness, of the highest intellectual and moral culture.”

D. O’H.

## OBITUARY.

REV. ROBERT TOBIN, C. S. SP.

On Saturday, March 28, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered up in Holy Ghost College, for the happy repose of the soul of Rev. Robert Tobin, C. S. Sp., whose death occurred in Tucson, Arizona, on the previous Wednesday.

Father Tobin was born beneath the shadow of Slievenamon, in the County Tipperary, Ireland, on the first of September, 1855. Whilst still young, he entered Rockwell College as a day student. Soon, however, he tired of his long and weary pony ride of fifteen miles to school, and determined to become a boarder. Having been received as a scholastic, he was transferred, in the fall of '79, to Blackrock College, where he finished his classical and philosophical studies. In '82, he entered the Theological Seminary of the Order at Chevilly, near Paris, France. He was ordained priest in 1886, and, in the following year, on the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, he emitted the three vows of religious profession. After a visit to his home and friends he was assigned to Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost. As a professor of ancient classics and English, he devoted himself with untiring zeal to the advancement of his pupils, and was loved and esteemed by them in return.

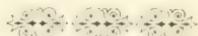
During the summertime months he was prostrated with typhoid fever, and, in the following winter, his constitution was undermined by three successive attacks of influenza, which brought in its train bronchitis and asthma. In January, '92, it was deemed advisable to send him to Colorado to recuperate. He recovered sufficiently to permit him to come East on two occasions, and assume the office of assistant in parishes conducted by the Order in Chippewa Falls, Wis., and Detroit, Mich. He was not, however, thoroughly convalescent, and was obliged to return to Colorado, and, later, to seek a more genial climate in New Mexico.

Though a constant sufferer during the remainder of his life, he ministered unceasingly to the spiritual needs of others, and unostentatiously accomplished much effective missionary work in the hospitals where he resided. Catholics in name, who had long ceased to practise their religion, were reclaimed by him. Non-Catholics, who knew little of Christian truth, were enlightened by him, and received into the Church. Freemasons abandoned their lodges, and humbly sought admission into the one true fold. Even infidels felt their hearts softened by his burning words of love, and, soon, as ardent believers in God's holy revelation, manifested the sincerity of their convictions by the exemplary Christian lives they led.

At length death came to relieve him of his sufferings, and crown him with his reward. In Tucson, Arizona, he contracted a severe cold on the 15th of March. Congestion of the lungs ensued, and thirteen days later,

the end came, finding him fortified with the last rites of holy Church, and calmly resigned to God's holy will.

In the death of Father Tobin his confrères mourn an exemplary religious and cheerful companion; his students, a learned, devoted and pains-taking teacher; and his spiritual children, a zealous father, a steadfast friend, an apostle of light and love according to God's own heart. *R. L. P.*

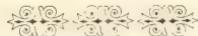


One of the well-known and deservedly popular members of our Teaching Staff—Mr. P. J. Comerford—was suddenly called to his home in New York City, by a telegram which announced to him the sad and unexpected tidings of his brother's death.

"Words are inadequate," said Mr. Comerford himself, in a letter to the Rev. President, "to describe the sad scene that took place when I arrived home and met my six brothers in the room where my deceased brother, John, was laid out. It was so touching that all who were present were obliged to leave the room. He had been sick only four days and died on Sunday morning, April 1st. His funeral was one of the largest that ever left St. Stephen's Church, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul. Rev. Father McCabe, who administered to him the last Sacraments, and who was present with him when dying, assured me that he had never prepared a better or more worthy young man for death."

One of the saddest circumstances in connection with the young man's death was the fact that he was to be married in two weeks from the date of his death. He was just thirty years of age, and was the third of a hitherto unbroken line of nine brothers, who, both individually and collectively, have been counted the finest physical specimens of stalwart manhood in the city of New York.

We extend to Mr. P. Comerford and his family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.



### EXCHANGES.

*Georgetown College Journal* has rendered a very effective service to the writers of our College Journals in pointing out, even though but briefly, the chief faulty peculiarities of the Short Stories. It will not be amiss on our part to resume them in the following brief manner:

1. The introduction of dull, uninteresting incidents not affecting the plot.
2. The absence of clearness in the plot.
3. The want of naturalness in the conversational parts.
4. The careless, even contradictory, use of descriptive epithets.

The Exchange department of the *Lake Breeze* is conducted on a novel plan—somewhat different from that of most contemporaries. It has something interesting and *breezy* to say about almost every Exchange.

The *Viatorian* has nineteen pages of advertising. Its reading matter is always interesting; but we would suggest that there be a more logical or consecutive arrangement thereof, with a better indication of the authors of the respective articles.

Between "Lilies" and "Daffodils," the *Loretto Magazine* of April is pretty well supplied with *floral* reading matter. Our fair Kentucky friends are faithful devotees of Flora. Their "Study in Lilies" is a perfect bouquet—replete with the choicest effusions from the ancient and modern poets.

The *Niagara Rain-Bow* is truly a volume in itself. Its subject matter for April will easily vie with, if not surpass, the brightest and most select articles of the highest and dearest magazines in the United States.

We hope that the "Glimpses of Cardinal Wiseman" will be continued in *St. Vincent's Journal*. The great English Catholic leader and scholar, though known for some of his popular works, has not been made sufficiently familiar to us in his life and labors. We need a great deal more of those biographical condensations which give us in this interesting form the pith and marrow of some long and exhaustive works not otherwise accessible to the *vulgaris*.



## ATHLETICS.

The baseball of '00 is now on. The 'Varsity team has more than realized the expectations of the faculty and students. Three games were played before the management decided on the members. The following are the successful competitors for the various positions: John Curran, c.—J. Gappen and W. McLane, pp.—Geo. McLane, s.—J. Laux, 1.—P. Conway, 2.—W. McLane, 3.—E. Davin, l.—E. Huckestein, m.—P. Gillespie and F. Mayer, r.

At the meeting of the Committee and players P. Gillespie was chosen for Manager, and J. Curran was almost unanimously elected Captain, the members recognizing his qualities both as a player and a leader. J. Gappen has not lost any of his last year's speed and control, as is testified by the fact that he struck out 29 men in the first two games, 15 against the Standards, and 14 in the game with Washington and Jefferson.

The pitching of Will McLane has agreeably surprised his many friends and admirers, and no wonder, since he allowed the heavy Homestead sluggers only ten hits and those scattered as only four runs were scored. His fast work at third is a feature in every game. Mr. Laux was at last prevailed upon to play first base, and it is needless to say that he covers the initial bag to perfection. His work is always up to the highest standard. At the bat he is a tower of strength. Parker Conway plays a heady and sturdy game

at second, as any would-be pilferer of the second bag can aver. At short, little George McLane plays a wonderfully clever game, and gives promise of one day developing into a star. In the outfield, Davin, Huckestein, Gillespie and Mayer though new in their positions, are putting up a fast fielding game; Huckestein especially distinguished himself in the Homestead game.

*Pittsburg College vs. Standard A. C., April 24.*

The baseball season was opened on the Pittsburg College grounds on April 24th with a victory of the College over the Standard A. C. of the County League, by the score of 15 to 10. The feature was the all-around playing of Gopen, the College twirler, who struck out 15 men, and made four hits, including a two-bagger, and also the strong batting streak of the Standards in the second inning, especially of Glassburner, who made a homer. Score: Pittsburg College 15; Standard 10.

*Pittsburg College vs. W. & J. University, April 28.*

In the first game away from home, the College boys did not put up, either in the field or at the bat, the kind of ball that was expected of them—and that they afterwards were able to show against even heavier teams. Gopen, however, struck out 14 men and would have done still better had he been more effectively supported. Score: W. & J. 11; Pittsburg College 3.

*Pittsburg College vs. Homestead A. C., May 2.*

In the game with Homestead L. A. C. the College students held their own to the intense satisfaction and admiration of their many admirers. The fielding on both sides was fast and accurate, as is testified by the fact that the students had to their credit 15 assists and Homestead L. A. C. 11, and that only three errors were scored against the combined players. The game lasted but one hour and a half. McLane's mysterious curves and perfect control surprised the professionals, who found it hard to place his balls to advantage. It was only in the sixth inning, when they despaired of scoring by attempted heavy hitting, that they were credited with their first run, realized with two safe bunts and two sacrifices. The result of the game has given great confidence to the students and confirmed them in their belief that they have picked an unusually strong nine from many candidates for baseball honors. Score: Pittsburg College 1; Homestead L. A. C. 4.

THE SECOND TEAM.

As stated in last month's BULLETIN, the prospects for a successful baseball season, especially for the First and Second Teams, were never more encouraging. At a meeting held on the 26th of April, for the purpose of organizing a team to represent the Sophomores on the diamond this year, twenty candidates eager to secure positions on the team made application for membership. A committee composed of the following students: J. Ryan, Chairman; J. Sackville, P. Couzins, C. Mayer and W. O'Connor, was ap-

pointed to select a team, arrange games, etc. On Monday, April 30, the Sophomore team was finally organized with the following players: Pitchers, Mayer and Robinson; catchers, Fandrajj and O'Hare; first base, Sackville; second base, McLane, G.; third base, Ryan; short stop, O'Connor, W.; left field, Couzins; middle field, Whelan; right field, Klein and Hartigan. John Sackville is Captain of the team.

An excellent schedule including games with some of the best teams of their class, in this city and its surroundings, is being prepared by the Sophomore Athletic Committee.



### Our Annual Dramatic Entertainment.

College entertainments are always interesting, and none of them are more so than dramatical performances. Somehow, college young men enter into the spirit of a play with more understanding than the average of amateurs, and generally produce the very best entertainment possible. The dramatics given each Spring by the boys of the College have become well reputed for their excellence, and nothing of that repute is likely to be lost this year by the production of Sheridan Knowles' *Virginius*, which has been sanctioned by the faculty of the College, and will be given at the Avenue theater, Monday, May 14.

We presented *Richelieu* last year and did very well. The present dramatic talent is said to be the best the College has had since its institution, so that an entertaining presentation may be expected. Mr. W. O. Walker, so eminently successful as *Richelieu* last year, is cast for the noble tribune, *Virginius*. Mr. Alfred McCann will be seen as *Icilius*, while *Appius Claudius*, the haughty decemvir, and *Dentatus*, the brave old Roman warrior, will be assumed by Mr. J. E. Nye and Mr. P. A. Gillespie.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to find a boy capable of doing justice to the character of the tender *Virginia*, but the problem has been solved in the selection of Master Richard Ennis, whose youthful appearance and beautiful soprano voice have adapted him admirably to that role.

In addition to the dramatic feature of the entertainment, a splendid program of song and music have been added.



THE article on "Greek Eschatology" was written by Mr. J. J. Laux.

WE regret that space does not allow us to insert some interesting Notes upon the Old Boys, as well as the summary of our Sunday Evening Programmes.

## List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

### THIRD TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

### APRIL, 1900.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

#### GRAMMAR CLASS.

\*BERNER, ALOIS.—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing.

    D., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*CORBETT, JOSEPH—P., History, Geography, Drawing.

    D., Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

EBERT, CECIL—P., English, Drawing.

    D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

ELLIOTT, THOMAS—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing.

    D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

FAY, JOHN—P., Arithmetic, Drawing.

    D., Penmanship.

GANS, WILLIAM—P., Religion, Arithmetic.

    D., English, Penmanship.

\*HARTIGAN, FRANK—P., History, Geography, English.

    D., Religion, Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

\*HARTIGAN, H.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English.

    D., Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

MCATEER, P.—P., Religion.

    D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*MCNALLY, F.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English.

    D., Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

\*MACHNIKOWSKI, FRANK—P., Religion, English.

    D., Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

MADDEN, PATRICK—P., Religion.

    D., Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

\*MILLER, ERNEST—P., Bible History, English.

    D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

\*MOESLER, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, English.

    D., Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

\*POPP, THOMAS—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing.

    D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*PRICE, OLIVER—P., Religion, English, Drawing.

    D., Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

RANKIN, CHARLES—P., Religion, History, Geography.

    D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

VISLET, VICTOR—P., Religion, Bible History, Drawing.

    D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

## THIRD ACADEMIC.

\*BARLOCK, GEORGE—P., History, Geography, English, German, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology.

BUBNIS, PETER—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, French, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Latin, Algebra, Zoology.

\*BRAUN, GEORGE—P., D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

BRUECKEN, FRANK—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion.

\*CURRAN, THOMAS—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Zoology.

\*DIEMER, EUGENE—P., History, Geography, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*CASSIDY, WALTER—P., History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*COVENEY, JAMES—P., History, Geography, Latin, Penmanship, English.  
D., Religion, Arithmetic, Zoology, Algebra.

\*DRISCOLL, GEORGE—P., History, Geography, German, French, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Latin, Algebra.

DULLARD, WALTER—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*ENRIGHT, JOSEPH—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*Gwyer, CHARLES—P., History, Geography, German, French, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.

HARTIGAN, JOHN—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*HAYES, RALPH—P., Penmanship, German.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

JASINSKI, EDWARD—P., Religion, Latin, German, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*JAWORSKI, JOSEPH—P., History, Geography, Latin, German, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

KILLIAN, DENNIS—P., Religion, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Latin.

\*KORITKO, GEORGE—P., Latin, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., German, Arithmetic, Zoology.

KVATSAK, THEODORE—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

LANAHAN, JOHN—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*MADDEN, EUGENE—P., History, Geography, German, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Algebra, Zoology.

MICHALOWSKI, EDWARD—P., Religion, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra.

\*MICHALSKI, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

MUHA, ANDREW J.—P., Religion, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*MCCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES—P., German, French, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 \*MC LAUGHLIN, ALEX. H.—P., English, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 \*MC NEAL, JOHN—P., English, Latin, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 O'CONNOR, JOSEPH—P., Algebra, Penmanship.  
 \*PATTERSON, JAMES—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 ROZPARSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, German, French, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER—P., Religion, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 WILLIS, JOHN—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

### SECOND ACADEMIC.

\*ARENS, FRANK X.—P., French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Greek, German, Penmanship.  
 \*BEJENKOWSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Greek, German, French. Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 D., Penmanship.  
 DOOLEY, PATRICK J.—P., Latin, English, German, Arithmetic, Botany.  
 D., Religion, Greek, French, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 HENNEY, MICHAEL T.—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
 D., Greek.  
 KENNEY, EDWARD J.—P., Religion, Latin, German, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 LAGORIO, JOHN L.—P., Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 D., History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
 MURPHY, JOSEPH—P., Religion, Greek, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
 RAHE, ALBERT—P., Latin, Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
 \*ROEHIG, FRANK X.—P., Religion, French, Botany.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, English, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 \*SCHWAB, FRANCIS A.—P., Latin, English, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Greek, German, Botany.  
 \*SZUMIERSKI, FRANCIS—P., D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
 \*WESOLOWSKI, ANDREW—P., History, Geography, English, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Greek.  
 \*WHELAN, JOHN—P., German, French.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

\*DURA, STANISLAUS—P., Religion, Geometry, Geology.  
 D., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
 \*HOWARD, THOMAS—P., D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

GAYNOR, HUBERT—P., Greek, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Geometry.

LAMOTHE, DAMIAN—P., History, Geography, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Geometry, Geology, Latin.  
 D., French.

\*MALLOY, JOHN—P., Algebra, Geology.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Geometry.

MCLANE, GEORGE—P., History, Geography, English, Greek, Geometry, Geology.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*NYE, JOHN E.—P., History, Geography, English, German, Geometry.  
 D., Religion, Latin, Geology.

PIETRZYCKI, FRANK—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 D., German, French, Arithmetic.

\*RELIHAN, MICHAEL—P., Geology.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.

SMITH, HARRY—P., History, Geography, French, Algebra.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Geology.

\*TRUDELLE, THOMAS—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, French, Algebra, Geology.  
 D., Latin, Arithmetic, Geometry.

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

### Preparatory Course.

#### DIVISION C.

LEAHEY, J.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., English, Arithmetic.

MCNEAL, FR.—P., Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., English.

MCNEAL, H.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., English, Arithmetic.

#### DIVISION B.

DILLON, JOSEPH—P., Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion.

FRANK, JOHN—P., Law, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

O'CONNOR, W.—P., Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

MALONEY, W.—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

#### DIVISION A.

BARKER, CHARLES—P., Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Type-writing, Penmanship, Religion.

CONWAY, PARKER—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

CONWAY JAMES—P., Religion, Civil Government, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*CURRAN, JAMES—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Short hand, Typewriting, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, English, Arithmetic.

DANNHARDT, J.—P., Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

\*ELLIOTT, RHEA—P., Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Law, Arithmetic.

\*FLANNERY, STEPHEN—P., Religion, Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*KEMPF, EDWARD—P., Book-keeping, English, German, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

\*MACHNIKOWSKI, CHARLES—P., Law, Book-keeping, English, German, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

\*MAYER, CHARLES—P., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*McKENNA, PATRICK—P., Law, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

MOULD, HARRY—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*O'HARE, JOHN—P., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

TRAGESER, R.—P., Book-keeping.

\*WELSH, C.—P., Law, Book-keeping, English.  
 D., Arithmetic, Religion.

### BUSINESS COURSE.

#### DIVISION D.

\*BOLUS, CHARLES—P., Religion, Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, German, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

BRUGGEMAN, E. F.—P., Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*COLLINS, JAMES—P., Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic.

O'NEAL, CHARLES—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

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 D., Arithmetic.

\*ROBINSON, JOHN—P., Penmanship.  
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\*SMITH, ALFRED—P., Penmanship.  
 D., Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

WHAT—<sup>WEPH</sup>—P., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

\*ZAHRONSKI, LOUIS—P., Penmanship.  
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D., Law, German, Shorthand, Typewriting.

KAUTZ, FRANK—P., Civil Government, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship,

KLEIN, NORTON—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

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MCALLISTER, RICHARD—P., Correspondence, Penmanship.

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\*MCCLANE, WILLIAM—P., Civil Government, Penmanship.

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\*MC LAUGHLIN, JAMES—P., Religion, Civil Government, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

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\*RYAN, JOHN—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Correspondence, Arithmetic.

\*MAYER, FRANK—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, German, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

\*ROEHRIG, GEORGE—P., Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Law, Correspondence.

## DIVISION B.

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D., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence.

\*KUBLER, HARRY—P., Religion, Civil Government, English, Correspondence, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship.

D., Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

\*DUNN, TIMOTHY A.—P., History, German.

D., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

ESCHMAN, ALBERT—P., English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra.

D., German.

\*FANDRAIJ, WALTER J.—P., Church History, History, English, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Latin, Polish, French, Algebra.

HALLERAN, CARROL—P., Greek, German, Geometry.

D., Algebra.

\*HAYES, MICHAEL J.—P., History, English, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Latin, Algebra.

\*JEROZAL, FRANK—P., History, English, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Latin, Polish, Algebra.

LINEHAN, E.—P., German, French, Chemistry.

D., Latin, Algebra.

\*MAJESKI, A. A.—P., Church History, History, English, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.  
 D., Latin, Greek, Polish.

\*MALONEY, FRANK—P., Church History, History, German, Chemistry.  
 D., English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.

\*RYAN, WILLIAM J.—P., Church History, History, Latin, Algebra, Chemistry.  
 D., English, Geometry.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

HUETTEL, JOHN J.—P.,—Church History, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Geometry, Algebra.  
 D., English, Chemistry.

\*MURPHY, JOHN—P., History, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.  
 D., Church History, Latin, Greek, English, German, French.

\*O'CONNOR, PATRICK—P., Church History, History, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.  
 D., English, Latin, German, French, Algebra.

STAUDT, CLEMENT—P., Church History, History, Geometry.  
 D., English, German, Algebra.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

\*BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Natural Philosophy.  
 D., German, French, Philosophy, Conic Sections.

\*GILLESPIE, PATRICK A.—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, French, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Conic Sections.  
 D., Philosophy.

\*MCCELLIGOTT, WILLIAM—P., D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Conic Sections.

\*RILEY, JAMES—P., History, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Scripture, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Philosophy.

\*SCHALZ, GEORGE—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Conic Sections.  
 D., German, French.

\*WALSH, RICHARD—P., Scripture, History.  
 D., English, Chemistry.

### SENIOR CLASS.

\*KOSSLER, AUGUST—P., Scripture, Latin, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., History, English, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy.

\*MAHER, PATRICK E.—P., Scripture, History, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Latin.

\*O'HARE, DAVID—P., History, Latin, Greek, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Scripture, French.

\*WALKER, WILLIAM O.—P., Greek, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Scripture, History, Latin, English, German, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy.

N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

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## WHEN A WOUND GROWS DEEPER!

It is only a little flower,  
Faded and withered and dead,  
It is only a whisp'ring echo  
Of words that a loved one said.

It is only a silent phantom,  
Come out of the whirl of time;  
It is only an aching mem'ry  
Of things that were never mine.

But oh, it is gone—I have lost it—  
Lost what a loved hand put here !  
And now a sweet sadness is doubled  
And sealed with an inward tear.

For I loved that vanishing token  
Of a smile she meant for me.  
Yes, I loved that dear little flower,  
As that which can never be.

*Alfred McCann, '00.*



## HELLENIC ESCHATOLOGY:

or

What the Greeks Believed About the World Beyond the Veil..

(Continued.)

So much for the name and the place of hell. It remains for us to inquire into the condition of its inhabitants. The farther we go back in the traditions of the ancient Greeks, the more vague becomes the doctrine of the difference between the good and the wicked in the other world; in fact, in the earliest times, we can find no trace whatever of a real distinction. Retribution, they thought, was dealt out in the upper world, and hence a local, or any other kind of separation was not required in the lower world. Blended and mingled together, the nerveless, fleeting, unstable souls of the dead, wander through the wastes of Hades—wan shadows, without subsistence, without strength, without flesh and bone, without voice and consciousness.

That dismally grand episode in the *Odyssey*, the *Necyomanteia*, or intercourse of Ulysses with the shades of the dead, appears to be the best exponent of this crude, exoteric belief. “The whole of the *Necyomanteia*,” says Coleridge, “is remarkable for the dreary and even terrible revelations which it makes of the condition of the future life. All is cold and dark; hunger and thirst and discontent prevail; we hear nothing of Elysian fields for piety, or wisdom, or valour; and there is something quite deadening in the answer of the shade of Achilles to the consolation of Ulysses:”

“Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,  
Nor think, vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.”

As time went on, Grecian thought gained consistency and solidity, and thinking men perceived that retribution was by no means complete in this world.

Two judges,—*Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, sons of Zeus and Europa—were accordingly elevated to the judgment seat of Pluto’s kingdom to judge the souls of the dead and to assign them their lot and place in the “house of their eternity.” We find mention of this infernal tribunal in the *Necyomanteia*. Ulysses pursuing Ajax’s “stubborn spectre” to force a reply, is arrested by a wondrous vision.

“High on a throne, tremendous to behold,  
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish’d gold,  
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand,  
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band;  
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,  
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.”

As soon as the soul has burst the prison-bonds of the body, it speeds to the meadow of Asphodel, which extends from end to end through Hades. The just (according to Homer and Hesiod, the heroes and the favorites of

the gods) are sent to the fields of Elysium, to a life of bliss. Elysium is placed by Homer on the western bounds of the earth:

“Elysius shall be thine; the blissful plains  
Of *utmost* earth.” (*Od. 4.*)

Thither also, Hesiod transfers the Isles of the Blest, “the rich and happy isles” of Horace.—(*Ep. 16.*)

“A life, a seat, distinct from human kind,  
Beside the deepening-*Whirlpool of the main.*”

Pindar is of the same opinion:

“Thee to the Elysian plain, earth’s farthest end,  
Where Rhadamanthus dwells, the gods shall send . . .  
. . . (where the ocean) to refresh mankind,  
Breathes the shrill spirit of the *western* wind.”

Death alone gives entrance to the Elysian fields and to the Isles of the Blest; but a few chosen ones eluded the mace and scythe of Thanatos. Menelaus, the husband of the godlike Helen, and son-in-law of Jove, is “spared the pangs of death.” “When the fulness of his days is past, he is transported to the Elysian fields, there to dwell along with the ‘golden-haired Rhadamanthus’ in a delicious element and undisturbed repose.” *Grote*—(*Od. 4.*)

Others still more favored by the gods attain to immortality, and are numbered with the celestials, and take their seats in Olympus. In the *Necyomanteia* the apotheosis of mortals is distinctly taught, for Ulysses sees Hercules’s *Idolon* amongst the ghosts of Hades, and states at the same time that his *Self* reclines at the board of the gods (surely an inconceivable distinction, and a more subtle one than even Scotus ever dreamed of!):

“Now I the strength of Hercules behold,  
A towering spectre of gigantic mould,  
A shadowy form! for high in heaven’s abodes  
*Himself* resides, a god among the gods.”

(It is to be regretted that Homer has not told us what becomes of the selves of the other Idola of Hades.)

Those who have led but mediocre and indifferent lives are doomed to wander about forever over the monotonous, gloomy meadow of Asphodel—vaporous, unsubstantial forms, to whom rest and happiness shall never come.

Dante has preserved the tradition of Asphodel in that beautiful passage of the *Inferno* (*Can. 3.*):

“This miserable mode  
Maintain the melancholy souls of those  
Who lived withouten infamy or praise.  
Commingled are they with that caitiff choir  
Of Angels, who have not rebellious been,  
Nor faithful were to God, but were for self;  
The Heavens expelled them not to be less fair;

Nor them the nethermore abyss receives,  
For glory none the damned would have from them."

(*Longfellow's trans.*)

The wicked are sent to the abode of the godless, where they are punished according to the magnitude of their offences, and the mode of punishment is suited to the character of the crimes. Some of the penalties inflicted by Minos on the guilty souls are described by Homer. They are dismal pictures, yet not without an unavoidable touch of humor here and there. Thus Ulysses tells how he saw the "huge Orion" making vain efforts "to crush the savage prey," forever shooting after him "o'er the lawn of Hell;" Tityus, too, "large and long, o'erspreading nine acres of infernal ground" giving an "immortal feast" to two ravenous vultures; and Tantalus pining "with thirst amidst a sea of waves;" and, lastly, the "Sisyphean shade:"

"With many a weary step, and many a groan  
Up the high hill hearing a huge round stone,  
The huge round stone resulting with a bound,  
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.  
Again the restless orb his toil renews,  
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews."

The place of the godless was known to the later Greeks as Tartarus, but in the Homeric poems, Tartarus is the dungeon of the Titans, and entirely distinct from Hades—as far below Hades as Heaven is above the earth.

Thus we are face to face with a threefold lot after this life, and to each is assigned a separate locality in the nether world—Tartarus for the wicked, Elysium for the just, the meadow of Asphodel for those who are not bad enough for the first, nor good enough for the second.

One of the first to give order and consistency to the dim and shifting popular belief, and who undertook to beat many of its tenets out of the field, was Pindar. He held, in opposition to Homer and Hesiod, that the Isles of Blest were not the abodes of only a few chosen favorites of the gods, but a place where virtue was rewarded. Nor does he think that the punishment of the godless should be dependent on the changeable humor and caprice of the gods, but rather on the unchangeable laws of Justice:

"How swiftest vengeance waits the guilty dead;  
And for the sins men sin in realms of day,  
'Neath earth a stern judge speaks the sentence dread  
Of fate's resistless sway.  
But by day alike and night,  
Upon the righteous rises ever light;  
They dwell in a life un vexed of toil, nor need to task the weary soil  
Nor waters of the main,  
For scant subsistence, tearless days they gain,  
With those Heaven-honored ones in truth that joy;  
While sinners cower 'neath weight of dire annoy."—

(*Olymp. Car. II., Str, d.*)

Pindar maps out the unseen world with great accuracy and precision; Tartarus and Elysium are in Hades and serve as the eternal dwellings of the good and the wicked. Over Tartarus and Elysium, and above the earth and firmament, there is a world of brightness, happiness and immortality—the dwelling-place of the gods, to which mortals have no access. (*Cf. Olymp., Car. 2.*)

In Pindar, also, we find traces of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. In the second *Olympic* he holds that those who in this world and in the next, thrice formed the firm resolve to sin no more, are entitled to greater blessedness than even the dwellers in Elysium; their mansions are in the Isles of the Blest.

"Happiest they that thrice endure  
Through life and death, and still from sin are pure.  
For such Zeus leads to Cronus' tower, where 'round about the island bower  
Of Blessed spirits, strays  
Breath of sea airs, and golden flow'rets blaze,  
Some on fair trees, some on the waters bred:  
Wherewith themselves they garland hands and head."

(*Olymp. Car. II., Antistr. 4.*)

Beautiful and grand as Pindar's eschatology is, and worthy of careful study, still its beauty lessens and its grandeur pales when placed side by side with the doctrines of the great disciple of Socrates. Always noble and often sublime as Plato's views about the future life are, we cannot say that there is intrinsic unity in his teaching. Contradictions and inconsistencies are not wanting. The immortality of the soul is the key-note of Plato's philosophy. *Disce mori* is inscribed on every page he wrote. "If death had been the end of all things," he argues, "then the wicked would gain by dying; for they would have been happily rid not of their bodies only, but of their own wickedness, together with their souls." Finding him thus firmly convinced of the immortality of the soul, we are not surprised that Plato had an intense reverence for the dignity of man, and the seriousness of life. Kant was but quoting Plato when he said: "On earth there is nothing great but Man; in Man there is nothing great but Mind." "Life is an awful thing." Socrates is made to repeat, and both the master and disciple look on death as a passage to life. With the Orphic poets they regarded the body as the sepulcher of the soul—death the gateway to life. For after death, he tells us, the guardian spirit of each soul leads her over the winding path to the judgment seat. The impure soul dreads the descent to Hades, and wanders about, and haunts the world for a time.

"Lingering and sitting by a new made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved." (*Milton—Comus.*)

But the chaste soul, "arrayed in temperance and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—her own proper jewels"—dwells for evermore in the mansions of the Blest. With such hopes cheering him, and such visions

dancing before his imagination, no wonder Socrates could peacefully and fearlessly drain to the dregs the fatal hemlock draught, and calmly say: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" Then again, how beautifully in harmony with the Scriptures and the best Christian thought, is Plato's conception of Heaven as a state of eternal rest! While busied about the concerns of the world and the flesh, the human spirit reels like a drunken man, withdrawn from the material life, it becomes like unto the *immortal*, the *intelligible*, the *divine*, and passes into a state of everlasting rest—the *requiem aeternam* which we daily implore the Lord to vouchsafe to our dear departed. The dwelling place of these most blessed ones Plato does not venture to describe.

*J. J. Laux.*

(to be continued.)



## ANCIENT AND MODERN MOBS.

In many of the great plays of Shakespeare we find the most perfect and realistic portrayal of the ideal mob. The same may be said of some other great dramatic works of the Master's followers and imitators. We are reminded of this, at the present time, by a host of circumstances that have impressed upon us the astonishing changes which, within the briefest space of time, are apt to come upon the moods and temper of the unthinking multitude, either in the form of a lawless mob, or in their scattered condition as the people.

We have just lately given as our annual play, *Virginius*, and, as everybody knows, the citizens play a very important part in that beautiful Tragedy, at one time cringing before Appius, the Decemvir; at another time driving him and his lictors from the forum: at one time, opposed to Dentatus; and again clamoring for the old general's appointment to the command of the army. Just recently, some of us have witnessed the wonderful delineation given of the revolutionary mob by Sir Henry Irving, in his rendition of *Robespierre*. In our Senior history class we have also seen the effects of mob violence on the occasion of the Lord George Gordon riots, in 1780, against the Catholics of London. Recently, too, we have had occasion to listen, in the reading of the Refectory, to the almost incredible accounts of the Know-Nothing riots against the Catholics of Philadelphia.

Still more recent and, of course, most impressive of all, have been the harrowing details of our Divine Lord's passion and death, wherein the excesses and outrages of the Jewish mob make one of the greatest and most affecting scenes of the Passion. Here we find our Blessed Lord entering Jerusalem on Palm Sunday amidst unbounded acclamations of joy; yet, alas, in one short week, He is accused, seized, tried, convicted, tortured and crucified! But, as truth has never been finally overcome by falsehood, so was it

in this great circumstance, as we know full well from the story of the resurrection. Thus the triumph of the first anti-Christian mob was confined within a few brief days, and for that short but sinful triumph, they and their descendants were made "wanderers on the face of the earth," while, in fifty days, five thousand men were moved to repentance, in the very same streets, by a disciple of the One whom they had so recently crucified!

Later on, at the martyrdom of St. Stephen, men unworthy of the name, goaded to the wildest fury by the demon-inspired tongues of the Scribes, deaf to his eloquent defence, blind to his almost angelic beauty, combining wolfish savagery with human hatred, gloated over his sufferings and stoned him to death.

When Rome, the ruler of the world, was rolling heavenwards in flame and smoke, her citizens, in sorrow and rage, turned against Nero as the incendiary; but this monster among men craftily diverted their wrath upon the innocent Christians, sending some of his minions among the people to accuse the Christians of destroying their magnificent city.

This was the first of the Christian persecutions. The Christians were called atheists, enemies to God and man, betrayers of their country. They were charged with infanticide and with the most obscene and revolting crimes. Every trivial circumstance was a subject of slander: even the catacombs, to which they were forced, did not escape slander. Infamous men and women, taken from the lowest of prisons, were bribed or forced to circulate reports of heinous crimes committed in the catacombs, and, as proof, to say that they themselves had been Christians and had seen these crimes committed.

At sight of these and similar records of the persecutions by the Pagans, the average Christian is at first horror-stricken; but is soon encouraged and fortified by the evidences which he finds, therein, of superhuman constancy and Divine Providence. But when these same persecutions and slanders are inflicted by Christians on their fellow-Christians, he is driven almost to despair of the human heart and its fearful perversity, though, in course of time, he will find virtue finally triumphant.

But all the persecutions, without exception, were accepted with the same spirit of meekness and humility as their triumphs; the true Christians gave good for evil and in the moments of their greatest sufferings, forgave their enemies.

Christianity was like a spark in a stack of straw: it smouldered but slowly increased; when stirred by the fork of persecution, it spread with such rapidity that it was beyond all hope of extinction.

Many men have died with the belief that they had trampled out the last spark of Christianity: their amazement would now be great if they could see that their trampling had but loosened and scattered the straw, and thus increased the flame.

Archbishop Spalding has eloquently declared: "Like the sturdy oak

shaken by the storm she has taken deeper root, and become more firmly established in the soil of the earth, by each successive tempest that has swept by her, in the long lapse of ages. Persecution has not only not impaired, but it has rather served to extend her empire;—even as the wind scatters the seed of the plant, and sows it broadcast upon the earth.” Even Macaulay beautifully says:

“Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching . . . Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in western Christendom, has the human intellect risen up against her. Twice she remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish.”

*W. M. McElligott.*



“Successu Caruere Doli” . . . . (Ovid.)

Bos erat agricolae cuidam viridantis Iernes;  
 Heu! macra bos; illi vix cutis ossa tegens!  
 Nec mirum—nam sole novo per pascua sueta  
 Mulla erat herba virens invenienda bovi.  
 Proxima vernabant pinguissima prata ministri,  
 Sed pastor vetitas fuste negabat opes.  
 Dum vero per agros incustodita vagatur  
 Invadit pratum vacca, premente fame.  
 Roscida nunc avido carpebat gramina morsu  
 Illicitasque dapes: ecce minister adest!  
 Damna videns irâ fervet, vaccâque fugatâ,  
 Sontem ruricolam vir furibundus adit.  
 Hunc inopinantem mox increpat ore minaci,  
 Atque bovis misero furta nefanda refert.  
 Rem vero meditans: “Me jam curare licebit  
 Ut tibi per leges mulcta feratur,” ait;  
 “Nec tamen ipse tibi, clemens, parcere recuso,  
 Si mea, luce sacrâ, visere tempula velis.”  
 “Esto!” noster ait, “Pulchre!” sic foedere juncto,  
 Fraude suâ gaudens ille minister abit . . . .  
 Jam lucente die quâ plebi adeunda patescunt  
 Templa, minister ovans sentit adesse virum.  
 Hactenus hand male erat; sed, eodem mane, minister  
 Pagi forte viis obvius agricolae est,

Porrectâque novo dextrâ gratatur amico;  
 Hie vero licitam denegat esse moram.  
 Tunc alter mirans: "Quo tam cito te rapis?" inquit;  
 "Quorsus?" noster ait, "Nunc mea tempa peto."  
 "Proh! mea nonne satis nuper visisse?" Sed ille,  
 "Pro bore nuper," ait; "nunc memor ipse mei?"

L. G., '97.



## Some of Our Great Religious Leaders of Sixty Years Ago.

### II.

#### BISHOP CHEVERUS.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the history of the Catholic Church in modern times is the finger of God's providence more manifest than in the early days of the Church in the United States. The first pastors whom He selected for the struggling flock were so evidently pious, learned, zealous and disinterested that their lives have ever been a fruitful source of edification to those without, and of inspiration to those within, the fold. They were sent over to this young Republic from all parts of the European Continent; they represented every race that sought a refuge upon our shores and in the midst of the diversity of tongues in which they brought the one, unchanging faith, was found a powerful means of amalgamating them into one great people.

In this long list of pioneers, it was natural for France to be well represented. She had given of her best blood to win for our country its independence. She now gave abundantly of her noblest sons to bring the blessings of the Christian faith that was being driven by revolution from her own confines. Our early annals of this century are brightened at every page by the names of a Bruté, a Dubois, a Maréchal, etc. But there is no name surrounded by a brighter aureola than that of Cheverus, the humble and learned missionary, who, after evangelizing the Indians of the Penobscot, was made the first Bishop of Boston and was later on called to the Archiepiscopal See of Bordeaux in his native land, and was finally created a Prince of the Church and a Senator of France.

John Louis Lefebvre Cheverus was born at Mayenne, in France, January 28, 1768. Inheriting as he did the pious dispositions of his mother and the noble and virtuous ways of his father, while still a youth, he attracted the attention of the Bishop of Mans, who was so pleased with his ardent piety and humble manner, that he offered the young scholar a place at the college of Louis Le Grand in Paris.

The Capital of France at this time was becoming the rendezvous of the revolutionists, and young Cheverus, ever mindful of the serious position in which he was about to be placed, sought for protection. His first act, a

most prudent and sagacious one was to put himself under the care and encouragement of Rev. Mr. Augé—a pious and talented director of the College Stanislaus, at Paris. After a few years spent in this establishment which he loved to call his *Alma Mater*, he resolved to commence the theological studies that were to shape him for the sacred ministry, to which God had called him, so he entered the Seminary of St. Magliore—an institution governed by the Oratorian Fathers. Here, as in college, he displayed a remarkable spirit of piety and humility, as well as a similar taste for study. Finally, the day of days was near at hand. He was soon to be a minister of God and in His Name preach the dogmas of truth. Dec. 18, 1790 saw Mr. Cheverus a priest and on the Feast of the Nativity, he celebrated his first Mass at Mayenne, where he had spent his early youth.

No sooner had he received his sacred office, than the storm of popular hatred and revolutionary strife arose in all its fury against the Catholic clergy. Undaunted in his courage to withstand all the evils and trials that were to be his lot, he refused to take the constitutional oath, prescribed by the government for all priests. The state of affairs at this time and the popularity of our devoted scholar served as fuel to the already glowing fire in the hearts of the revolutionists and Mr. Cheverus was compelled to flee to Paris. His farewell to his friends and relatives, some of whom he was never to see again was a most heart-rending spectacle, at last the day of departure and separation had come and disguised as a peasant, he reached Paris on the 25th June, 1792. His stay in Paris was short-lived and uneventful, for he was soon to depart for England under most trying circumstances. But, full of faith and piety, he bore up under adversities as well as he had accepted the most welcome of consolations.

His arrival in England was anything but inviting. A stranger to the English tongue, his financial resources very scanty—such was the position of our humble servant. As idleness found no entrance into his mind, he set to work, to learn the English language, and after a study of three months, was so far advanced, that he was able to give lessons in that tongue, as well as in French and Mathematics. After a few years spent in the labors of the ministry, our noble teacher decided to leave England, as he felt that his services were needed in other places, where the ministers of God were not so plentiful.

His wishes were soon crowned with success, for like a message sent from Heaven, he received a letter from Dr. Matignon, a Boston pastor, asking him to come and cultivate with him a portion of the vineyard, which God had appointed him to look after, in the young Republic of the West. The humble priest saw the hand of God in this invitation and decided to depart for the new field of his future labors. Picture to yourself, a noble and youthful defender of the faith not yet twenty-nine years of age, fortified with all the talents and virtues of a true and humble servant, leaving the land of his birth and youth, to cross the boundless ocean, to minister to the wants and

spiritual needs of an unknown people. He arrived in Boston on the 3rd of October, 1796, and set out at once to perform his duties towards his new flock. The same piety, the same virtue, manifested now, as previously, in the actions of the new-comer, marked him, in a very short time, as a most popular and efficient worker. The care and solicitude, which he showed, the ardent desire for attending to the wants of all classes, both Protestant and Catholic, won for him the admiration and respect of all. Success followed him in all that he undertook. The wonderful advance of education, the wide-spread teaching of the gospel and his own piety and humility—all were signs of a most prosperous future. His labors not only took in the people of Boston, but were extended to the state of Maine in the midst of the Indians. Among the red-skins, he toiled with great success, bringing back many of them to the truth, in which they had been instructed by the early missionaries, but from which they had fallen away for want of priests.

After three months of faithful work among the Indians, he returned to Boston, only to be confronted by a dreadful epidemic, which was at that time carrying away a great number of the population. It was now that the people began to feel that they had a true friend in Fr. Cheverus. Rushing into the very central section of the city where the malady was raging, he brought succor to all the helpless victims. His courage never failed him and wherever Fr. Cheverus was administering, it was felt that the hand of God was near. So great was the popularity of our devoted apostle among all classes, that, upon the advent of John Adams, then the executive head of the nation, into Boston, he was invited to the banquet given in honor of the President and occupied the chair next to his Excellency.

Soon, a greater honor was to be bestowed upon Fr. Cheverus. His rapid progress in all that he undertook, whether for the nation at large or for his own people, had been remarked on every side. The Church had grown to such a proportion that new edifices had to be built, to accomodate the increasing numbers of the faithful. Dr. Matignon, the sincere friend of Fr. Cheverus, was named to the high office of Bishop, but declined to accept it, and, like a zealous and disinterested apostle, suggested that it be offered to Fr. Cheverus. The burden was heavy; but always humble and devoted, he accepted the charge and was elevated to the Bishopric by the Decree of Pius VII., on the 8th of April, 1808. He was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll in the old Cathedral at Baltimore; and Boston was privilidged to have her first bishop. Still, the elevation to this office, never lessened his humility, simplicity and love for his people. A most important affair now took place, which showed still more the zeal and love of Bishop Cheverus for the propagation of the faith. Boston was not as yet the seat of any religious orders, for the prejudice of some of its citizens served as a stumbling-block to the execution of such a movement. But Bishop Cheverus was not to be thwarted in his undertakings by a few unbelievers, so he invited the Ursuline Sisters, to open up a convent in his episcopal city. Religious animosity,

however, gained the upper hand, momentarily, and the beautiful institution was burnt to the ground by a lawless mob. This act of injustice and blasphemy weighed down the cheerful heart of the Bishop; but when the Massachusetts legislature, after discussing the trouble, refused to punish the offenders, or even to pay for the losses, then the heart of the devoted Pastor, was ready to break with grief and disappointment.

This was not all. The angel of death had come and in September of 1818, Dr. Matignon, the sincere friend and supporter of the Bishop in all his joys and sorrows, had departed this life. The recollections of his far distant family were now preying upon his mind. The death of his dear associate pained him much, and the desire to return to his native land, to die in the midst of those with whom he had lived so happily was his only source of consolation. It was not long, indeed, until he received a summons from France, to return, having been appointed Bishop of Montauban. At first, he refused to leave his flock with whom he had been laboring for the last twenty-seven years, but on receiving another letter, he decided to return to his native country. The parting farewell between the venerable Bishop and his flock was most touching. The years of labor were beginning to show their fruits and the dear Bishop left them, thanking God for His Almighty kindness to himself while in their midst and invoking a most affectionate blessing upon them for their future welfare. The same humility, that had gained for him the admiration of all in America was still his chief characteristic in the new sphere of his duties and labors. The clergy came to him for advice and the poor, heartbroken Christian approached him, loaded down with afflictions, but departed in a more joyous mood, being consoled by the kindness and tenderness of his words.

The Almighty had in store for him another high office, well suited to a man of his talents and virtues, namely, the Archiepiscopal See of Bordeaux, to which he was appointed in 1826. In this new and exalted position, the increase of responsibilities did not in the least degree affect the conduct or the dispositions of the eminent and humble prelate. He still remained the same devoted, self-sacrificing Cheverus, as when thirty years previous, he had been ordained to the priesthood. Even when additional honors continued to be showered upon him, as when, in 1836, he was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal, and, as soon afterwards, was made a Peer of France, he did not cease to be, pre-eminently, the earnest laborer in the Lord's vineyard. But, alas! this life of labor and of sacrifice was unconsciously, but surely drawing to a close, just at the moment when the earthly honors which he had never coveted or ambitioned seemed to give him some title to repose. For, on the 19th of July, after a brief illness, during which he had made complete preparation for the end, his pure soul was called to its Heavenly reward, amid the sighs and lamentations of his clergy and people, who were loath to lose the treasure which they had but so lately found and which they had begun so well to appreciate. In addition to the monuments of stone and marble that have been raised, in his native land, to commemorate his life and works, let us, the Catholics of the United States, raise in our hearts the monument of our eternal gratitude to the memory of one of the grandest, most devoted and most apostolic of our glorious pioneers in the faith—John Louis Lefebvre Cheverus.

D. O'Hare.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### A Touching Spectacle.

It is impossible to avoid an expression of regret, of sympathy, and even of sorrow, at the spectacle presented to the world at the present moment by the South African Republic in its last and agonizing struggle with the overwhelming forces of the British Empire. She has fought and grappled with the Lion, in the desperate consciousness that it was for her a question of life or death. At times, she made him roar and smart with the fearful pangs of the wounds that she inflicted upon her mighty foe; at times again she made him crouch within his lair, and dared him to advance upon his coveted prey. But, alas! the combat was unequal, and it could not last, so we now behold her—a once free and independent nation like our own—writhing in the throes of death—death to her liberty, death to her independence, death to her existence as a people.

All this is but the sad realization of what had been so long and widely

prophesied. Yet, this inglorious war with its bloody vicissitudes and its unhappy conclusion is not without its philosophy and its lessons. Among the latter, we shall not point just now to more than one—the love of home, of country and of liberty, which alone could inspire this humble but heroic people to a struggle that has won the admiration of its enemies, and the applause of the civilized world.

D. O'H.



### Lest We Forget!

It will soon be forty years since the first recruits for the late civil war marched to the scene of conflict from their happy homes and families. Some of them we have seen on Memorial Day once more marching to the sound of the fife and the beating of the drum—but, alas! with faltering step, their shoulders bowed and their hairs whitened by the merciless hand of Time. Yet, on their wrinkled faces and in their weakening eyes, we could still read the same grim resolve, the same steady purpose, the same devotedness and self-sacrifice, that inspired them in their march of forty years ago.

To us of the younger and rising generation, the sight of these marching veterans may be an occasion of pity and sympathy—to some, alas! it is scarcely a source of curiosity—but to all who have the intelligence to know, the heart to feel, and the power to appreciate, the significance of that touching spectacle, it will be a most powerful and ever recurring means of inciting us to patriotism and of reviving in us that spirit of devotedness to country, under all circumstances, that should never die, and that should never even grow cold.

We have heard it said that “Republics are ungrateful.” We may often be tempted to apply to our own country this harsh and cynical affirmation, when in presence of the apparent apathy that is here and there manifested towards the heroes of the past. But, happily, such a sentiment, if it exists at all, can find no place in the hearts of those who are truly American; and when a test is called for, or when the occasion arises, there will be found, running beneath the surface of holiday distractions and festivities, a deep and impetuous under-current of patriotic sentiment, that will rival, if not surpass, that of the veterans whose example inspires us on Memorial Day.

D. O'H.



### A New Triumph for the Cause of Education.

Within the last few days the Catholic World has been thrilled by one of those grand spectacles which from time to time, during the centuries past, have been like trumpet sounds, proclaiming the grandeur, the holiness and the universality of the Church on earth, as the visible counterpart of that

greater Church which is triumphant in Heaven. I mean to speak of the Canonization of a new Saint, which took place in Rome, on Ascension Thursday, with the accompaniment of unwonted splendors, and in the midst of a vast concourse of 50,000 pilgrims.

One of the two Saints thus raised to such a high dignity on earth, as representative of a higher dignity—if possible—in Heaven, was John Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers.

This eminent and holy man—now a Saint of the Catholic Church—was a secular priest of great learning and piety, who was born in France, in 1651. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, and before he was yet thirty years of age, he established several charity schools for the children of the poorer class, to whose instruction he devoted his life and his patrimony, with a spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal, most happily combined with admirable prudence in the direction and consolidation of his Institute. He died at Rouen, in 1719, leaving his little congregation in such a flourishing condition that houses were founded in Rome itself and in several other parts of the European continent.

Soon, however, the desolating fury of the French Revolution caused the suspension of this noble work in France, and led to the temporary suppression of the Order. But the storm had no sooner passed away than the schools of the Brothers were reopened, and so rapidly did they extend their benevolent efforts that, in 1829, they possessed no less than two hundred and ten establishments, with a force of more than fifteen hundred members. From that period until the present time, the Order has increased and spread to such an extent as to make it almost impossible for us, without great detail, to enumerate its schools, its membership and its works of charity. It was introduced into the United States in the year 1843, and now comprises in our midst a large number of important and flourishing establishments devoted to the great work of education.

Like their Saintly founder, the Brothers of the Christian schools become teachers not from lucrative ambition but from a supernatural love of the profession—not from necessity, but from choice. They have in view the noblest end to which the loftiest desires can be sacrificed, or the brightest genius directed. Their energies are kept always active by the only stimulant which is unwasted by frequent application, uninfluenced by change of time or place, unsubdued by hardship, unwearied by fatigue, unbribed by gain—by the stimulant of deep, disinterested religious feeling.

It is to that humble but difficult heroism of the school-room, as represented in the person of John Baptiste de la Salle, that the Church has rendered this tribute of honor and veneration. It is a distinct triumph for the cause of education, it is a merited homage to the self-sacrifice of the disinterested teacher, a homage which should be shared especially by those who are taught.

## Character as a Monument.

At the recent meeting of the Association of Catholic Colleges, held in Chicago, April 18, one of the subjects touched upon and treated as of deep importance, was that of development of character in students. Expression was given to the regret that "some students go through college without any appreciable development of character—they spend years under conscientious, painstaking and zealous instructors, they learn a certain amount from books, but somehow they fail to strengthen their weak points of character; they may be scholars and students, but they are not men."

Now, we might add to this clear and concise statement that there are a great many students who pass through college without even knowing what character signifies. But a very slight application of the principles laid down in our Philosophy Class, will suffice to explain this word which is so frequently a mystery, or at least a vague and abstract term to the unthinking.

Were we to ask by what means we can distinguish a gold medal from a gold coin, the answer is that we distinguish them by the respective stamp imprinted upon them. In like manner there is imprinted upon every individual human being a certain stamp, which arises from the union of body and soul that makes of him a concrete person. This human stamp of individuality that serves to mark him off from his fellow men, is what we call his character. It is, therefore, neither purely material nor purely spiritual. It is an admirable mixture of the two elements.

There is no work of art so noble, so important as the building up of this human monument, of which the foundation is laid within man from the earliest moments of his existence, and to which he will add something each day, for good or evil, for beauty or deformity, until the close of his mortal career of probation.

Character must not be confounded with reputation—which is something extrinsecal, something akin to the *cognitio cum laude* that constitutes glory. Character is what we are; while reputation is often what we are supposed to be. The latter is the outward show, the brilliancy that attracts and dazzles, while the former is the latent but permanent force that operates. There is not a man that ever wielded the axe but knows that the sharpness of the tool is without avail, unless there is strength behind it. Yet we are often, in casting about for our heroes and our ideals, misled by the brilliancy of external accomplishment, and entirely forgetful of those higher, nobler qualities that belong only to character—forgetful of the force that gave real value and efficacy to the deeds of true heroes!

We must not, therefore, mistake character for fluency of speech, for elegance of manners or for literary attainments, which in themselves are but the external accidents, as the logician would say—and are unreliable without the inward, lasting, vital element or quality of character. This permanent force, this abiding source of action cannot be reliable, cannot constitute a

good or noble character, unless it be accompanied by the sound principles of morality—and of morality, in the rational and even Christian sense.

We are reasonable beings—and character is a human and rational spring of action—consequently, it demands for its basis, something more than the vague, senseless morality, which is afraid of positive affirmation and determined, concrete principles about God and man—about our soul and its destiny. Those educators whose “morality” goes no further than “do what is right”—“avoid what is wrong,” would make of man an *automaton*, a mere machine, instead of a truly intelligent being, endowed with reason and its budding flower of liberty!

But these principles, so important as the basis of character, so necessary to prop up, as with a rock, the monument of our character, where are we to learn them, and where can we develop them, better than in our Catholic colleges, where education is not confounded with the narrow acquisition of knowledge for the mind, but is given as the training of both soul and heart—the making of the *whole man*?

J. S. S.



### “VIRGINIUS.”

We have given our annual dramatic entertainment, and it has been a grand success—in fact much greater than we dared to anticipate. The boys reflected great credit on themselves and upon their indefatigable instructor, Rev. P. A. McDermott, who spared no pains to make this presentation of Sheridan Knowles’ great tragedy a memorable one.

We should naturally be tempted to indulge in praise of the individual actors. But we shall content ourselves with quoting somewhat from the comments made by our Pittsburg papers on the performance, which was given to a perfectly crowded house, on Monday evening, May 14.

The well-known dramatic critic of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, Mr. Frank Patterson, says among other things:

“To the usual theater-goer the amateur performance is ordinarily a penal period, and to the critical eye the amateurs are usually amusing, but in the Pittsburg College entertainment last Monday night there appeared a young man who neither amused nor bored. He was thoroughly entertaining and acted with rare merit. His name was W. O. Walker, and he appeared in the title role of *Virginius*. He has a splendid physique, a voice of tone and purity and a dramatic intelligence. Until the death scene Mr. Walker gave a performance that was dignified and admirable, but his lack of training showed in the last act, and he was disposed to be artificial. But he showed no crudity that could not easily be overcome, and his presence would atone for much of it.”

The Pittsburg *Leader* of Sunday, May 20, contained the following extensive criticism by its Society Editor:

#### HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BOYS ARE CLEVER AMATEUR ACTORS.

“One of the features of the past week’s theatricals, at an amateur point of view, was the rendition of *Virginius* on Monday evening at the Fifth Avenue theater, by the students

of the Holy Ghost College. These youthful Thespians have always been fired with the ambition to present plays of the highest classical merit, and, although at first sight it may seem to be taking great risks to put such heavy dramas on the stage, yet the college boys have always accomplished the task with credit to themselves and to their instructors. In fact, it is always more to be desired that the students of an institution where higher classical education is fostered, should select for presentation the masterpieces of the English classical drama. On this recent occasion the title role was assumed by W. O. Walker, '00, who responded admirably to the difficult character of *Virginius*, the Roman father. His voice and elocution showed excellent training, as well as a thorough intelligence in the delivery of his lines. He was particularly strong in the prison scenes. It may, indeed, be said without the least exaggeration, that he is to be congratulated for having enacted such a severe and heavy part without the slightest hitch. Mr. McCann, as *Julius*, came fully up to the expectations of his many friends and admirers, for, with his manly bearing and splendid voice, he made an ideal *Julius*. There is something about Mr. McCann's acting that is above what is usually looked for from the ordinary college student or even the ordinary amateur actor; he shows a thorough education in the art of expression, as well as a forgetfulness of self and the stiff rules of stage procedure, which indicate the higher appreciation of the actor's role. Master Richard T. Ennis was as successful in the delicate and child-like *Virginia* as could well be expected; in fact, a real girl could scarcely have looked to better advantage, and certainly very few girls of his age could have put more soul and intelligence into the difficult part. The villain parts were taken very cleverly by Mr. J. E. Nye, as *Appius*, and by Mr. W. J. Ryan, as *Claudius*. The former showed many accomplishments as an elocutionist, while the latter acted the treacherous client of the decemvir with all the cunning and cruelty that the character demands, especially in the Forum scenes. *Dentatus* was well represented by Mr. P. A. Gillespie, who infused considerable life and spirit into the scenes where the mob is shown to advantage. The citizens, lectors and soldiers acted their complicated parts in a very creditable and intelligent manner, exhibiting most careful training and helping to sustain to the end the deep interest of the entire audience. The music, furnished by the college orchestra was of a much higher order than one would be led to expect from students, and reflected great credit upon Mr. C. B. Weiss and the Rev. J. Griffin, of the college faculty. One very happy circumstance commented upon was the smooth way in which the play was handled. Although a very long five-act tragedy, it was over in two hours and 40 minutes, and not the slightest hitch was encountered at any part of the performance. The crowd was a very large one—not a seat being vacant—and numbers either being turned away or having to content themselves with seats in the aisles, even of the gallery."

The other papers contained equally eulogistic comments, especially the Pittsburgh *Catholic* and the *Observer*.

We now append the Cast of Characters and the musical programme which was rendered on that occasion.

Cast of Characters: Appius Claudius, First Decemvir, Mr. J. E. Nye; Spurius Oppius, Vibulanus, Decemvirs, Mr. J. A. Riley, Mr. A. M. Kossler; Honorius, Valerius, Patricians, Mr. P. E. Maher, Mr. W. R. Cassidy; Caius Claudius, Marcus, Clients to appius, Mr. W. J. Ryan, Mr. C. L. Staudt; Dentatus, a Veteran, Mr. P. A. Gillespie; Virginius, Mr. W. O. Walker; Numitorius, Brother-in-Law of Virginius, Mr. T. A. Dunne; Icilius, Roman Youth, affianced to Virginia, Mr. Alfred McCann; Lucius, Brother of Icilius, Mr. R. J. Couzins; Citizens: Titus, Mr. E. J. Huckestein; Servius, Mr. W. A. McLane; Cneius, Mr. J. H. Sackville; Virginia, Daughter of Virginius, Master R. T. Ennis; Servia, Nurse of Virginia, Mr. G. H. Roehrig; Female

Slaves, Master J. A. McNeal, Master E. H. Kempf; Lictors: Messrs. A. A. Smith, F. R. Elliott, F. C. Mayer, J. P. Patterson; Soldiers: Messrs. F. X. Roehrig, J. J. O'Hare, J. A. Leahey, O. A. Price, Charles M. Mayer, A. J. Berner, J. P. Enright, Ign. F. Mackin, J. T. Ryan; Citizens: Messrs. P. E. Conway, P. J. McKenna, Ch. A. McCambridge, E. A. Gillen, Ch. C. Bolus, H. J. Smith, T. J. Trudelle, J. A. Whalen, E. J. Kenny, T. A. Curran, M. J. Relihan, J. R. Hartigan.

Musical Programme: Overture, "The Feast of St. Waast," College Orchestra; Popular Medley, "Happy Home," H. Von Tilzer; "Angels' Serenade;" Medley, "The South Before the War;" Waltz, "Adoration," G. Rosey; Song, "Tis but a Little Faded Flower," Master Richard T. A. Ennis; Finale, "Gallant Knights' March," College Orchestra.

D. O'H. '00.



### COLLEGE NOTES.

#### *Confirmation.*

The following boys were confirmed by the Right Rev. Bishop, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday afternoon, June 3, the Feast of Pentecost: Th. Popp, O. Price, Th. Elliott, Jos. O'Connor, G. Koritko, P. McAtee, Ch. Rankin, J. Robinson.

#### *Outing at Glenfield.*

Most of the Boarders and Scholastics profited of the holiday and the beautiful weather of Pentecost Monday, to make the annual trip to our farm and country-house, at Glenfield. Some of the stalwart seniors, like P. Conway and W. McLane, walked the entire distance of twelve miles, to help get into proper training and condition for the coming field sports, in which they expect to take a prominent part. A large number of the members of the *Phi Alpha*, under the guidance of their President, Mr. J. B. Topham, took a good swim in the cool waters of the Ohio, while the others played an interesting baseball game on the old diamond, laid out on the hill above the Farm House. All came back, refreshed and somewhat bronzed, but vowing that Glenfield was an ideal spot wherein to enjoy a good day's rest from the heat and noise of the big city.

#### *Elocutionary Contest.*

The usual annual elocutionary contest was held in the College Hall, on Friday evening, June 1st. There were two divisions representing the Academic Classes, and the Freshman and Sophomore Classes, respectively, each division containing eight candidates for honors. All the speakers had practised earnestly and for a long time under the competent direction of

Professor Enright. The three Judges for the occasion were the Rev. M. G. O'Donnell, of St. Agnes' Church, '95, Mr. L. W. Riley, Editor of the Pittsburg *Observer*, and Mr. Frank C. Miller, '94. They awarded the medal in the Junior division to Master Frank Schwab, the second and third places respectively being taken by Masters Rich. T. Ennis and J. Jaworski. In the Senior division, the medal was carried off by W. J. Ryan, while next to him in merit came Messrs. A. J. Eschman, and Th. Trudelle.

A large number of invited persons and friends of the respective speakers were present, and there was no lack of enthusiastic applause to greet the youthful orators, as well as to appreciate the excellent programme which was rendered on that occasion under the direction of Rev. Father Griffin.

THE college offers for the next school year a free scholarship to the most deserving boy in each of the parochial schools of the two cities. This scholarship is to be given to the boy who obtains the highest average in the most advanced grade of the school, and preferably to one desiring to become a priest; the choice of the candidates, however, is left to the respective pastors. The boys selected are expected to give satisfaction in their conduct, and to average no less than 70 per cent. at each of the quarterly examinations during the Scholastic year.

THE following perpetual burses have been founded in this college: By the Rt. Rev. Bishop R. Phelan, D. D., in favor of an ecclesiastical student for the diocese; by the late Very Rev. W. Pollard, for a student from St. Mary's school, Lawrenceville; by Mr. Michael Munhall, North Avenue, Allegheny.

THE month of June is always a busy one at the College, and, this time, it promises to be no exception, except perhaps in the way of additional work for everybody, from pupils to professors.

THERE are, therefore, several very important events scheduled to come off during the coming weeks. Chief among them all, of course, is the Closing Scene of the Scholastic year, the Commencement Exercises, which will take place in the Grand Opera House, Pittsburg, on Friday evening, June 22. It will, no doubt, be under the auspices and presidency of our Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese, who has rarely, if ever, in years past, failed to add dignity and prestige to these public exercises, by his kindly presence. It was feared, for a long time, that sickness would be a bar to our expectations in this respect, as his old rheumatic ailment compelled him to seek a long sojourn at Mt. Clemens, Michigan. But his return home, for the great feast of Pentecost, has given evidence of a happy improvement which leads us to hope that he will be present, as usual, at our Closing Exercises for 1900.

THE formal address for that important occasion will be delivered by

Right Rev. P. J. Donahoe, Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., whose eloquent voice gave such encouragement to the cause of education, in our midst, at the dedication services of our new Chapel, in '94.

THE boys are making great and active preparations for the coming field day which will come off on Saturday, June 9. A large number of entries have been made for all the various events, especially the races, and a highly interesting occasion is anticipated by the students as well as by the participants and their respective admirers. A great deal of the enthusiasm aroused this year in connection with these out-door sports is due to the rivalry which exists not only among the classes, academical and commercial, but also among the individual athletes. Some of them, like Parker Conway and E. Phalen, have very good records in all the running events, which go far to place them among the best amateur runners in Western Pennsylvania. It will not surprise us to see some local records smashed on June 9. Tickets for the day are being sold at a lively rate, and a large crowd is expected.

THE First Communion is naturally one of those annual events on the College programme which have an especial interest for the smaller boys. This year it will take place on Thursday, June 14, the feast of Corpus Christi. Over half a dozen candidates have been faithfully taking instruction from Rev. Father Galette during the last four months in preparation for this solemn epoch of their young lives.

ON the same occasion, the feast of Corpus Christi, we hope to have our annual procession on the College campus, weather permitting. The Band has been practicing for this purpose, under the supervision of Rev. Father Griffin and Mr. Weiss.

MR. CHARLES B. WEISS, our popular and efficient Assistant Musical Director, has been most successful during the past year, in the formation of the youthful musicians and members of the orchestra. It is chiefly for this reason that our Sunday Evening concerts have been so well attended and so keenly appreciated. Mr. Weiss will be, as during last summer, a member of the famous Band of Pittsburg's choicest musicians, engaged to discourse the sweet strains of music to the sojourners at Oakwood Park, and Conneaut Lake, near Meadville, Pa.

#### OBITUARY.

We regret to announce the death of one of our old boys, Dr. John P. Mylott, which took place in his native city of Youngstown, on Thursday, May 10. He had been suffering for some time past from an attack of Bright's disease to which he finally succumbed. He was thus cut off at the very beginning of what promised to be a most prosperous career, and in presence of the most flattering prospects, to the intense grief of his bereaved family and the keen regret of his numberless friends and associates. His

father, Mr. Patrick Mylott, is one of Youngstown's most respected citizens, being, at the present time, City Commissioner, while his elder brother, Rev. Raymond Mylott, is assistant at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Cleveland.

We quote the following from one of the Youngstown papers: "John P. Mylott was born in Youngstown in 1873, and was consequently in his 27th year. He attended and was graduated from St. Columba's school later continuing his studies at Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, in '89, and at the medical school in Ann Arbor, Mich. After graduating from the latter institution he took a special course in surgery at the Physicians and Surgeons' school in Cleveland, completing the same in 1898. While still a student he served as house physician in St. Alexis' hospital in the Forest City, and the fact that his ability was there recognized found evidence in his appointment to a place on the hospital staff immediately after his graduation."

We extend to his bereaved parents and family the expression of our most sincere condolence.

### ALUMNI.

WE extend our hearty congratulations to two of our old boys, who lately took unto themselves congenial partners "for the balance of their natural lives."

On Tuesday morning, April 24, our former well known and popular Captain of the Baseball and Football Teams, Mr. D. H. Barr was very quietly married in St. Paul's Cathedral, to Miss Olive Gertrude Burns, daughter of Mr. John Burns, and sister of two of our graduates, Messrs. William and John Burns, Jr. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Walsh, and only in the presence of the immediate members of both families. Shortly after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Barr left for Washington, D. C., intending to spend some time at Old Point Comfort and other Southern resorts before returning to the city. Mr. Barr, or "Dan," as the old boys love to call him, was deservedly popular with old and young alike, and when in charge of the Athletic teams, preserved such perfect discipline, while infusing into the players his own admirable spirit, full of pluck and fearlessness, that, whether they won or lost, the teams of those early days elicited the admiration of their opponents and of the spectators. We are glad to know that he is most successful in his new undertaking of the Real Estate Firm of Barr Bros., of which he is the senior member.

Two days, afterwards, on Thursday, April 26, another quiet wedding took place, at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Homewood, which united in the holy bonds of Matrimony Miss Marie M. Shaffner, and another old student of the College, Mr. John O'Donnell, one of the best known newspaper men of this city, who is now holding a responsible position, as Managing Editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch. Mr. O'Donnell was one of the old boys who attended the College when it was situated down on Wylie Avenue, but he still bears a most warm and affectionate remembrance of "ye olden time."

## THAT FACE AT THE WINDOW.

## I.

Way down along the steep and narrow street,  
Wheré, to and from the town, my weary feet  
Have brought me, day by day, for many a year,  
'Neath every kind of sky, or bright or drear—  
There stands a house, with one small window-pane,  
But naught of ornament—for all is plain.  
I never pass thereby, but I must pause;  
I cannot help it,—but it is because  
Behind that window and its curtain-lace  
I always see the same sad, wistful, lonely face.

## II.

Year in and out—from morn to night—'tis there,  
As callous to the passer's vulgar stare  
As to the children's trustful smile,  
Whose gaze of wonder is devoid of guile.  
It looks out into space with eyes resigned;  
It fears nor Summer's sun, nor Winter's wind;  
The pelting rain—the driven snow and sleet,  
With like effect, upon that window beat.  
I never miss from its accustomed place  
Behind the window, that sad, melancholy face !

## III.

If there was aught to see—some moving throng,  
Some bright gay crowd or pageant, pass along;  
If there were mountain stream, or pastures green,  
To conjure up some pleasing rustic scene,  
Then might I deem it but some idle whim,  
Some fancy, thus the leisure hours to dream.  
But no ! there's but a wall across the way—  
'Tis even rare to see some children play—  
And then—the darkest night will not efface  
That picture of the window and its lonely face !

## IV.

Who is she, then, that mystifies me so ?  
That always stays, while others come and go ?  
What story lies behind those eyes so clear ?  
What past might she unfold unto my ear ?  
The deepening wrinkles, and the dark gray hair,  
Bespeak the ravages of Time and Care—  
All else, besides what tells of grief or age,  
Is blotted from that open, silent page.  
'Tis vain to scan the vision, or to trace  
The scene that stretches out before that lonely face !

## V.

Is she, perhaps, thus desolate and lone,  
Because, in days gone by, some only son,

To whom each fibre of her being clove,  
May have been snatched from her maternal love ?  
Or has there been some other nameless grief  
That left her, like some lonely ocean reef  
Amid the surging waves of worldly sneers,  
No longer capable of smiles or tears ?

I will not ask the cause—I will not chase  
The spell that hovers 'round that window and that face !

*P. A. M.*



### ATHLETICS.

Since our last issue of the BULLETIN, the first team has played eight games. Of these it won three, tied one, and lost four. The College defeated the Carnegie Steel Club by the score of 25 to 6. This game took place on the college grounds on May 5. On the following Thursday, Pgh. Central High School, after a close and exciting contest, suffered defeat, the score standing 7 to 6. At McKeesport, our ball tossers were up against a strong team on hilly grounds. Though they were credited with nine hits, they were not able to score more than two tallies, as the hits were kept well separated. The game with Pittsburg Academy was played rather loosely on both sides, and resulted in a draw, 7 to 7. At Monaca the game was lost through an error in the ninth inning, though the College had the lead up to that moment, by the score of 3 to 2.

The W. & J. return game proved the most interesting of the season. Knox was batted out of the box, and Carson took his place. W. & J. suffered one of its worst defeats of the year, 10 runs to 2 having been scored against it. At Charleroi, on Decoration Day, the College suffered two defeats, the first by the score of 13 to 12, and the second, 11 to 5. In the two games the fielding on both sides was very unsatisfactory, the errors made by our representatives being most costly.

During the remainder of the season we have to contend against very strong teams; and we shall consider ourselves fortunate if we break even.

### THE SOPHOMORE BASEBALL TEAM.

Since the last issue of the BULLETIN, the Sophomores have played seven games, of which they won five and lost two. The first three games of the season were won by rather large scores, showing in two instances rather loose fielding on the part of the visitors, and in the other instance good stick work on the part of the "Sophs." Decoration Day was an ideal day for baseball. the Sophomores had gone through a week's good hard practice with the 'Varsity nine, in preparation for their double contest with the St. Patrick's Cadets. About 200 persons witnessed the morning game, which was well-contested, and which would have been won by Walsh, who had 14 strike-

outs to his credit, had it not been for the poor support he received at critical times. In the afternoon, the Collegians got right into the game and slugged the ball all over the field. The features of the game were the batting of O'Connor and Gaynor for the Sophomores and Costello for the visitors. Owing to a dispute with the umpire, the Cadets left the field in the ninth inning, the score being 15 to 12 in favor of the home team. The spectators of the afternoon game numbered about 500. On Saturday, June 2nd, the Sophomores accompanied by a large number of rooters went to Sandy Creek, to play the crack team of that place. The Sophomores were considerably handicapped by the unavoidable absence of their catcher. The result was that they lost the game, not less than 7 of their opponents' runs being directly due to passed balls. The score was 23 to 11, in favor of Sandy Creek A. C. On June 6th the Sophomores defeated the strong Allegheny High School team by the score of 9 to 7. Barring the eighth inning, when the visitors scored 5 runs, this was the best game played by the Sophomores this season. In the next issue of the BULLETIN a detailed account of the manner in which each member of the team has conducted himself during the season will be given. Sophomores' record:—P. C. Sophomores 16, South Side H. School 12; P. C. Sophomores 21, St. Casimir's Juniors 12; P. C. Sophomores 13, South Side H. S. Reserves 6; P. C. Sophomores 7, St. Patrick's Cadets 10; P. C. Sophomores 15, St. Patrick's Cadets 12; P. C. Sophomores 11, Sandy Creek A. C. 23; P. C. Sophomores 9, Allegheny High School 7.

#### THE JUNIORS OR THIRD BASEBALL TEAM.

The Juniors are again in the field. Although their baseball record does not surpass, or even equal, their record on the football field, still they have been playing very well, considering the conditions under which they have sometimes to play. In the football season they were scored upon only once, but in handling the sphere luck is against them. Up to the present, they have played five games, two of which were lost, one to the G. Shad's Team, and the other to the Baum A. C. In the latter game the Juniors were out-classed in size, and this, together with the condition of the grounds on which they played, helped to lose the game by the score of 23 to 1. Capt. Hayes displays great abilities as a ball player at short, playing a neat, fast game both at bat and on the field, and always cheering on his team. Diemer is very strong both behind the bat and with the stick. The Juniors' regular line-up is as follows:—Diemer, c; Roehrig, 1b.; Relihan, p. and 2b.; Sweeney, 2b. and p.; Hayes, s. s.; O'Connor, 3b.; Enright, 1.; McLaughlin, m.; McAllister and Arens, r.; Faank, p. and l. Their record:—P. C. Juniors 6, Denny Jrs. 0; P. C. Juniors 12, St. Stephen's School 11; P. C. Juniors 6, G. Shads 13; P. C. Juniors 1, Baum A. C. 23; P. C. Juniors 12, Co. L. A. C. 7.

Several other games have been scheduled, all of which are to be played before the end of the Academical year.

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# Holy Ghost College Bulletin.

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## A BOUQUET FOR VACATION.

I love my books as drinkers love their wine,  
The more I drink, the more they seem divine;  
With joy elate my soul in love runs o'er,  
And each fresh draught is sweeter than before !  
Books bring me friends where'er on earth I be,  
Solace of Solitude—bonds of Society !  
I love my books ! they are companions dear,  
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere.  
Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,  
And with the noblygifted of our own;  
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,  
Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.

*Bennock.*

My days among the dead are pass'd;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.  
With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

*Southey.*

## CATHOLIC YOUTH IN PUBLIC LIFE.

As the century is slowly ebbing away to be recorded amongst the sacred memories of the past—and the great new era of ages is dawning upon the horizon—all honest and thoughtful observant persons must have noticed the agitation, the movement that has sprung up amongst the Catholic Youth of to-day, to take an active participation in the affairs of Public Life.

As of old, in the days of “Peter the Hermit,” the cry went forth “God wills it, Ged wills it”—a cry that aroused the peoples of every country upon the European continent into a crusade, into an organized force of vast and, until then, unthought of power and possibilities, so to-day, the same cry seems to arise from our midst, “*Dieu le veut*,” “God wills it.” It is the same instinctive cry for organization—the same consciousness of our power—the same feeling of confidence in the truths of christianity. Too long have we gone upon our solitary paths, alone as individuals, fighting our little, puny, local battles against error, prejudice and infidelity. And so that cry has gone forth that will not down, that will not be hushed. It will be the crusade of the coming century—the crusade of organization amongst the young ; the crusade of christian vigor, strong in the consciousness of its infallibility.

We cannot put our finger upon the spot where it began—nor can we point to the preacher that inaugurated its formation. We need only open our eyes to see, on every side, the traces of its existence and the fruits of its action. It is visible in France, where the Young Catholic Laity of to-day are again walking in the footsteps of Montalembert and Lacordaire. As it was some sixty years ago, when fearless and enlightened truth triumphed over the dark plots of revolutions, so to-day the only hope of France, the eldest daughter of the Church, the first-born of modern civilization, is centered in her educated, Christian young men, whose united and aggressive policy has been staying the in-roads-and assaults of modern impiety.

In Germany too, it is the same impressive story of organized resistance to a powerful imperial oppression which thirty years ago was deemed by its authors invincible, and which at length has weakened, and then acknowledged submission and defeat. There the Catholic Youth, the Catholic Laity, under the leadership of their divinely appointed guides, have not feared to enter the halls of the Caesars—have not feared to stand before the clamors of infidel demagogues—have not feared to demand the suppression of iniquitous laws—and have not even feared to dictate, in some legitimate measure, the terms by which alone their aid could be secured.

And all this, because unity of purpose, with its accompanying perseverance and unanswering determination, has been to their numbers what the soul is to the varied elements of the human body. Of themselves—when separate and scattered, the arms, the hands, or the feet may, it is true, imply some feeble quantity and force, like any other composite elements. But they

are helpless for any good—they are worthless for any cause—unless the same vital stream be made to course through their veins, unless the one spirit that informs them, the one soul that gives them unity and life be there to catch them, as it were, in its powerful grasp, and give them somewhat of its own innate vigor.

This is, therefore, what we need to-day. It is the need of all time, and of all peoples, and bodies of men who any time, have to fight against the encroachments of error, the oppression of malice, and the prejudices of ignorance. But it is not at all times or in all places, that the circumstances are equally advantageous, and favorable to organization. There are times when injustice, legalized or not, seems to be so powerful as to crush out, not only the effort, but even the very hope of effecting organized resistance.

Such a time, and such a place, can well be illustrated from the example of that great Irish leader “Daniel O’Connell,” who vanquished and beat down the bitterest, the most shameful and most potent oppression that was ever invented to grind out the life, the energies, the industries, the aspirations of any people—simply and chiefly because he took his unwavering stand upon the letter of the English constitution, and because though flaunting that charter of their laws and liberties before the faces of the English People, he dared to go to the extreme limits which it allowed him, without infringing one jot or tittle upon its strictures and its demands.

What a difference with us and the times in which we live, the country which we own—the flag which we acknowledge—the atmosphere we breathe! One would think we knew not the history of our country—the story of the struggles that gave this nation its providential birth! One would think we had not read the clear-cut language of our constitution. Why then, are we backward in exacting, if not “the pound of flesh,” at least the minimum of our rights—the right to do, and speak, and worship, as we know and feel that God ordains—since we have in our hands the open charter which tells aloud to every one, that we are not asking for what we have not a right to get?

What we need, it would seem to me, in the simple unclouded study of the question, is that we be united in our demands—united in the end, and united in the means.

Let us not be afraid to stand upon the furthest edge of the constitution, which is the same to-day for us as it was of old for our grandfathers.

In the strength and tearlessness arising from its evident truth; in the perseverance that arose from the sight of its magnificent opportunities, they won independence against the heaviest odds.

Why should we not imitate, in other and more important lines, *their* courage, *their* unity and *their* perseverance? Living as we do in democratic days and in a democratic atmosphere, growing opportunities of public life.

If, when we separate as individuals, the elements that insure success to each of us, can be made to consist of the conscious possession of the truth

and of confidence in the weapons that we wield with talent and knowledge added to all this—what must we say when all these things are put into effect, with the concerted action of united and wide-spread organization—gathering power from its diffusion and effectiveness from its unity? What can be conceived more elevating, more inspiring to the young man just stepping out into life—and finding himself in unison with a multitude of others aiming at the same object—than the determination to use all his abilities in the pursuit of a noble purpose which he knows in the end must triumph?

Let us, then, taking our place amid the ranks of those who know they possess the truth—with the knowledge of history for our equipment and the knowledge of religion for our preservation—let us take our proper place in life—let us look upon it as a privilege and an honor to share in the public interests of our neighborhood and our country!

Now that all the advantages of education are ours,—now that our faith is no longer despised—now that the Catholic Church is looked upon with admiration, even by her enemies, for her fearlessness and consistency, as the sole surviving bulwark against infidelity—let us not stand by alone, or with folded arms—let us not leave our weapons to the rust of disuse, but let us take our providential and God-given place in the united army of organized Catholic, and American Young Men.

P. E. Maher.



## THE SPIRIT AND PHILOSOPHY OF TRUE LIBERTY.

There are, in every language, words that act like a talisman upon the human soul—words that carry a special significance to man's mind—and a more powerful incitement to his action. Among these, however, there is none more inspiring, none more soul-stirring than that of "Liberty." No word in the English Language has been cherished with more tenderness, fostered with more solicitude, even catered to with more servility. None has suffered more downright abuse,—no word is more conveniently adaptable as a shield for tyranny, a cloak for oppression, and an excuse for injustice! In the name of *Liberty*, enlightened nations have oftentimes prosecuted unholy wars, crushing to the earth that very Liberty they would fain restore or inculcate! "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

And yet the very instinct of our nature tells us more eloquently than words can describe, that Liberty is a holy and a sacred thing, that carries nothing of evil in its concept or in its element. What, then is the meaning of the word "Liberty," so dear to all of us? We are always boasting of it; the patriot is always aspiring to it; the revolutionist makes it justify his wiles and his conspiracies. It is the word that arouses courage in the heart of the soldier; it is the word that consecrates his flag as it flies out upon the breeze over his head; and when lying prostrate upon the field of battle in

the very threshold of death, he is cheered in his last minutes by the sacred cry of "Liberty." Liberty is the highest privilege of man, it gives him a wonderful power. It puts him in a fortress, which is, so to speak, impregnable. There is no object, there is no creature that can force this human citadel. Even God Himself respects it.

Liberty is the power of choice amongst all the finite objects that have in them a degree of goodness. Man cannot select or choose evil for its own sake; and if the object which he selected eventually turns out to be evil it was chosen by him because it had the appearance of good.

Man, therefore, must always aim for something that is good either in reality or in appearance, and in spite of himself he is always tending towards his last end, namely, the enjoyment of perfect felicity under one form or another. He may deceive himself for a time, he may be beating around like the blind man groping in the darkness, or like the tenant of a burning house groping to find the door, the exit—the air. This general aim—this pursuit of happiness—he cannot forego, he cannot avoid, he cannot disregard. He may temporarily go astray, but, if so, it is because he has abused of his liberty; he has made a wrong and injurious choice. And, therefore, true and perfect liberty must have restraint, the restraint of conformity unto man's real last end. And, therefore, man is not losing nor deviating from the perfect exercise of his true liberty, when he restrains himself within the bounds of order, of honesty and of virtue.

If all this be said of the liberty of the individual, the same may with truth be said of the liberty of a people or of a nation. It is the full enjoyment of liberty in its true sense that constitutes the greatest boon and the highest privilege of a people, but it must remain within the bounds of order and good sense, and within the restriction of law and government; otherwise it would be license, which is but the exaggeration and abuse of liberty.

But within these bounds it has the right to claim all absence of restraint. As man himself has a perfect right to all the privileges conferred upon him by his human nature, and to all that which is truly good for him as suggested and manifested by his intelligence, so a people have a right to all the privileges which the combined intelligence of man as embodied in the dictates of civilized society, has declared to be their inalienable property. It was, therefore, with perfect right and justice and with the assent of all subsequent philosophy, secular and religious, that our immortal Declaration of Independence asserted, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to

effect their safety and happiness." Here in a few words is a plea which vindicates every community of human beings that have suffered oppression, and that aspire to liberty. We cannot spare from it or add to it one word without destroying its wonderful simplicity. Couched in the sincerest words of equity and justice, it depends upon no concocted arguments or shrewd apologies, but deals with nothing less than primal truth and eternal justice. And yet this solemn declaration of man's independence does not for a moment deny the necessity of government to curb the lawless spirits that would abuse of this liberty, and promote the evils and excesses of unrestricted license.

It is not without reason that we are proud of our age. It is an age of enlightenment and progress. Indeed, in many points of view, the present is far in advance of any preceding age. As far as mere earthly interests and comforts are concerned, we can boast of great improvements over our more simple and unsophisticated ancestors. All the useful arts have attained a perfection never dreamed of by them even in their wildest reveries. In navigation, in commerce, in the facilities of intercourse both by sea and by land; in all the applications of steam and electricity, in all the appliances of domestic comfort, we are immeasurably ahead of our forefathers in all past ages.

Still we are not satisfied. We are in a restless fever of agitation and excitement. We forget what is past and bend forward to what is future. The surface of our society is like that of the ocean lashed into foamy billows by the winds of heaven. But unlike the sea, we are never at rest, because we are always looking restlessly ahead. We must progress, in every thing; in the arts, in the sciences, in legislation, in philosophy—and even in religion.

Now all this agitation—all this spirit of ambition—all this fever of progress, is but another instructive expression of our human liberty, which will stop at nothing short of the Infinite itself! Why then should we object to what is but the product of nature herself? No—we should applaud it rather. But—we do say, it should be kept within its appropriate limits! We can rebuke its extravagances and its excesses.

The philosophers of the last two centuries, in falsifying the notion of true liberty—have reasoned backwards, they have narrowed truth, instead of enlarging it. Like the builders in the plains of Shinar, they foolishly sought to erect a tower which shall reach the heavens themselves; but like them too, their tower has become a ruined monument—their speech has been confounded. The inflated philosophy of the day is a modern Babel—a sad jumble of contradictory theories and speculations. There is no absurdity which their philosophy has not broached and idolized.

Materialism and Pantheism, and Fatalism, and Freedom of Thought, are the very doctrines most shocking to true liberty. And yet they are the theories that prevail in many centers of culture and education. They are the doctrines that are in honor. Alas for our enlightened age! Alas for the cause of liberty. But, gentlemen, liberty needs no apology. It needs no

extravagant inflation. On the contrary it repudiates all the excesses with which this age of mental liberty, and of free inquiry would besmirch its true nature and character.

But it is rational liberty, not license that our nature—our intellect demands. It is the liberty that is trammelled only by the fetters of sober reason, and by the golden bonds of obedience to an authority that has been created by the same divine hand that gave being to all nature, that we ask for—not licentiousness of intellect that knows and acknowledges no restraint whatever, human or divine. We pant for no higher freedom than that of which the Master spoke when he said : “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free,” not the license that is a “cloak for malice,” but the liberty of Intellect and Will within the bounds of the true, the good and the right. This is the true spirit, and the true philosophy of that greatest human privilege—the privilege of liberty.

*Jacob W. Kraus.*



## LABOR IS KING.

With us, who take such legitimate pride in the boon of liberty—with us, whose birth-right is the glorious Declaration of Independence—it is but natural to feel as if the words : “Sovereign,” “Ruler,” and “King” should have no place in our vocabulary. We bow to no Emperor ; we acknowledge no suzerain on earth—we have gone so far in our worship and love of liberty, that we have resolved not even to allow the taint of slavery, in any guise or form, to gain a foot-hold within our portals, or upon our soil.

Yet, though equality and brotherhood and liberty, in their true and literal sense, are the watchwords of our national sentiment and conduct, we do not feel it beneath us to pay honor where honor is due—we do not feel that it lowers us to acknowledge *one* sovereignty—that of *labor* ; to bow before the dignity of one king—the dignity of an honest man. With the poet Burns we can say :

“The honest man, though e'er so poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that”

A king can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that—  
An honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that.

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are bigger ranks than a' that.

The humblest working man in our midst can walk the land with head as high—arrayed even in his blouse—or with gait as proud as any one that steps upon our shore with the claims of royal blood or princely lineage.

Even the honest immigrant that comes to work, that comes to earn his living, is welcomed provided he comes, intending to make with us his home.

“I ask not from what land he came,  
Nor where his youth was nursed;—  
If pure the spring, it matters not  
The spot from whence it burst.  
The palace or the hovel  
Where first his life began,  
I seek not of; but answer this—  
Is he an honest man ??”

We are eager to welcome true greatness, to admire genius, to greet the laureates of art and science, even if they come from other lands, but with Pope, we say :

“ . . . . . That man is great indeed,  
Who noble ends by noble means obtains  
Or, failing smiles in exile and in chains;  
A wit’s feather, and a chief, a rod,  
An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

Yes ! Labor, with us, has rightfully been placed in the seat of honor---and wherever we behold it---under whatsoever form we recognize it---in the field---at the furnace or at the desk---we pay to it the tribute of our deep respect. It is the God-given property and instinct of nature herself, whose deep musical chorus goes up into the heavens uninterrupted.

“Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,  
Never the little seed stops in its growing.”

Or, as the poet says again :

“Water, fire and air and Earth  
Rest not, pause not from their birth.”

But it is not only, thus, the glory of nature to labor for the Creator and His purposes---it is for her a worship, a ceaseless prayer to her omnipotent God. And it is not merely the mute but eloquent prayer of the robin singing on his bush, or of the bee, ever storing up honey within her hive, or of clouds breathing down upon the earth, or of the sun that never ceases in his daily, yearly route. It is for man himself, with all his waywardness---with all his ingratitude---it is for him also, when he gives to toil, be it humble or elevated, the simple, earnest energy of his soul---a source of prayer, an eloquent acknowledgement of his Creator. For, when thus working with hands and working with heart, he feels that he is but accomplishing the divine mandate “ never be idle.”

“From his very nerves at each pulsation  
From the mystery of sleep,  
Comes a lesson, a monition,  
Whose significance is deep:—  
  
Be a workman be a toiler;  
Higher worship is there none  
With its hymn of work—devotion,  
Nature is one choral tone.”

Even from the humble Village Blacksmith of our own poet Longfellow, we can gather this fruitful lesson ; for

“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night’s repose.  
Thanks—thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou has taught !  
Thus at the sounding forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought,—  
Thus on its sounding anvil shap’d  
Each burning deed and thought !”

Labor is thus the truest worship---it is, when rightly understood and properly inspired, a truthful and efficacious prayer.

It is also a rest,

“ . . . . . from the sorrows that greet us,  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin—promptings that ever entreat us !  
Rest from the tempers that lure us to ill.  
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
Work—thou shalt ride over Care’s coming billow;  
Lie not down wearied ’neath Woe’s weeping-willow;  
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.”

It is a source of health and life. Without it---would there be life, or the semblance of life in anything upon the earth ? Even in the water that runneth not, comes foul corruption, because it is stagnant ! Even to the watch that is unwound, to the wheels that lie motionless, to the springs that have ceased to move, comes the deadly rust that deprives them of their value. So it is with *man*, to whom idleness brings despair, or emptiness, or sorrow. Even when labor is hard and unremitting, it has its pleasures; it has its compensations---and by sad experience we are compelled to admit the truth of the poet’s words :

“Oh ! while ye feel ’tis hard to toil  
And sweat the long day through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.  
  
And ye upon whose fevered cheeks,  
The hectic glow is bright,  
Whose mental toil wears out the day  
And half the weary night—  
Although ye feel your toil is hard  
Even with this glorious view,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.”

All this is but the experience that we have had during our school-days, and throughout our college career. We have labored and toiled from day to

day, climbing the pleasant, but sometimes hard and wearisome hill of learning. The we, who have persevered---we, who have finished the task and reached the goal, when weighing in the balance the mental toil against our labor's joys, and peace, and rest, and final honors and rewards, we can say that the latter have won---we can say to those who follow us in the same honorable course :

“Ho ! all who labor—all who strive—  
Ye wield a lofty power:  
Do with your might, do with your strength,  
Fill every golden hour !  
This glorious privilege to do  
Is man’s most noble dower.  
Oh ! to your birthright and yourselves,  
To your own souls be true !  
A weary wretched life is theirs  
Who have no work to do.”

But to those who live in the midst of this great industrial centre, there is no need to sing the praises of labor, to uphold its dignity, to bespeak for it honor and respect. In no other place on earth is it enthroned so high. The very name of “Pittsburg” is a synonym for unceasing toil and industry in every form and shape. Our very atmosphere ceases not the whole year round both night and day to echo Labor’s music---and there is not one amongst us who does not love to hear that sound---

“The banging of the hammer,  
The whirling of the plane,  
The crashing of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane,  
The puffing of the engines,  
The grating of the drills,  
The rolls’ continuous boom,  
The whirring of the mills;  
From which ten thousand whistles  
Shriek out the morning call—  
These sounds of honest industry  
I love—I love them all.”

They tell us of prosperity---of peace---of happy homes---of a strong and robust youth growing into stronger manhood---they tell us that we, too, must be up and doing---that

“Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul !  
  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.”

But, for this we must

“Begin while life is bright and young  
Work out each noble plan;  
True knowledge lends a charm to youth  
And dignifies the man.”

This is not enough, we must persevere---

“Then upward, onward, step by step,  
With perseverance rise;  
And emulate with hearts of hope,  
The good, the great, the wise.”

To all those, therefore, who hear me, but especially those who, like myself, have but begun the labors of life, I would say :

“Oh ! there’s a good in labor,  
If we labor but aright,  
That gives vigour to the day-time,  
And sweeter sleep at night;  
A good that bringeth pleasure  
Evèn to the toiling hours,  
For duty cheers the spirit  
As dew revives the flowers.

Then say not that Jehovah  
Gave labor as a doom;  
No ! 'tis the richest mercy  
From cradle to the tomb.  
Then let us still be doing  
Whate'er we find to do,  
With a cheerful, hopeful spirit,  
And free hand strong, patient, brave and true !”

*E. J. Hockstein.*



## ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

BY

RIGHT REV. BISHOP DONAHUE.

Rt. Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Gentlemen of the Graduating class:—

Going back some ten years in time, and some four hundred miles Eastward in space, to the good old City of Baltimore, my fancy sees him again on that sizzling day in June, descending, fan in hand, the steps of the Young Ladies’ Academy, his collar wilted, his scanty hair wet with perspiration and his face of the hue of an over ripe tomato, that dear old clergyman the wag of the Archdiocese, and I hear again the remark which was really a groan, addressed to the complacent old lady whose two granddaughters had just graduated: “Well my dear, after all, Job was not tried to the uttermost.

It is true he lost his family and his worldly goods, but as a supreme test he should have been sent to three Commencements in one day with the thermometer at 95."

That, however, cannot be said of this Commencement. It has been of great interest throughout. It has not wearied us. It has instructed us. We have listened with a high degree of satisfaction to the efforts of these young men. I suppose I have come about as far as any one to be here to-night and I wish to publicly thank the Very Rev. President, and the Faculty of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost for according me the distinguished honor of addressing a few words of felicitation and encouragement to these young gentlemen, whether graduates full fledged, or as having completed one full year of their business or academic training. These occasions have tender memories for all of us, bitter perhaps to some, as we remember the ferule and the memory lines, calling up the dear old times of long ago, when we watched the teacher with a furtive eye, when we thumbed dictionaries, and hated with a deadly hate the men of the Tower of Babel who mixed up all the languages and made Homer and Caesar and Aristophanes possible. To-night we recall the tender grace of many a day long since dead, when school was out for three months, and with frantic delight we made for the creek, knee deep in the grass, and unmercifully ducked the best scholar and the whiteheaded boy of the class. Oh, my friends of large girth and iron gray hair and stooping figures, and wrinkled brow, those glorious leafy Junes of the long ago are gone forever and we can live them over again but in memory. These young gentlemen are the heirs to all our boyish glee, to our enormous and omnivorous appetites, to our amphibious natures when the days were hot and the stream handy to our infinite capacity for sheer enjoyment. But as the father lives in his boy and is delightfully startled to see his own self reproduced feature by feature from the amorphous rosiness of mere childhood so we come here to-night to live our youth over again, for a brief space and see it reflected in the looks that we love, in the innocent brows, the clear undoubting eyes, and the laughing lips of these youngsters, just about to start evenly from the scratch in the great race of life !

To you, my young friends, who have carried off the prizes, I beg to extend my hearty congratulations. Doubtless your honors have been well and worthily won. I trust that they are merely the forerunners of greater ones in the struggle of your after careers. The boy is often father to the man. The winner at college is often the winner in the business career, the forum, the field of battle, in all the peaceful arts of life. Let the glory of your *Alma Mater* shine forth in your youth, be with you as an inspiration in your vigorous manhood, a sweet memory in your declining years !

#### A WORD TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

But to you, also, who have nobly tried and failed, I would say a word.

Be not cast down. Strive on with heart. It is not always he who wins at this stage who finally overcomes. History is full of examples to the contrary. The whole being is not revealed in examinations either oral or written. There is something latent in almost every man which the written page or the examiner's question does not disclose. Often it is unsuspected of the owner till some crisis of life brings it to the surface as the upheavals of nature bring up the forgotten treasures of earth or sea. This something is the saving attribute of common sense, or if you like the blunter term,

#### HORSE SENSE.

It is sound judgment, the ability to gauge a conjunction of circumstances and to act almost intuitively in the complex situation. Sound judgment, flashing forth into action, is the key of all true success! It is the exercise of understanding. Memory, which has heretofore played such an important part in the classes, now takes a back seat. You have all heard of Mezzofanti, who knew all the languages of the earth, but knew little else. I have come across Doctors of Divinity who had scarcely sense enough to go market or come in out of the rain. There is record too of a dear old gentleman with a prodigious memory, with a mind like a most sensitive photographic plate constantly exposed to the sun, who could not forget any fact of history or daily life if he would, yet was all at sea when called upon to act in the ordinary affairs of life. He was absolutely devoid of judgment. And when he died, some wag chalked on his tombstone: "Here lies Smith, of happy memory, waiting for judgment." Did you ever hear how Wordsworth and Coleridge, at an inn in the Cumberland lakes, tried to put the collar over the horse's head. That is a ridiculously easy thing to most of us, but to the great poets it was a difficult feat. They endeavored to adjust that collar in the same position in which it finally rests. Of course they failed. A Scotch lassie ran out from the door, inverted the collar temporarily, and fastened it securely. "Aweel," she said with crushing contempt, "ye maun be great book wriless, but ye ha' no common sense." The poet Cowper, as you have doubtless read, was excessively fond of domesticated hares in his chambers. In order that they might pass from room to room with even the doors closed, the good man cut two semi-circles in the doors—a large one for the grown pets and a small one for the tiny creatures. A friend suggested that only one opening was necessary as the little ones could pass through the larger aperture. The poet considered the suggestion with a kind of awe and frankly said he had never thought of that.

Yes, young gentlemen, genius is good but in the long run and for daily use, common horse sense is better. The immortal Grant secured only a very low place in the graduating class. Sheridan, I believe, was only thirty-fourth out of forty; yet in the hour of dire battle these great men were far ahead of the distinguished tacticians and future doctrinaires. Capt. Mahan can write most eloquently on the rise of sea power and its influence on hu-

man destinies. He could probably teach George Dewey naval tactics on paper for years to come and surpass him in a competitive examination. Doubtless on that immortal first of May, two years ago, Mahan would have had some book reason for not sailing into Manila Bay, but the immortal George, our second great George, grasped the situation, cast the die and placed this nation of ours in the very forefront of the world ! There be those who say that in sailing into the stormy sea of politics, he has not displayed quite the same amount of saving sense and sound judgment, but we must charitably take into account that in the interval, he has taken a partner into his councils, and has probably listened to many a curtain lecture on the art of success in life.

But whether you have succeeded for the present or not, I pray you gentlemen to continue the cultivation of those intellects which Almighty God has given you ! You should endeavor to

#### LOVE INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS FOR THEMSELVES.

Do not, in the after-time, stunt and starve the mind. As you would doubtless be the first to admit, the sum of knowledge and culture acquired in a college course is not great. Indeed the duration of that course will, I trust, form but a small fraction of your lives. Whether, then, your careers be those of the business man, the clergyman, the lawyer or the physician—whatsoever your walk in life, let "*nulla dies sine linea*" be your motto. Many a man, after a good and even brilliant college course, has allowed his intellect to rust for want of daily friction with some problem of art or science or literature. Its tissue has been destroyed. It has undergone a fatal and all-destroying oxidation in the groveling and oftentimes debasing atmosphere of everyday life. How different it is with him who daily lifts up his soul to higher planes of thought, who takes up as a hobby or fad, some branch the rudiments of which he acquired at school or college, or goes lovingly over the hard places in his Horace or Herodotus and marks where in his Virgil that twisted passage threw him down. What an inspiring spectacle to behold a Gladstone "an old man broken with the storms of state" writing his "*Juventus Mundi*," the youthful Balfour delving deep into metaphysics, Lord Derby translating his *Homer* for recreation, Salisbury retiring to his laboratory and, with reagent and retort, prying into the secrets of Nature, while the destinies of empires weighed Atlas-like upon his shoulders, or our own illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., giving forth his immortal Encyclicals and putting a last finish upon his Latin verse, whilst the solicitude of all the Churches and his four score years and ten weigh him down. Nor must we stint our praise of those in our own beloved country. Hoar of Massachusetts varies his profound consideration of bills and measures of legislation by an occasional dip into Cicero and Greek tragedy. Roosevelt is winning laurels as an historian of war and as a participator therein; the Southern delegates in our halls of Congress still number among them orators and

scholars saturated with classic lore. Your illustrious fellow-townsman, in a most striking and brilliant manner, shows that his great mind can busy itself with books and noble thoughts as well as coke ovens and armor plate. His "*Triumphant Democracy*" would have brought renown to a writer of absolute leisure and seclusion, while his "*Gospel of Wealth*" which, by the way, he practises as well as preaches, proclaims him a man of scholarly instincts as well as of noble heart. Heretofore, perhaps, it might have been unreasonable to look for many such as these, when the absorbing task has been the upbuilding of the material resources of the mightiest nation upon earth; but surely the hour is now at hand, if it is not already come, when the solution of the momentous problems now confronting us will call for a class of men out of the ordinary run—statesmen, not mere politicians, deeply versed in history which is philosophy teaching by examples, eloquent men to appeal with force to listening Senates, men of

"Wit and words and worth,  
(ah, my friends, mark that "worth")  
Action and utterance and the power of speech  
To stir men's blood"—

men with the largeness of view and moderation of tone which sound scholarship and breadth of culture invariably impart.

#### NEED OF DAILY EFFORT.

Wherefore, young gentlemen, cast not away your books from this night on, but love them, study them, cherish them the more in the coming years. Bear in mind the inspiring words which Cicero, the Prince of forensic orators, utters of these literary pursuits:

*"Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis profugium ac solatium praebent; delectant domi, non impediti foris, pernoctant nobis cum, pergrinantur, rusticantur."*

Woe to the theologian, physician, scientist or man of letters, who, at any period of his career, deems his education complete and further study unnecessary. Why, nine-tenths of the discoveries in therapeutics have been made in the lifetime of many assembled here. So again, as long as the human heart and mind are constituted as they are, errors will arise to keep the theologian on the alert. As to the law it chanced that once I listened to a very learned and able argument in an appellate court. The young advocate was followed with great attention by Bench and Bar and seemed to carry the Judges with him. Then arose on the other side a white-headed old lawyer. He was expected to take up the rest of the day in argument. As a matter of fact he took up about five minutes. "If Your Honors please," he said with a smile that was childlike and bland, "the propositions maintained with so much force and ability by my learned young friend, were considered pretty good law in this State up to a few weeks ago, but (producing from his coat tail a few loose printed pages,) "I have here the

advance sheets of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, recently rendered, which effectively and conclusively rules in this case." And when he read it, it was so crushingly conclusive and so at all fours with the case at bar that the decision was immediately rendered, and the young man who hadn't kept up to date, went out of that Court sorrowful. Hence, young gentlemen, the necessity for daily intellectual development, of the daily gain of knowledge, of the effort after ever increasing and widening culture. Our faculties thus sharpened and our taste improved, we shall ourselves become large factors in the development and elevation of our own environment. That there is room for improvement all round is undeniable. The highest present enjoyment of the divine art of Music with many is to recognize the beat and rhythm of some jingle jangle tune. Mere fine writing has displaced the sonorous ring of Shakespeare's, Chaucer's, and Milton's periods and the stately march of Ruskin's or Newman's English undefiled. Our artistic appreciation of Painting and Sculpture leaves very much yet to be desired. There is still ample room for deep as well as accurate scholarship and dabblers in the many fads and ologies have not yet driven into a corner the man of one book.

#### TRAINING OF THE HEART.

I have not yet said ought of the heart's training, without which the refining of the mere intellect is of little avail. Nor need I say much; I know who your professors are and how they teach by example as well as precept. I recognize their spirit and their faith. I think I know the stuff they are made of. I know their spirit of reverence. Well might they inscribe over the entrance of their home the poet's ringing words;—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That heart and soul according well  
May make one music as before."

Yes, they have learning without intellectual pride, and I make no doubt they have instilled into you their spirit, that you may grow to the full stature of perfect manhood.

And now, dear Friends, a parting word to you. Pittsburg lies on my way to the remoter parts of my own Diocese. I pass through this city at any and all hours of the twenty-four. By day I am amazed at the rush and strain and the great throbbing life of this great metropolis of Western Pennsylvania, but by night its myriad furnace fires, its mighty plants pouring forth floods of liquid steel, its tens of thousands of electric points, and the deep breathing of its vast engines fill me with a delight and an awe nowhere else to be experienced on this globe. Day and night, year in and year out, labor-stained hands, grasping metal throttles or adjusting mighty levers, toil on in their leviathan tasks. Here, one shapes the ribs or the armor of the future battleship; there, another moulds and fashions the

structural work of a mile-long bridge. Here, a crowd is piecing together the frame of a fifteen or twenty story building; here, another generates the electric fluid which has revolutionized the world. No task is too gigantic, no mechanism too fine, for the brawn and the brain of Pittsburghers. And yet over the din and the roar, and the glare that fires the heavens, over this great city, I love to look up to the bluff on which Holy Ghost College sits enthroned, and to feel that there, studious youths are conning their Virgils and Homers and Horaces, or are lost in the intricacies of the geometric problem or practising the roll of the long hexameter, or, like some young bird in May, preening and trying their own untried wings on some flight of oratory. And it is good to look up and think that not all are toilers with hand and eye alone, but, aloft there, youth and hope in scholarly seclusion are brooding over the problems of literature, science and art.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT OF LEARNING.

And can you, my friends, look on that spectacle unmoved? Are you unwilling to take to your hearts this one chief institution of Catholic learning in this mighty city? Is the love of learning and the encouragement of literature to be left to the few or only to the very rich? Why, one scarcely takes up a daily paper without reading of hundreds of thousands of dollars contributed to some seat of learning. And is Pittsburg—Pittsburg so largely Catholic, Pittsburg so supreme in many other respects, to lag behind in its love and patronage of learning? That I never can believe. That I refuse to believe. The members of this Faculty give their whole time, nay their whole lives, without pay or salary of any kind in the sacred cause of higher Catholic education. You are not called to such a measure of self-sacrifice, but I am sure you will agree with me that since you are not so called you are expected to contribute of your means. True, you have many demands made upon you, but after the care of the widow and the orphan, the sacred cause which I am thus feebly endeavoring to advocate has its claims upon your hearts and purses. Those who do not understand the Catholic Church in her aims and in her spirit, maintain that she is the foe of education. Show to them that a Church which has produced a St. Thomas Aquinas, a Chaucer, a Raphael, a Dante, a Newman, a Roentgen and an innumerable host of great minds which no man can number, has always stood and will ever stand for the highest and the noblest culture of the human intellect and heart. Show to them by your generosity towards this College, in a city where the per capita wealth is greater than anywhere else in the world, that you recognize even higher aims than the construction of bridges or of monsters of devastation, the perfecting of electric power and the building of league-long lines of coke ovens, to-wit: the training of the intellect and the immortal soul. Let Pittsburg be great with an all-around greatness! Let her schools of learning, and her halls of science be renowned in Christendom! Let her train her levites to do valiant battle against the hydra-headed

forms of error and unbelief. Let her be great in the cure of human ills, learned and upright in her courts of justice. The future of this mighty city is largely in your own hands !

Nor are you wanting in leadership in generous deeds to further these great aims. Your honored Chief Pastor has ever been a generous Patron of Holy Ghost College. He has given of his means, and bestowed the sympathies of his large heart, to encourage the Rev. Faculty and friends of the Institution. He has set you an example that you may well follow !



## VALEDICTORY.

MR. WM. O. WALKER.

The return of this final academic function causes a renewal of the thoughts, the feelings and the associations that spring up in our minds and hearts, on the occasion of the annual Commencement exercises.

It is natural therefore, for me to develop, or at least give a faint expression to, the thoughts that present themselves to us who, unworthy as we are, in graduating from our Alma Mater, have occasioned this numerous and splendid gathering here to-night.

The first of these thoughts to demand expression—because it is the one that awakes keenest and readiest from us who are graduating—is the significance of an occasion which is made the scene of so much solemnity and such impressive ceremonies—and which is so conspicuously marked with all the external signs of rejoicings and congratulations.

Indeed, to the casual observer this assemblage would rather be taken the mood and temper of gaiety and felicity. But can we, for whom it be-speaks so much that is serious—can we, for whom it is the threshold of a new life, consider it merely as a gala-day, or as a mere compendium of mirth, music and song? Have our many friends, even those who come to congratulate—have they come simply through curiosity? No—there is, in us especially, an undercurrent of sorrow that mingles with our gladness—and amidst our friends, there is an undercurrent of sympathy that stretches out towards our future career—and that we can easily recognize an invisible bond—the bond of friendship—of love—of gratitude—seems to rest upon our shoulders—to cast a spell upon our voices and to throw a weight upon our hearts. In very truth, therefore, with all its merriment and mirth, with all its pomp and splendor, this occasion of to-night is one of deep solemnity—solemn in its realizations of the past—solemn in its anticipations for the future !

In its relationship to the past—this gathering—this ceremony marks the successful completion of our college career—it marks the end of many labors—of much toil, and discipline, and sacrifice. Our Alma Mater has put

the stamp of her deliberate approval upon our studies—an approval which carries with it the sanction of her honored name and the authority of her high position among the Catholic colleges of the United States. She who has trained and developed so many young, intellectual athletes for the arena of life, is now sending us forth to-night. Her sons are to-day walking in every profession, laboring in the cause of God and humanity according to the principles she has taught them. It will be our proudest boast and our fondest hope to accomplish in regard to her that significant motto of the knights of old, "*noblesse oblige.*" We must respond to our position—we must live up to the high and noble traditions of our predecessors—and in thus carrying the weight of responsibility upon our shoulders, we shall bring additional honor to the Alma Mater from whom and through whom we are being honored here to-night.

In its significance for the past this solemn occasion likewise brings with it a realization of the changes that have taken place in us during the many years that we have spent beneath the immediate protection of our Alma Mater. It takes us back to the day we first entered college, and then, at a glance, we see more clearly that what before were boyish fancies have given place to the thoughts of men. It recalls "that springtime of the soul wherein we felt the stirring of the man within the boy." 'Twas then that the flame of our hearts was kindled with a new fire, whose light has guided us through these many years of labor, constantly growing brighter and brighter, until it has at last disclosed to our mind's eye the real object of our instructors, when they imposed upon us such an apparently rigid discipline—so many difficult tasks—so many repetitions and restraints. That light now dispels the gloom and causes us to realize that our college years have been a period of formation and development. We were placed in the hands of instructors as the stems and buds of what should blossom forth into the flowers of manhood. Our Alma Mater realizes the necessity of trimming off the branches that tended to hinder the development of the sturdy trunk; she trained the plant's growth so that it might one day bud forth in all its splendor and freshness of healthy bloom, and now, it is our task to produce the flower, the species and fragrance of that flower, the bed which it will occupy in the garden of the universe is a question of the future. But who can doubt the principles here taught us by our Alma Mater, the principles which have crowned her sons with success in the past, who can doubt that those principles will crown her sons with like success in the future?

The future! It is in the significance of this occasion for the future that the element of solemnity chiefly enters, for it is this thought of the time to come that quickens the throbings of our hearts—that causes doubts, apprehensions and dark forebodings to arise, for though it is certain that the principles here taught us have in the past guided many a graduate on his journey through life, still are we positive that we have conscientiously imbibed the instructions given us, and are we positive that we will ever be

faithful and regulate our lives according to the doctrines given us?

We are casting our barks upon a broad ocean. Storms will arise to roughen our voyage. Day after day we will be tossed about on the billowy sea of life with naught but those principles and doctrines to save us from shipwreck—to guide us through darkness and danger until we shall have steered our bark to a place of safety. "Life to-day means action and life means labor and life as given to us now means toil," for it is by the sweat of their brow that men must live their lives and earn their bread—and timid souls are apt to shrink from that hard condition.

Has the nourishment which our Alma Mater gave the roots of the sturdy trunk sunk deep into our hearts? If so, then let us be up and doing—let us go forth into the world courageously, constantly bearing in mind that each one of us is an essential figure in the progress of the business as well as of the social world—constantly bearing in mind, likewise, that on our success will depend, though in some little degree, the progress of the universe, and in our failure lies the marring of its harmony. One thing is certain—the doctrines here taught us are the only true ones. They are the teachings that have guided the world—that have regulated men's lives for the past 2,000 years, and together with the sanction of ages they have the highest authority on earth to enlighten, to elevate and to sanctify.

But our thoughts of the past and of the future must not throw a veil over those of the present. Our saddest and most painful task is to bid farewell to our Alma Mater. It is not possible for us now to show how appreciative we are of her warm benevolence. The words which I would speak in her praise would soon be forgotten like a wreath of frail flowers that wither and fade away. But let us hope and pray that our gratitude may be adequately shown by our fidelity to her rules in our after lives.

But to you, beloved masters, who have labored in our behalf, like the husbandman sowing his seed, oft times with little prospect of an adequate return—to you we bid the farewell of gratitude for the patience—the self-sacrifice—the perseverance with which you have performed the work of which you see to-night, at least in part, the happy accomplishment. We feel now more keenly than ever the nature and extent of the return which you expect—and of the acknowledgement which you anticipate—that of being true to the spirit, the lessons, the science that you ceased not to inculcate—an acknowledgement to which we trust, each coming year will but add still greater emphasis.

And now, fellow graduates, we separate, and all the ties of friendship that we have formed in years gone by must at length be severed at a blow. Our happy college days will soon be but a monument reared within our faithful memories. No longer are we to see the bright, shining faces of our classmates; no more shall we hear the gleeful voices of our youthful companions; no more shall we mingle in their games. The scenes of our college days will return to us only in the strength and power of memory—and the "memory of joy will then be a sadness."

Our class spirit has been to us a guiding star to which we have sacrificed ourselves and our own interests for the common good. To-night the flower that has so long lighted up the altar of our sacrifices must be extinguished and all that remains will be the cold, grey ashes of our offerings. "But though we are separated in body yet there is no separation of soul. We will still be one in conviction, united in principle and loyal action." And thus united let us live on until we, too, shall have run our course. Narrower and narrower shall our little circle grow and finally the ring will be broken. "But oh ! Let the memory and the spirit survive to the end, while our last, loving, faithful band still lives to feed its altar flame."

"Twilight and evening bells—  
And after that the dark—  
And may there be no sadness of farewells  
When we embark.  
  
For though from out the bourne of time and place  
The floods may bear us far,  
We hope to see our Pilot face to face  
When we have "crossed the bar.—"



### A MOTHER'S FAREWELL !

#### I.

A fond mother stood at the grave of her child,  
At eve, as the sun went down,  
With thoughts of the dear little face that of't smiled,  
When returning to her home from the town.

#### II.

She stood at the grave, with tears in her eyes,  
As she uttered a prayer for his soul,  
And begged of the Lord, as she looked to the skies.  
That her grief she might yet control.

#### III.

Not a sound, save the whisper of the leaves, was heard,  
As she knelt to say a silent prayer;  
You could scarce hear the notes of night's melancholy bird  
As it broke now and then upon the air.

#### IV.

She hurriedly arose and gazed around  
O'er the silent city of the dead;  
And turning once more to the little green-mound,  
These touching words she said.

#### V.

Farewell to the idol and the treasure of my heart !  
Farewell, my life, my joy !  
Farewell, my child ! we now must part !  
Farewell, my darling boy !

*P. A. Gillespie.*

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## ...EDITORIALS...

As we are going to press, intelligence was received at the College of the sudden and premature death of MR. EUGENE McCARTHY, a graduate of '98 and at one time Editor-in-Chief of the BULLETIN. He left Philadelphia where he had been engaged as a preceptor at St. Joseph's House, early in July, for his home in Emmitsburg. Scarcely arrived there, he was seized with peritonitis which hurried him off, July 12, at the age of 24 years and four months. The BULLETIN extends expressions of profound condolence and heartfelt sympathy to his grief-stricken family.

## On a Taste for Reading.

As the labors and avocations which fall to the lot of man are varied in their character, it follows that, the means destined to alleviate and recreate the human mind and body, should possess no dull uniformity but should be characterized for their efficiency and suitableness and especially their variety in coping with the varying burden. Whether it be those who gain their livelihood by means of the artisan's tools or those gifted with superior intellectual accomplishments devote themselves to duties altogether mental, at least one profitable as well as delightful and at the same time always available diversified means of recreation is open to them, namely, the indulgence of a taste for reading. "I have never known any cares" said Montesquieu, "which could not be lightened by an hour's reading."

That reading is an eminently rational recreation even those of a most superficial mind will admit.

Eloquent images mingled with substantial ideas are furnished to the mind of the reader, listlessness with its accompanying evils is put to flight, temptation with its manifold snares is excluded.

A taste for reading does not merely furnish us with an occupation capable of producing inestimable good, but it also offers us an occasion of paramount importance by enabling us to derive benefits moral as well as intellectual from acquaintance with the wisest, best and worthiest authors of all time into whose ennobling friendship we are introduced by a legitimate taste for reading.

The literature of our day is so well diversified and competent that he who complains of his inability in being catered to, in a literary sense, cannot surely be speaking in good faith, for books which can be recommended for their intrinsic moral, scientific and literary merit, embracing all branches of human knowledge as well as works treating of thrilling incident and adventure and those portraying scenes from nature and human life may be secured with little or no difficulty.

A person gifted with a taste for reading and profiting thereby not only gains knowledge and fits himself for the battle of life but through his refined conversation (which is invariably a characteristic of an intelligent reader) he becomes a source of pleasure to those with whom he comes in contact and in questions of the day and all subjects of grave moment his opinions are always respected and he is looked upon as a pleasant and desirable companion.

J. A. R.



**COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.**

Our Commencement Exercises were held on Friday evening, June 22, in the Pittsburg Grand Opera House. The house was filled to its utmost capacity by the friends of the students and the college. The stage was occupied by the Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg; Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, D. D., Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va.; Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President; several members of the Faculty, the graduates, in cap and gown, and the College Glee Club.

After an overture by the College Orchestra, the salutatory was delivered in Latin by D. A. O'Hare. The rest of the programme comprised a song, by P. A. Gillespie; cornet duet, by F. P. Hartigan and D. P. Lamothe; song, by G. H. Roehrig; oration, E. J. Huckestein; song, A. J. Eschmann; an oration in German, by A. M. Kossler; violin selection, D. A. O'Hare; oration, P. E. Maher; song, R. T. Ennis.

In his address to the audience, Father Hehir, President of the College, expressed his thorough satisfaction with the work of the year. The members of the Faculty had co-operated with him in the greatest harmony. More students had registered than in any one of the preceding ten years. All had comported themselves as good young Christian gentlemen, and had applied themselves most diligently to their studies.

The Fathers of the college, he stated, devoted their lives, their energies and their talents to the cause of education, and made every sacrifice that their work might be crowned with success. As a means to extend the sphere of their usefulness and impart to intelligent boys of limited means the benefits of a liberal education whereby they might aspire to a place amongst the learned professions, and secure positions of emolument and respect, they have decided to offer, for the next school year, a free scholarship to the most deserving boy in every one of the parochial schools of Pittsburg and Allegheny. To attain the same end, three perpetual burses, entitling to three free places forever, had already been established by our Right Rev. Bishop, Dr. Phelan, the late Very Rev. Father Pollard, of Lawrenceville, and Mr. Michael Munhall, of North Ave., Allegheny. In conclusion the Reverend President expressed a wish that other generous and public-spirited gentlemen might interest themselves similarly in the cause of Catholic and liberal education.

After the Degrees had been conferred, the orator of the evening, the Right Rev. Bishop of Wheeling, kept the audience spell-bound with his address, which lasted over forty minutes, and which we are pleased to present to our readers, *in extenso*, in this issue of our BULLETIN.

The valedictory, touching, graceful, and elaborate, was delivered by Mr. William O. Walker.

The graduates in the Commercial Department were: H. F. Kubler, Pittsburg; E. J. Huckestein, Allegheny; W. A. McLane, West Union, W.

Va.; J. W. Ryan, Homestead, and F. F. Turnblaeer, Pittsburg. The graduates in the Classical Department, covering seven years' study, were: A. M. Kossler, W. E.; D. A. O'Hare, Boston, Mass.; W. O. Walker, Oil City, Pa., and R. A. Walsh, Crafton, to whom a special certificate was awarded.

Silver medals for elocution were awarded to F. A. Schwab and W. J. Ryan, both of the non-graduating classes. A gold medal for excellence in the Commercial Course was won by E. J. Hückestein; a gold medal for book-keeping and arithmetic, by F. F. Turnblaeer; a gold medal for philosophy, by A. M. Kossler; a gold medal for oratory, by P. E. Maher; a gold medal for music, by D. A. O'Hare, and Bishop Phelan's gold medal for general excellence, by W. O. Walker.



### FIELD DAY.

The ninth of June was a glorious day. Old Sol smiled benignly over the College campus all the day and bade everyone be cheerful. Our friends appreciated the charms of nature, and did not shirk the labor of climbing the Bluff to enjoy an afternoon socially and athletically. What with the field sports and the pretty booths, the exciting ball game, and, all throughout, martial strains from the 18th Regiment band, the hundreds who visited Pittsburg College that Saturday afternoon, went away satisfied that they had not come in vain!

Following is a list of the prizes and the winners:

Throwing Base-ball, Gold Pin, (1) W. McLane, (2) E. Phelan, (3) F. Mayer. 100 yards, Minims, Mandolin, (1) J. Corbett; Thermometer, (2) F. Hartigan; Watch, (3) W. Dullard. 100 yards, Juniors, Violin, (1) T. Trudelle, (2) F. Pietrzki. 100 yards, Seniors, President's Cup, (1) P. A. Conway; Silver Cigarette Holder, (2) J. Sackville; Prayer Book, (3) J. O'Hare. Hop, Step and Jump, Musical Album, (1) J. Corbett, (2) W. Dullard, (3) F. McNally. Hop, Step and Jump, Seniors, Umbrella, (1) W. McLane; Bicycle Shoes, (2) P. O'Connor. Hurdle Race, Seniors, Gold Links, P. A. Conway; Match Box, (2) E. Phelan; Silver Watch, (3) J. Sackville. Hurdle Race, Juniors, Umbrella, (1) F. Pietrzki, (2) J. Baumgartner, (3) W. Fandraj. High Jump, Dress Suit Case, (1) P. O'Connor, (2) J. Sackville. Broad Jump, Bicycle Shoes, (1) P. O'Connor; Bicycle Suit, (2) W. McLane; (3) E. Phelan. 220 yards, Minims, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush, (1) J. Corbett, (2) V. Vislet, (3) F. Hartigan. 220 yards, Juniors, (1) A. Eschmann. 220 yards, Seniors, Grecian Athlete, (1) P. A. Conway, (2) E. Phelan. Pole Vault, Sweater, (1) E. Phelan, (2) W. McLane. 440 yards Seniors, Clock and Ornament, P. A. Conway. Fat Boys' Race, (1) R. Elliott, (2) H. Smith, (3) D. Killian.

## ATHLETICS.

### THE 'VARSITY NINE.

During the month of June the first team played three games, two of which it lost after close and exciting contests, and the third it won by falling on the pitchers in the eighth and ninth innings, scoring in all nine runs. On the field-day the baseball players were worn out with the fatigue consequent upon competition in the various athletic events, and ran the bases poorly, whilst their fielding was marred by a total of nine errors. Carnegie Steel Club won the game, 10 to 8.

On June the 16th, our nine enjoyed a pleasant outing in Westmoreland County, and crossed bats with St. Vincent College team. The latter won, with two men out, in the ninth inning. Score, 9 to 8.

In the return game with our friends from St. Vincent's, we won easily in the latter portion of the game, but only after we had almost given up hope of overcoming the lead against us of 11 to 9, in the beginning of the ninth inning. We sincerely hope that the games with St. Vincent's College will be an annual affair, and that we shall always have the pleasure of seeing its representative nine play on our grounds on Commencement Day.

The showing made by our boys during the season was most commendable. We have to congratulate them on preventing the strongest teams in and about the city, as also in McKeesport, Charleroi, and Washington, Pa., from shutting them out in any of their games. Present indications, also, go to show that next year we shall be still stronger both at the bat and in the field.

### THE SOPHOMORES.

The "Sophs" schedule ran out some time before the close of the school year. But they wound up well. After their inglorious downfall at Sandy Creek, they braced up, and, on June 6, defeated the strong Allegheny High School nine in a ten inning game by the score of 9 to 7. It was a great victory, securing for the Collegians the championship of all second class scholastic teams of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

After their first defeat on the College campus early in the season, St. Casimir's Juniors harbored thoughts of revenge, and issued a second challenge to the "Sophs." It was of course accepted, and our boys were easy winners, scoring as many runs in two innings, as the visitors did in the whole game. The score was 20 to 13.

In reading over the record of the nine games played by the Sophomores during the season of 1900, the constant improvement, both at the bat and in the field, of every player on the team, is very noticeable, and gives us ample room to hope that the 'Varsity team of 1901 will be materially strengthened from their ranks.

## THIRD TEAM.

The Juniors played two games during the month of June and won both. Their opponents in both games were worthy of their mettle. On the 16th of June, the Iroquois second team crossed bats with the College boys. A neat, fast game was played, the Juniors finally winning out by the score of 9 to 6.

On June 30, the Juniors enjoyed an outing to Calhoun park, having been invited by Father Alachniewicz to play St. Mary's Cadets. In spite of the poor condition of the grounds, a close game was played, resulting in a victory for the Juniors, principally brought about by the hitting and fielding of Hayes and the pitching of Frank. The score was 3 to 2. And thus ended the Juniors, season—a glorious season—of 1900. When they played in their class they were always victorious. The Third team counted in its line-up some young players destined in the near future to win laurels on the 'Varsity nine.

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THE Staff of the BULLETIN highly congratulate the Managers of the various teams on their energy and perseverance under difficulties, and on their success.



## THE CLASSES.

## GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

OUR little friends of the Grammar class, under the able direction of Professors Stock and Stackable, made rapid progress along the "flowery path of knowledge." Application to study and keen competition for first place were never more marked. The work of the Hartigan brothers, Corbett, Berner, Madden, and Machnikowski deserves especial mention.

## THE ACADEMICS.

THE work of the students of the First Academic, as shown in the results of the final examinations, reflects great credit on their energetic professors, Messrs. Mahler and Fisher. Mr. Mahler looked after the mathematical classes, while Mr. Fisher took care of the Classics and English. The race for first place has been very close all during the year. Malloy and Relihan securing the coveted honor alternately by only a few points. Malloy, Relihan and Dura, under the tutorship of Mr. Mahler, have become quite proficient in the science of Geology as may be easily seen from their examination papers.

THE Second Academic possessed a number of bright young men during the past year who, there is no doubt, will be heard from in future. Messrs. Roehrig, Whelan and Arens deserve special commendation for their assiduity and application.

THE students of the Third Academic have become quite proficient in English as can be seen from their recent contributions to the BULLETIN. This favorable result is to be attributed to the efforts of their indefatigable professor, Mr. Laux, whose solicitude for his classes cannot be commended too highly. Messrs. Hayes, Braun, McCambridge and Driscoll deserve special mention for their class work, though the great bulk of the boys worked most creditably throughout the whole Scholastic year.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE students of the Commercial Department have been worked up to a high standard. Too much credit cannot be given Professor J. B. Topham for his very effective work during the year.

#### THE FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE.

UNDER the leadership of their zealous professor, Mr. Leo Stock, the students of these classes have delved deep into the genius of the great modern Homer. To stimulate their efforts, Mr. Stock offered a prize to the student writing the best essay on the "Genius of Milton, as portrayed in the *Paradise Lost*." A. Eschman's elaborate composition won the prize.

THE most intricate passages of Livy and Alcestis dwindle down to easy reading under the analytic touch of the Rev. Professor of these classes. The boys are beginning to look on Father Stadelman as a profound scholar.

T. DUNN, a member of the Freshman, was one of the leading contributors to the BULLETIN, and added not a little to its interest and prestige.

#### THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR.

THE most exciting and interesting debate of the year was between Messrs. J. Kraus and W. O. Walker, on the "Advisability of Universal Unrestricted Franchise." Both speakers were well prepared, Mr. Walker sustaining the negative, while Mr. Kraus advocated the affirmative. The speakers were repeatedly applauded, and the judges were slow in deciding. At last it was announced that the logical sequence and force of Mr. Walker's arguments had won the debate.

THE leading roles in "*Virginius*" were filled by Seniors and Juniors; with what success the many hundreds who attended the Avenue Theater on May 14 are ready to testify.

MESSRS. WALKER, Gillespie, McCann and Riley were the leading poets and essayists of '99-'00.

To Rev. P. A. McDermott are due the thanks of the Faculty and students for his untiring efforts in coaching the boys, with such success, in the difficult arts of poetry, essay-writing, debating and dramatic representation.

## FRIEDE UND LIEBE.

In der Welt herrscht Neid und Hader.  
 Freunde streiten, Brueder hassen,  
 Ungedenk des Testamentes  
 Das uns Christus hinterlassen.

Ungedenk der schoenen Worte:  
 "Gottesfriede geb' ich euch—  
 Gottesfriede, Bruederliebe—  
 Solcher ist das Himmelreich."

Suesser Friede, suesse Liebe,  
 Oh ! wie bluehen deine Wangen !  
 Dich besitzen, dich behalten  
 Ist mein innigstes Verlangen.

"Gott ist Liebe," sagt der Juenger,  
 "Wer Ihn hat der hat die Liebe;  
 Wer Ihm folgt und Ihm gehorchet,  
 Dem wird werden ewiger Friede."

L. J.



## PHI ALPHA BANQUET.

The Phi Alpha Society held its first annual banquet on the evening of June 5th, in one of the college dining halls. It proved an immense success, and all enjoyed a most happy time.

The Phi Alpha is composed of members of the Commercial Department; its reunions are held monthly under the presidency of its founder, Professor J. B. Topham, and its purpose is, chiefly, to promote the interests of the members of the Commercial Department, and bind them together with the bonds of fraternal charity.

The banquet had been looked forward to with the brightest anticipations, and the event more than justified expectations. A most sumptuous repast was served. Professor Topham was an ideal toastmaster. The speeches, all brimful of wit and good-fellowship, were conceived in a most happy vein, and were delivered amid rounds of applause. J. H. Sackville reviewed the history of the society from its inception. E. J. Huckestein fortold its future. H. E. Gaynor spoke on "Our Society and Its Purposes," and J. J. Curran on "Our Absent Member." Other speeches, equally interesting and humorous, were delivered by Messrs. Welsh, Turnblaeer, Gast, Phelan, Elliott, Conway, and the Revernd Fathers present: Fathers Hehir, P. A. McDermott, Griffin, W. T. Stadelman and L. Galette.

An elaborate programme of music and song was an entertaining feature of the evening's proceedings.

**List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,**  
**AT THE**  
**FOURTH TERM EXAMINATIONS,**  
**HELD IN**  
**JUNE, 1900.**

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

An asterisk indicates those who obtained Honor Certificates. These Certificates were given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in any subject or subjects throughout the year, provided they passed, i. e., obtained 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

**GRAMMAR CLASS.**

- \*CORBETT, JOSEPH.—P., History, Geography.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- \*EBERT, CECIL.—P., Religion, Bible History, English, Drawing, History, Geogr. phy.  
 D., Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- GANS, WILLIAM.—P., Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.  
 D., Penmanship.
- \*HARTIGAN, FRANK.—P., D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English,  
 Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- \*HARTIGAN, H.—P., History, Geography.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- McATEER, PAUL.—P., Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English.
- \*MCNALLY, FRANK.—P., D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English,  
 Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- \*MACHNIKOWSKI, FRANK.—P., English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship, Geography.  
 D., Religion, Bible History.
- \*MADDEN, PATRICK.—P., Drawing, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Penmanship.
- \*MILLER, ERNEST.—P., Drawing, English.  
 D., Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- \*MOESLER, JOHN.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English.  
 D., Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- \*POPP, THOMAS.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- \*PRICE, OLIVER.—P., Religion, English, Drawing.  
 D., Bible History, History, Geography, Penmanship, Arithmetic.
- RANKIN, CHARLES.—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing  
 D., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- \*VISLET, VICTOR.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Bible History, Arithmetic.

**THIRD ACADEMIC.**

- AYLWARD, EDWARD.—P., Religion, English, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- \*BARLOCK, GEORGE.—P., History, Geography, English, German, Arithmetic, Algebra,  
 Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Latin.

\*BRAUN, GEORGE.—P., Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*BRUECKEN, FRANK.—P., Zoology, Penmanship.

\*CASSIDY, WALTER.—P., English, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

CURRAN, THOMAS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Zoology.

\*DIEMER, EUGENE.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Zoology.

\*DRISCOLL, GEORGE.—P., History, Geography, German, French, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Latin, Algebra.

DILLARD, WALTER.—P., Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

\*ENRIGHT, JOSEPH.—P., English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*Gwyer, CHARLES.—P., History, Geography, Latin, German, French, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*HAYES, RALPH.—P., Penmanship.  
D., Zoology, Arithmetic, Algebra, Latin, English, History, Geography, Religion, German.

HARTIGAN, JOHN.—P., Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

JASINSKI, EDWARD.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Polish, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Zoology.

\*JAWORSKI, JOSEPH.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Zoology.

KILLIAN, DENNIS.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

KORITKO, GEORGE.—P., Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.

KVATSAK, THEODORE.—P., Zoology, History, Geography, English, German.  
D., Religion, Penmanship.

LANAHAN, JOHN.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

MADDEN, EUGENE.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion.

MICHALWOSKI, EDWARD.—P., History, Geography, Zoology, Penmanship.

MICHALSKI, JOHN.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra, Zoology.

MUHA, ANDREW.—P., History, Geography, French, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

McCAFFREY, JOHN.—P., History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D., Zoology.

\*McCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES.—P., Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology.

\*MC LAUGHLIN, ALEXANDER.—P., English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

\*MC NEAL, JOHN.—P., History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic.

OBER, ROBERT.—P., English, Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.

O'CONNOR, JOSEPH.—P., Penmanship.

\*PATTERSON, JAMES.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Algebra, Zoology.

ROZPARSKI, ANDREW.—P., Religion, Polish, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Polish, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

D., Arithmetic.

SWEENEY, JOSEPH.—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.

ENNIS, RICHARD.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Algebra.

### SECOND ACADEMIC.

\*ARENS, FRANK X.—P., English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Botany, German.

\*BEJENKOWSKI, ANDREW.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., Polish, French.

\*DAVIN, EDWARD.—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., History, Geography, English, Latin.

DOOLEY, PATRICK.—P., Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.

D., Religion, English, Greek, French, Botany, Penmanship.

FEY, JOHN.—P., Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship.

D., English, Algebra.

HENNY, MICHAEL T.—P., Religion, English, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

KENNEY, EDWARD J.—P., Religion, Latin, Penmanship.

D., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

\*LAGORIO, JOHN L.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., History, Geography.

\*RAHE, ALBERT.—P., Religion, History, Geograghy, Latin, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., English, Arithmetic.

\*ROEHRIG, FRANK X.—P., Religion, English, Latin, French, Botany, Penmanship.

D., History, Geography, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.

\*SCHWAB, FRANCIS A.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship.

D., Religion, German, Algebra.

SZUMIERSKI, FRANCIS.—P., English, Greek, Polish, Arithmetic, Botany, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra.

\*WESOLOWSKI, ANDREW.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Polish.

\*WHELAN, JOHN.—P., German, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

\*DURA, STANISLAUS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.

D., Greek, Polish, French, Geology.

\*GAYNOR, HUBERT.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Latin.

D., English, Arithmetic, Geology.

\*HOWARD, THOMAS.—P., D., Religion, Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry, Algebra, German, French.

LAMOTHE, DAMIAN.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., French.

\*MALLOY, JOHN F.—P., D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.

\*MCCLANE, GEORGE M.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Arithmetic, Geology.

NYE, JOHN.—P., History, Geography, Latin, German, Geometry, Geology.  
 D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.

\*PIETRZYCKI, FRANCIS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 D., Polish, French.

\*RELIHAN, MICHAEL J.—P., D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.

SMITH, HARRY J.—P., History, Geography, English, Greek, French, Geometry.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology.

TRUDELLE, THOMAS.—P., Religion, French.  
 D., Algebra, Geology.

### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

#### Preparatory Course.

##### DIVISION B.

LEAHEY, J.—P., Book-keeping, Arithmetic, English, Penmanship.  
 MACKIN, I.—P., Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

##### DIVISION A.

CONWAY, JAMES.—P., Religion, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

DANNHARDT, JOHN P.—P., Penmanship.

\*ELLIOTT, RHEA.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic, Mechanical Drawing.

FRANK, JOHN.—P., English, Penmanship.

GAPEN, JAMES.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

GILLEN, EDWARD.—P., Penmanship.  
 D., Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic.

DILLON, JOSEPH.—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*KEMPF, EDWARD.—P., Book-keeping, German, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Mechanical Drawing.

\*MACHNIKOWSKI, C.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Polish, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Book-keeping, Mechanical Drawing.

MAYER, CHARLES.—P., History, Geography, German, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Book-keeping.

MOULD, HARRY.—P., Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.

O'CONNOR, WILLIAM.—P., English, Penmanship.

\*O'HARE, JOHN J.—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Penmanship.

TRAGESER, RAYMOND.—P., History, Geography, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

\*WELSH, CHARLES A.—P., History, Geography, English, Penmanship, Book-keeping.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

MALONEY, WILLIAM—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

## BUSINESS COURSE.

## DIVISION D.

BARKER, CHARLES A.—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Shorthand, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Typewriting.

\*BOLUS, CHARLES C.—P.. Religion, Law, Civil Government, English, Correspondence, German, Penmanship.  
 D., Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

BRUGGEMAN, E. J.—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

\*COLLINS, JAMES.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.

\*CONWAY, PARKER E.—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Mechanical Drawing.

\*FLANNERY, STEPHEN.—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.

\*MCKENNA, PATRICK.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English.  
 D., Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

PHELAN, EDWARD.—P., Law, Book-keeping, Latin, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic, Mechanical Drawing.

\*ROBINSON, JOHN.—P.. Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Book-keeping.

\*WHALEN, JOSEPH A.—P., Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, English, Arithmetic.

\*ZAHRONSKY, LOUIS.—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.

## DIVISION C.

\*COUZINS, RICHARD —P., Religion, Law, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, German, Penmanship.  
 D., Correspondence, Arithmetic.

\*GAST, GEORGE —P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Typewriting, Penmanship.  
 D., Law, Book-keeping, German, Shorthand.

\*KAUTZ, FRANK.—P., Civil Government, English, German, Shorthand, Typewriting.  
 D., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

KLEIN, NORTON A.—P., Law, English, Correspondence, Typewriting, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Book-keeping.

MCALLISTER, RICHARD T.—P., Civil Government, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Book-keeping.

\*O'NEAL, CHARLES.—P., Religion, Law, Book-keeping, Civil Government, English, Correspondence, Shorthand, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic, Typewriting.

\*SACKVILLE, JOHN H.—P., Civil Government, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Tppewriting, Penmanship.

\*SMITH, ALFRED A.—P., Civil Government, Typewriting.  
 D., Law, Latin, Book-keeping, Arithmetic.

## DIVISION B.

MAYER, FRANK—P., Religion, Civil Government, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.

D., English.

\*MC LAUGHLIN, JAMES.—P., Religion, Civil Government, English.

D., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

\*ROEHRIG, GEORGE.—P., Civil Government, English, Shorthand, Typewriting.

D., Religion, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Law, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

\*DUNN, TIMOTHY.—P., D., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

ESCHMAN, ALBERT.—P., Church, History, History, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., English, German.

\*FANDRAJ, WALTER.—P., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Polish, French.

\*HAYES, MICHAEL.—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Algebra.

\*JANDA, CHARLES.—P., Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, English, Latin, Algebra.

\*JEROZAL, FRANK.—P., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., English, Polish.

LINEHAN, EDWARD.—P., Latin, Chemistry.

D., English.

\*MAJESKI, ANTHONY.—P., History, English, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Latin, Greek, Polish.

\*MALONEY, FRANK.—P., History, Chemistry, German.

D., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.

\*RYAN, WILLIAM.—P., History, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, English.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS.

\*HUETTEL, JOHN.—P., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., English, German.

\*MURPHY, JOHN.—P., Church History, History, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, German.

D., English, Latin, Greek, French.

\*O'CONNOR, PATRICK.—P., Church History, History, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., English, Latin, Greek, German, French.

STAUDT, CLEMENT.—P., Church History, English, German.

## JUNIOR CLASS.

\*BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH.—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Algebra.

D., German, French, Conic Sections.

\*RILEY, JAMES.—P., Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Conic Sections.

D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Philosophy.

\*SHALZ, GEORGE.—P., English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, Conic Sections.

D., Scripture, History, German, French.

N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.



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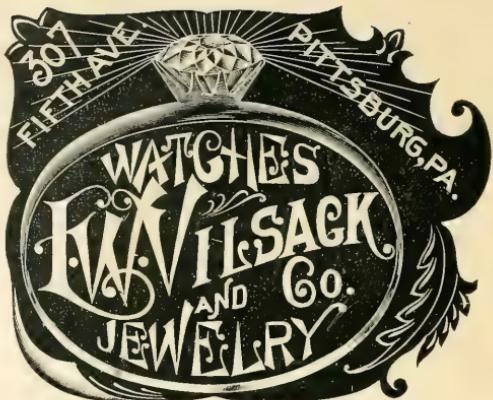
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